THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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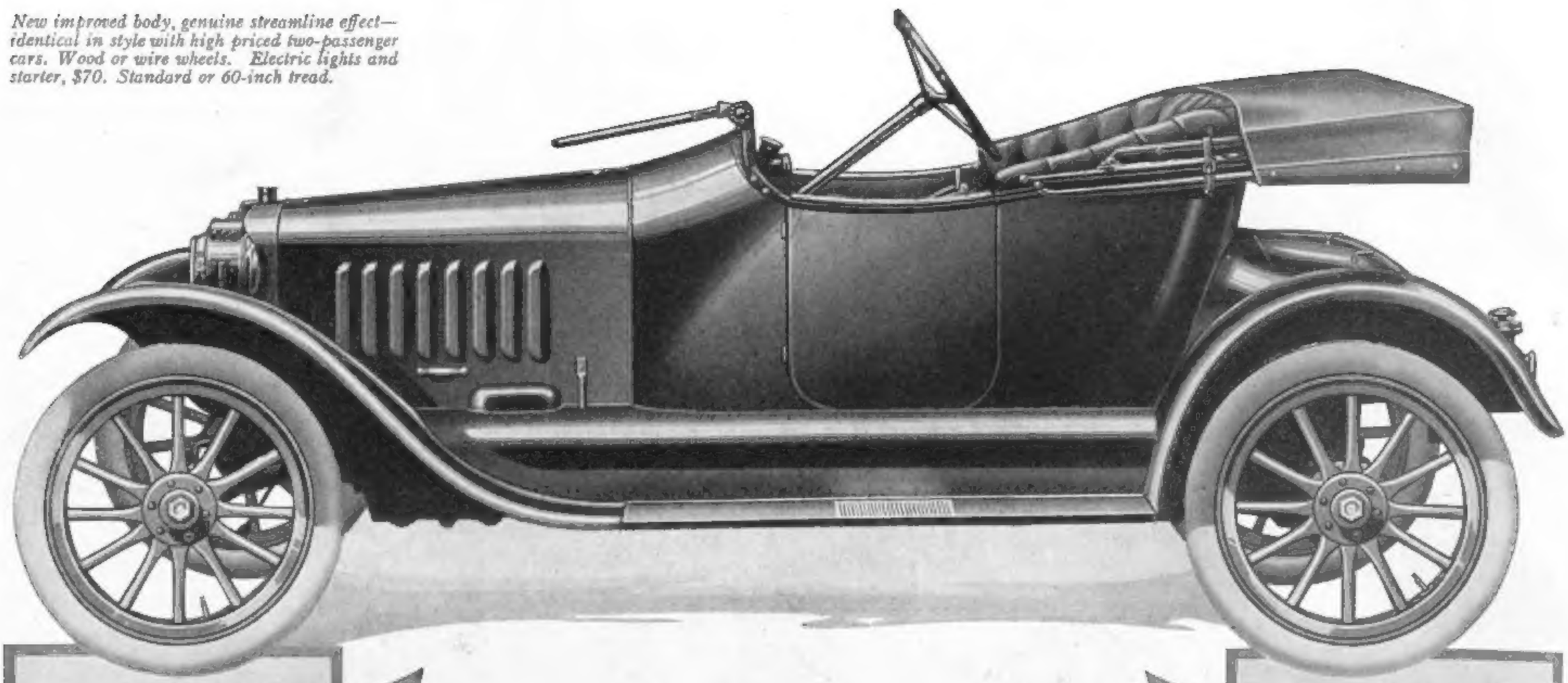
FEB. 13, 1915 5c. THE COPY

A Nation on the Water Wagon—By Mary Isabel Brush

New improved body, genuine streamline effect—identical in style with high priced two-passenger cars. Wood or wire wheels. Electric lights and starter, $70. Standard or 60-inch tread.



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The Saxon has removed the last objection anyone ever had to owning an automobile—the *price* reason.

FOR the **first cost** of the Saxon **places** this sturdy car within reach of everyone. Its price is $395.

And the **after cost** of the Saxon **keeps** it within the means of everyone. Owners are amazed at the economy records of their Saxons—28 to 36 miles per gallon of gasoline; 75 to 100 miles per pint of oil; 3500 to 5000 miles on a set of tires. Saxons average half a cent a mile in operation cost—one-fourth of a cent per mile per passenger.

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Some folks wonder how we can possibly build for $395 a car that will do the things a Saxon will do. **Good design** is the answer—knowing how—having the right idea of what a light car should be and do, and then figuring out the best way to get these results at the lowest cost consistent with quality.

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Saxon engineers found a method of spring suspension that makes a light car exceedingly comfortable to ride in and at the same time saves 45 parts. Think of it—45 parts saved by one idea of design. By so doing they not only cut down manufacturing expense, but reduced weight and complications, and entirely eliminated noise.

And still more wonderful—the Saxon type vanadium springs provide the fullest riding comfort. No less than 15 higher priced cars have already adopted this type of springs.

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For those who want a touring car, this 5-passenger six-cylinder Saxon is truly an unusual value. It is generously roomy—in no sense a small car. It has 112-inch wheelbase, 32 x 3½-inch tires, 30–35 horsepower, high-speed motor, electric lights and starter as regular equipment, and many other unexpected features. And the price, too, is unexpected—$785 fully equipped.

See the Saxons at your dealer's or send to us for the latest issue of "Saxon Days."

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

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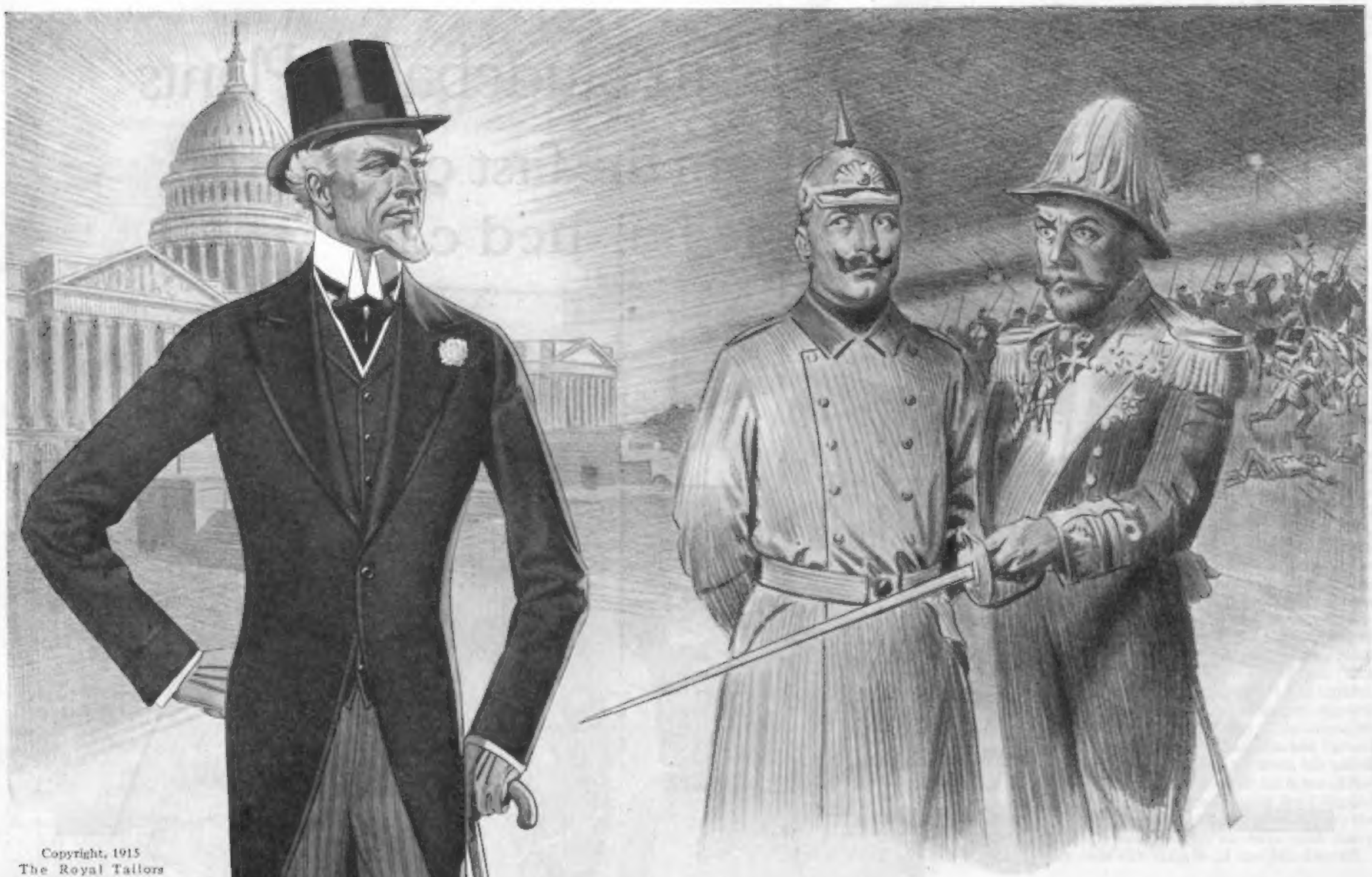
A Good Low Priced Car



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Chicago-New York.

"It seems to me, William, that these clothes of ours are a bit old-fashioned

—I wish we had his Royal Tailored Look!"

AMERICA is teaching the world that brass buttons are very bad form. In the world's latest Style-Book, the fashionable look is The Royal Tailored Look.

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Royal Tailoring typifies Americanism; the kind of Americanism that secures the best in whatever it goes after—but secures it without discord or destruction.

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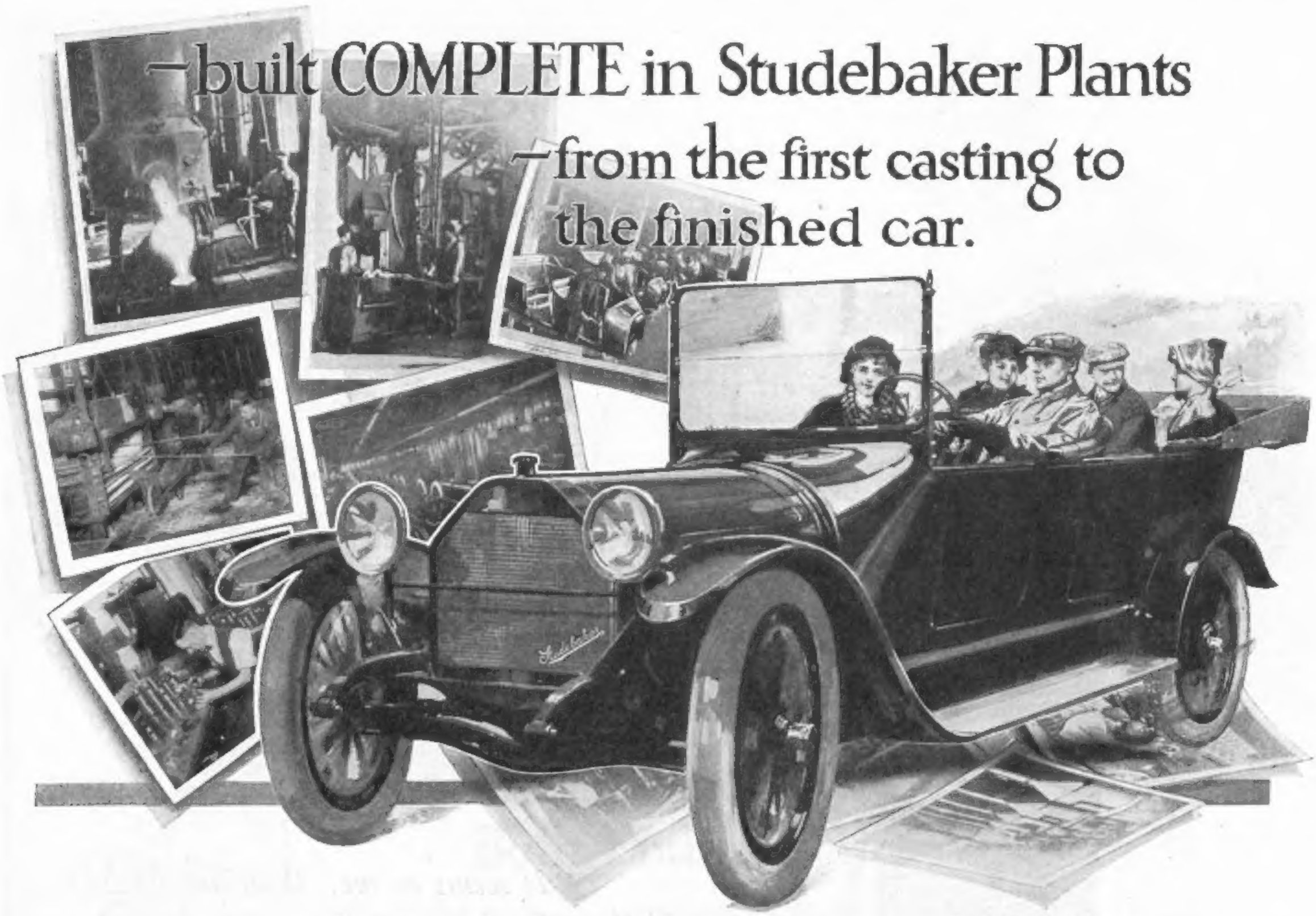

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Studebaker is not satisfied merely to assemble motors and axles and parts bought from parts manufacturers, but in order to get the accuracy of fit and the balance and the harmony of operation that a car **MUST** have to meet Studebaker requirements, Studebaker manufactures practically all of its own parts.

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A Nation on the Water Wagon

By MARY ISABEL BRUSH

WHEN the Russian-American steamer Dvinsk glided from the Arctic Ocean into the White Sea a war bulletin from the iceclad North Cape wireless station was handed to the purser. He was sitting at the dining table—which is a likely place for finding a Russian at all times—and he began reading the report to the other officers assembled for breakfast. Out of deference to their one first-class passenger, who was an American, the news was printed in English, in which language the purser jogged along like the well-known wagon on the more than familiar corduroy road. Every ear was cocked for the exciting news.

There was something about Poland, the feeling in Italy and the situation in England. Then came a brief paragraph containing the smallest item recorded. The purser read, paused, read it again, and considered silently. Nothing in his face indicated his mental reaction to the modest bit of news. Whether it was too inconsequential to accept seriously or too tremendous for him to grasp, one could not tell. As for his listeners—the American described them visually. He said their faces went passive, like the row of heads in the frieze above the table. The purport of the words did not enter their souls.

Their animation revived only with the next paragraph. It told about the number of men killed in an engagement, whereas the preceding item had made but a colorless statement. The Czar, according to the unpretentious paragraph, had forbidden the sale of vodka throughout Russia during the period of the mobilization.

When the liner crosses from the White Sea into the river there is a great deal of moaning at the bar. At certain seasons the ceremony is preceded by exercises with an ice-breaking boat, which jumps on the frozen water with both feet. It makes a path that is not wide enough for a steamer. The Dvinsk takes a chance, gets stuck in the ice and passes the remainder of the day in rescuing itself.

A Celebration Without Vodka

SOMETHING similar to this happened on the above occasion, with the result that purser and officers were deflected into other channels of thought. When they arrived in Archangel the purser was led still farther from absorbing world interests. He was asked to prepare for a dinner party to sixty guests in honor of the governor. Coaxing, with fair promises, one of the little militant boats that rule the waves in and round the Arctic Circle, he crossed from the dock to Archangel in pursuance of the first, last and only important preparation. He sought to purchase a large consignment of vodka.

PHOTO. BY BORISSONNAS ET EGGLER

M. Bark, Russian Minister of Finance, Who is Confronted With the Problem of Replacing the Five Hundred Million Dollars Yearly Lost by Prohibiting the Sale of Vodka

The government had conducted the sale of this national beverage throughout the empire in shops that it owned. From one to another of these local branches he made the rounds and found them as deserted as the villages of Belgium, with nobody at home except a goat, which stood in the front doorway of one, licking from his whiskers the pink paint he had removed from the walls of the customhouse—this youthful color being the favorite dress of the Russians for their more dignified buildings.

Putting two and two together the purser gathered that the modest order he had read out at sea thirty-six hours before must have gone into effect. The Czar had said that no more vodka should be sold during the mobilization; and beginning with that minute no more was sold. The purser devoted himself to the large—one might almost say the national—question of the moment, which was how to serve a meal without the beverage on which the empire had cheered itself through several centuries.

He faced a situation concerning which others were engaged in making a like hasty adjustment. The largest reform measure of history was quietly executed by an autocratic government on one of its busy days. With a single stroke of the pen the Czar of All the Russias placed more than a hundred and sixty million people on the water wagon; and, for the most part, they regarded the situation as awkward. This is the empire that holds some of the oldest races and the youngest in its inclosures, and it embraces languages numbering into the hundreds. All the languages and the dialects thereof were devoted to the discussion of how to accommodate the civilizations, from the oldest to the youngest inclusive, to so momentous a change of national custom, and if possible to thwart it.

The rich and great were among the first to suffer from the reform. They could not enjoy their zakuska. Between the hours of one and three-thirty the Russian consumes *hors-d'œuvres* and trickles a thin stream of vodka down his gullet. Without the drink the cold meats lose value. Whisky and champagne occupied a place in some Russian wine cellars, but they constituted a poor substitute—scarcely less satisfactory, indeed, than the one chosen by Michael Narodny, out on the windswept steppes.

He and his contemporaries were accustomed to make themselves into a sort of steam-heating plant by the perpetual consumption of the drink. One night, three years ago, Michael's log hut was burned. As he, in one of his accustomed drunken stupors, occupied his accustomed bed on top of the stove, no one could ever explain why Michael was not burned too. The calamity resulted directly from his use of the national intoxicant, and to repair his sense of loss he doubled the dose. His communal land slipped from him. It was the same old story, enacted on the banks of the Dnieper, which we have seen many times in our own rich steppes of the Mississippi.

Swearing Off for Keeps

ON MICHAEL the sudden reform worked what he considered to be a distinct injury. He loved his emperor, but drink he had to have. There was some varnish in the stable where he slept in the compact village out on the Russian prairies, and he drank it after precipitating the shellac with salt. Meantime some of his compatriots throughout the empire consumed all the available perfumery and everything else they could command that contained any percentage whatever of alcohol. Those of them who did not die were very sick, and those who had found no deadly substitutes for drink were sullen.

There never was in the history of the world, even in New York on New Year's Day, such a morning after as followed the Czar's order. There never was a more enthusiastic ascent of the water wagon at the end of a few days. The Russian accepts. That is his tradition and teaching. Obedience is the badge of his race. The rich and great in the hotels of Moscow began contentedly to drink cranberry juice with their zakuska. Michael woke up one morning in his stable and found himself not heavy with stupor and trouble, but happy. Inspired by a new energy he worked and deadheaded his way to Moscow, where he fell into the ancestral position of cabdriver, vacated by the death of the last of the line.

From over a million and a half square miles of Russian territory similar felicitous reports began coming to the Winter Palace, where the Czar lives. Ivan Semenoff, on the Kama, where it crosses the Trans-Siberian Railroad, no longer had to be tied to the bed that was built into the wall. His strong and healthy daughter had been accustomed to meeting him up the road, conducting him to the log hut, unprotected from the heat of summer and storms of winter, and securing him with ropes that he might not practice violence on his wife, Liza, rendered delicate by long submission to his blows. Ivan was now scarcely sullen and at times smiled. Aureli Petroff, of the coal regions in the south, was reported to have money in his pockets.

The Czar, pleased with the success of the measure, issued a further order that no more intoxicants should be sold during the entire period of the war; and he followed this a little later with the mandate prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants by the government forever. At that time the choice of subjects for conversation began to change. Faces that before went dead at the mention of the new law were now animated at the returns which came in from it. Men killed in battle were not so astonishing to contemplate as the actual, visual phenomenon of men saved in legions by so simple a procedure as making a law. Not war, but prohibition, was the Russian popular topic of the hour. Not gloomy regret for a calamity, but buoyant hope for a salvation, gave the Russian Empire its mood. Everybody caught it, on the steppes and in the cities.

Two months after the first manifesto the steamship Dvinsk again made its way into the port of Archangel, and again with an American passenger on board. She was met

by a lively, little, fair-haired customs official, garlanded with braid across his uniformed chest and garnished with his high-school decorations. He spoke very rapidly in the Russian language, which is so flooring as to seem not always intelligible to Russians themselves. There is one letter of the alphabet that acts as a brake, its sole mission being to stand at the end of certain words as a signal to stop saying them; else, as Mrs. Marye, wife of the new American Ambassador, put it: "You might get started and not be able to stop." Other letters look like marks of punctuation. If they are not they ought to be, for the average Russian word is too long to leave unpunctuated.

In a flutter of this incomprehensible tongue a word dropped from the customs official's lips with peculiar familiarity on the American ear. It was "nevermore"; and a little reflection recalled that the word immediately previous had been "vodka." This jaunty little man lived up beyond the territory recorded on the map that hung on a wall of the Dvinsk. He lived north of the rising and setting sun. He was located miles from his nation's capital, where center the national life and thought. Yet this was his interpretation of news values. The most important thing he had to tell a stranger was not that his countrymen were slain, or that his nation was at war, or that he too might have to fight, but that Russia had gone on the water wagon.

Down in Petrograd a not dissimilar attitude was denoted by Mr. Benislowsky, director of the Russian-American Steamship Company, a member of the Duma and a cultivated gentleman. He made a speech to a group of his countrymen assembled in front of the German Embassy. It had its roof knocked in, its windows broken, and its two hideous door ornaments dragged into the courtyard, while other of its properties reposed at the bottom of the Neva, which flows past its door.

"To Emperor William," he said, "we owe a debt greater than to any other, and we should thank him." The remark was not well received, and the gentleman raised his hand. "Pause while I explain to you: He has put us in the way of saving ourselves. Not he, but drink, was our enemy; and the Kaiser has slain our enemy for us. He has made us adopt temperance and nothing can defeat us now. Let us erect to him a monument."

Illustrations for a Book Showing the Evils of Vodka Drinking and Prosperity After Stopping Its Sale

The Little Vodka Drinkers of Russia

WHATEVER the German Emperor's part in bringing about war, he can read his title clear as the man who precipitated the greatest temperance movement in all history. Report has it that when he conferred with his Ambassador in Russia as to whether that country was prepared to fight, the Ambassador returned a decided "No!" He is said to have reported that the vast country was torn by Nihilist uprisings such as it had not experienced for years, and that workmen were on serious strikes. These latter are understood in Russia to have been incited by German capital; but that is quite outside the present subject. To clinch his original statement, the Ambassador is said to have observed that, even though Russia assembled herself, she was such a drunken nation she could not fight.

It would seem that the Ambassador had grounds for his opinion. The consumption of vodka was so much a part of the national life that to disentangle anything like statistics as to who drank and who did not was quite impossible. Parents gave it to their children as some mistaken women feed their babies on beer and coffee. In August, 1913, inquiries by the National Temperance Society in fifteen of the larger village schools of the empire discovered that, out of thirteen hundred and fifty boys and six hundred girls in Saratoff, seventy-nine per cent of the boys and forty-eight and a half per cent of the girls had already tried vodka. Among children of five years in one village two and eight-tenths per cent had taken the drink. Among those of six years four and sixty-three-hundredths per cent had sampled it. Among those of seven years the percentage was eighteen and thirty-seven-hundredths per cent; and of eight years, twenty-four per cent.

Five hundred and fifty-one boys and girls drank on the initiative of their parents. Four hundred and eighty did so on the invitation of other relatives. Two hundred and nine children did so on their own account. Three hundred and forty of the youngsters of that one town were once quite drunk. In Oposhnia reports were even worse. There were two thousand one hundred and seventeen cases of drunkenness among the population under the age of fifteen years, and sixty-five per cent of them were traceable to the influence of parents. In the first six months of 1914 intoxication among minors had increased twelve and fifty-three-hundredths per cent. The country was falling more and more under the influence of liquor.

To present the situation as visually as it was described to me: I had to sit in Archangel for six days waiting for the recruits who came on the Dvinsk to be accommodated before the railroad officials would consider transporting me to the capital. There were nine rooms in the hotel and all crowded with spruce young Scotchmen and Englishmen, whose headquarters had been rudely removed from Petrograd when the war tied up the Russian port of Libau. I lived on the Dvinsk, but crossed the river one evening to participate in the social life of Archangel. The English-speaking men and myself sat in the hotel parlor of that remote town while I listened to their stories.

Outside, in the river, lay the little boat that had essayed to make the North Pole—had come within two degrees of it, according to the statement of the captain, and then returned, with six men dead and two living. The town was noisy with the complaints of the three polar bears it had brought back. Across the street we could see through the peeps in our colored embroidered curtains glimpses of a picture show. It depicted a woman who had been transported to Siberia for stealing a white-fox neckpiece. She tried to escape in a trunk and failed. The men said this week they were showing Part II, with a promise of Part III next week, and the announcement that Part I had been given the fortnight before. There was no synopsis and no conclusion, but only a segment of the middle given that evening.

The Russians have their own ways of doing things. Queer, ghostlike shapes of crated steel and machinery lay in the streets outside. These were the manufactured products of America sent to the far northerly port in the vague hope that they might one day reach Petrograd. Bearded, long-robed men passed through the moonlight, which etched the jagged roofs of the low, quaint buildings against the sky.

In such a setting these men, who had inched it over Russia, told of their contact with the demon, vodka.

"I am in the butter-and-egg business." Please supply a thick Scottish accent. "We buy farms here on which to raise eggs to transport to England. In some places the communal system prevails, and you have to get the consent of seventy-five per cent of the owners before a sale can take place. The way you do is to get in touch with men who are acquainted and can call all the men together. You build a fence round yourself and leave him to work it up. You know it isn't a good thing for the peasant to sell—and he knows it, too, until the word 'vodka' is mentioned; and that's why it's well to have a fence round yourself. The man says: 'Now, boys, I'm going to do you a good turn.' He then tells them all the lies he knows and ends by saying: 'They're your friends, and are going to give you five hundred dollars for vodka.' The last settles it. The sum isn't always the same. You count on about a tenth of the purchase price to go for that, and the deed is done."

"But that's nothing to compare to the weddings." The accent this time is strongly British. "I'm introducing modern farm machinery to take the place of those old, prehistoric plows handed down from Adam with which they now take care of their land in a good part of Russia. Well, every purchaser thinks I ought to go to all the weddings in his family if I'm within railroad distance. The Russians are an awfully hospitable race and their notion of making themselves agreeable is to give you vodka.

"There is a regular formula to which they drink at weddings, and sometimes at fairs and entertainments. After the first round, somebody says: 'A man cannot stand on one leg,' and asks for a fresh order. Another suggests: 'God loves the Trinity,' and he orders again. Somebody else reminds the party that 'Every house has four walls.' He is followed promptly by somebody proposing that 'There are five fingers on each hand.' They usually lead themselves through twelve rounds by the application of such general truths to the theory of drinking."

Down in Little Russia somebody played a joke on the community after one of their general fairs. People had come together from great distances to buy and sell. Horses, dry goods, farming implements and ornaments changed hands. At the end of so large, so busy and so gala an occasion most of the male population took the opportunity to get drunk. Every driver, before the return journey had progressed forty paces, was reclining, insensible, on the floor or the seat of his cart; and the horses were left to conduct the long procession homeward.

There was but one line of road, which all followed for miles before branching off in several directions. Every horse was trusted to know his own route and take it. Before he got a chance to show his initiative, some wayfarer on foot grasped the situation and gave himself the pleasure of a practical joke. Grasping the leading horse's bridle he turned him round. Thereupon every horse in the procession turned when he came to that point in the road. The procession retraced its footsteps, and the next morning when the drivers woke they found themselves in exactly the spot inside the fairground from which they had started the evening before.

Why No Work is Done on Monday

EVERY village had a special government shop for the sale of vodka. The men lined up before it on Sunday mornings when they returned from church. They kept sober until after Mass and then proceeded to devote themselves to the business of getting intoxicated. By the next morning they were sodden. Some industrial plants did only nominal work on Mondays because their forces were so heavy with "hangovers" that they could not even report for work. Once in a while somebody was induced to sign the pledge and was most scrupulous about maintaining its integrity; but in anticipation of the hour of its expiration he would go to his employer and ask for a day off.

"What's the trouble, Ivan?" asked the overseer. "Not sick, are you?"

"No," replied the childlike peasant; "but my time is up. My promise runs out, and I wish the day in which to drink."

Working efficiency was diminished thirty and forty per cent by the widespread use of vodka, and the land was not tilled to anything like its capacity. Here and there an abstemious peasant cultivated the ground that was given him after the liberation of the serfs, and he saved his revenue. Almost inevitably the thing in which he invested was a distillery. He became rich from the proceeds and he formed the nucleus of a society singularly lacking in Russia, which is a middle class. If the ascent from serfdom could not be achieved in one generation it could in two or three. While his sons became second-rate gentlemen of wealth and some education, his neighbors, who poisoned themselves with the products of his distillery, became poorer and more illiterate. The principal newspaper of Russia for years conducted a crusade against the two great ills of the country, which it named as illiteracy and intemperance; and for the second it blamed the first.

Nine hundred years of fighting the Tartar tribes is thought by many authorities to be the basis of the national condition that makes drunkenness. Russia, so they say, has not yet had time to find and right herself. Some insist she never will under her present form of government. Autocracy, according to their argument, can do with men exactly what it will only by keeping them drunk.

At any rate, the lamentable situation that prevailed in all the wide, flat areas, and in the fringes of mountain and forest, was practically the same in the cities as well. Cabdrivers, with the silky whiskers of saints and the padded shapes of round pincushions, drive recklessly enough now. The maneuvers they executed when lit with the fire of a pint of vodka are thrilling to hear in retrospect from the lips of the inhabitants. Accidents were rare, but the ever-present danger of them was great. Whether it was less precarious at night for a woman to go in one of the low, open cabs or on foot was a public question. If she walked she stumbled over prostrate figures in the street and bumped into men in their spiral courses.

Peasants lay on the sidewalk, with ten degrees of frost in the atmosphere, until their hands and feet, and sometimes their bodies, were frozen, with the result that they died. If somebody fell in front of a nobleman's house the gentleman would probably send out two bearded butlers, uniformed in long dressing gowns, who lifted the insensible figure and deposited it on the plot of ground between sidewalk and street, where they left it to its fate. The police handled roughly such as fell to their charge and the jails were full almost every night. Fires raged in towns and villages alike, and murders were not rare.

To one man goes the credit for ending this situation indefinitely, and he is the Czar. Others would have stopped it merely for the mobilization. The Emperor noticed the situation in Petrograd. He is said to have expressed the wish many times to inaugurate a temperance measure. Members of the bureaucracy protested that it could not be done; and the Czar held his own counsel but did not abandon his determination.

The Little Father's Obstinacy

THE Prime Minister of Russia, Mr. Goromikin, is a close family friend of the Emperor. He is seventy-five years old and takes the privileges of a father. He received me at the palace and at once began to scold because the United States had abrogated its commercial treaty with Russia. This was the first time I had heard of the incident; and, though it happened during the administration of Mr. Taft, from the way the Prime Minister talked to me I felt it to be entirely my fault.

In the controversy over the abolition of vodka he practiced the same asperity on the Czar that he displayed toward me. "Your Majesty," he said, "I have watched you grow up, and you are the most obstinate man I ever saw!" The Emperor laughed as though pleased and not insulted by the characterization, and he altered his attitude toward the national menace not one degree.

If he had been inclined to do so another influence is said to have been exerted in the other direction. It flowed through the medium of the Empress, and was created by a powerful agent. Vespucian, the monk, of whom complaint had been made by high authorities of Russia, was brought to throw the weight of his counsel on the side of temperance. He is a man to whom the Czarina feels she owes the life of her little, fair-haired, delicate-looking son, and she has kept him at court because she thinks his banishment would in some sinister, occult way work the death of the child. As is known, the prophecies and opinions of this soothsaying apostle are so influential with the reigning house that the big men of the empire complain that he has been ruling all Russia. Not long since he was wounded by a woman who was dissatisfied with her personal relations with him.

He called the attention of the Empress to the menace that an insidious drink held over her empire and inspired her to pit her word against the Prime Minister's. Not that the monk ever took his high attitude through any independent mental exercise; he was instigated by a virtually banished man. The shadowy influence of Count Witte, hero of the Portsmouth Treaty, is said to have been back of the movement. He was at one time honored by his country for having made the most brilliant negotiation with Japan that a beaten nation ever achieved with the people who defeated them. He presents the unique figure in history of a conquered man dictating terms. His skill, as practiced at home, was less successful than it was with the Japanese.

Something he has said or done—some little thing, so a member of bureaucracy conjectures—has brought him the ill favor of the crown; and he now lives in Petrograd, practically a banished man. He has no official position, and he takes no part in the present crisis; but he holds his opinions, nurses his feelings, broods over the unfairness of life and cherishes his resentments. It suited his desire to have the sale of vodka abolished, and he embraced the most personal, the most indirect, the most powerful means for accomplishing his end. He influenced the monk to persuade the Empress to take a stand for temperance.

Idle chatter, some will say, and I cannot contest their statement. Still, the story was told me by somebody so near the throne that I do not feel justified in ignoring it. My informant, when he goes to the Winter Palace, is never stopped by any of the thirty-four flunkies who man the outer doors and corridors. He is not even formally conducted by them to the reception rooms for visitors, but makes directly and alone for those private quarters of the house in which such situations germinate. And so I give the story for what it is worth. True though it probably is, its value is not great for a certain reason, and that is, the Czar needed no such machinations for keeping his determination alive.

This took place some time before the war, at a period when the Emperor, however much he might have wished to change the law, could not do so. Even an autocrat has to bow to conditions. The German Ambassador was right in a portion of his report to the Kaiser. The spirit of Nihilism breathed through the country as it had not done before in years. Labor difficulties broke out and were coming to a head in strikes. The nation was discontented. It had no recreation, being too illiterate, for the most part, to read; and it was subject to long evenings of inaction.

Even I, a very temporary visitor, was nettled by the shopping and driving on the Nevski Prospekt at three o'clock in the afternoon by pale moonlight. Long nights seem to sap the coloring pigment of an individual and a nation. To bring up a people subject to lengthy periods of darkness is something like trying to raise grass under a board. For centuries the vigor and cheer of Russia have been supplied artificially, and suddenly to stop the stimulating fluid would be to invite a first-class revolution.

Still, the most obstinate man the Prime Minister had ever known was not to be vanquished by such a situation. He was merely wise enough to wait his time. Meantime, what he saw reënforced his determination. He went to the great annual fair in Nijni-Novgorod and counted forty-seven drunken men on a stretch of road two miles long. The country was in holiday spirit out of deference to the visit of the Czar, and scores of his subjects expressed their hospitality by intoxicating themselves. The Little Father, as the peasants call their sovereign, has always been most passionately and sentimentally fond of his lowlier subjects.

At one of these very fairs he objected because his box was surrounded by police and nobles. "All very lovely," he protested; "but where are my people? These are society people. Make way! Stand back"—he addressed the police—"and let my children press round me." Later in the day he and the little Czarevitch viewed them at close range from their carriage; and the child said: "I should like to give them something—some money—perhaps a ruble!" He looked up through his fair eyelashes into his father's face, as the sun shone on his golden hair and on the neatly cropped head of the sovereign, several shades darker than his boy's head.

"All right, my son," he said; "suppose you give them a ruble each, and I will give the same sum."

They distributed thousands of coins among the masses of people. To see those intoxicated for whom he and his little boy felt so sincere a tenderness was, of course, a source of deep grief to the Czar. He began expressing more decidedly his wish to have the vodka shops of the nation nailed up. Certain reformers in the Duma had been agitating a movement for a temperance bill for some time. To them and to the Czar's tentatively expressed desires, the man who was then Prime Minister returned one determined reply. He said: "Impossible!"

Nicholai Nicholaiewitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Who Advised the Czar to Prohibit the Sale of Vodka During Mobilization

In a few days he received a letter delivered by hand, and marked "Official." He opened it and read a personal, friendly communication, penned by the Czar. It said that His Majesty was extremely sorry the continued ill health of the Prime Minister made it impossible for him to serve longer, and expressed the hope that in the retirement from official duties his personal life would be happy. The Prime Minister was fired! The Czar was holding his own!

The Right Time to Strike

THIS was not the man who regards the Emperor as the most obstinate of beings—though he may do so now—but the one who immediately preceded him. His Excellency Mr. Goromikin was appointed in his stead, and divided the duties of his predecessor with another. The cares of state and finance had been consigned to one official. The present Prime Minister devotes himself to the former, and the finances of the government are given to the ministry of His Excellency Mr. Bark. With this action the temperance movement in Russia progressed a pace and one distinct coup was accomplished. Count Witte achieved in part what he is said to have had in mind. It is supposed he wished the retirement of the Prime Minister.

This came about shortly before the war clouds lowered, and it did not affect the temperance movement. The vodka industry went unthreatened this time. Not until Emperor William began to boom threatening messages did the Czar get his real chance. Russia began mobilizing, as will be remembered, before war was declared. While it was still in progress, and when Nicholai Nicholaiewitch was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, the blow was struck. He went to his nephew, the Czar, in his Winter Palace one evening, and said:

"See here: the time has come for you to accomplish that favorite measure of yours. If vodka continues to be sold we cannot mobilize the army. Strike your blow for temperance now."

The Emperor issued his mandate that same evening.

While the present Prime Minister was saying, with his usual bluffness, "Oh, we'll keep a dozen of the shops shut up to please the Czar," the Autocrat of All the Russias was so much pleased with his first order that he issued the second, and not long after that he gave his third. That is one of the beauties of an autocratic government. While a nation talks one man can sign a paper and change its destiny. While the Autocrat is the most obstinate man known to his Prime Minister, let his people rejoice that he insists on leading them upward toward the light. Whether this last order will hold forever one cannot predict, but the Minister of Finance says it will.

Never again is the government to conduct a liquor business; never again is an intoxicating beverage to be

(Continued on Page 29)

Outside a Government Vodka Store. The Vodka Was Bought in Small Bottles and Could Not be Drunk Inside

Mr. Hochenheimer of Cincinnati

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

For a Racking Moment He Stood There, and His Breath Came Out of His Throat in a Wheeze

WHEN Mound City began to experience the growing pains of a Million Club, a Louisiana Exposition and a block-long Public Library, she spread Westward Ho!—like a giant stretching and flinging out his great legs.

When rooming houses and shoe factories began to shove and push into richly curtained brownstone-front Pine Street, reluctant papas, with urgent wives and still more urgent daughters, sold at a loss and bought whitestone fronts in restricted West End districts.

Subdivisions sprang up overnight. Two-story, two-doored flat buildings, whole ranks and files of them, with square patches of front porch cut in two by dividing railings, marched westward and skirted the restricted districts with the formality of an army flanking. Grand Avenue, once the city's limit, now girded its middle like a loin cloth. The middle-aged inhabitant who could remember it when it was a cornfield now beheld full-blasted breweries, cinematograph theaters, ten-story office buildings, old mansions converted into piano salesrooms and millinery emporiums, business colleges, and more full-blasted breweries, up and down its length.

At Cook Street, which runs into Grand Avenue like a small tributary, a pall of smoke descended thick as a veil; and every morning, from off her second-story windowsills, Mrs. Shongut swept tiny dancing balls of soot; and one day Miss Rena Shongut's neat rim of tenderly tended geraniums died of suffocation.

Shortly after, the Adolph Shongut Produce Company signed a heavy note and bought out the Mound City Fancy Sausage and Poultry Company at a low figure. The spring following, large "To Let" signs appeared in the second-story windows of the modest house on Cook Street. And, hard pressed by the approaching first payment of the note, and the great iron voice of the Middle West Shoe Company, which backed up against the woodshed; goaded by the no-less-insistent voice of Mrs. Shongut, whose soot balls increased, and by Rena, who developed large pores; shamed by the scorn of a son who had the finger nails and trousers creases of a bank clerk, Adolph Shongut joined the great pantechnicon procession Westward Ho! and moved to a flat out on Wasserman Avenue—a six-rooms-and-bath, sleeping-porch, hot-and-cold-water, built-in-plate-rack, steam-heat, hardwood-floor, decorated-to-suit-tenant flat neatly mounted behind a conservative incline of a front terrace, with a square patch of rear lawn that backed imminently into the whitestone garages of Kingston Place.

Friedrichstrasse, Rue de la Paix, Fifth Avenue, Piccadilly, Princes Street and Via Nazionale are the highways of the world. Trod in literature, asterisked in guidebooks and pictured on postal cards, their habits are celebrated. Who does not know that Fifth Avenue is the most rococo boulevard in the world, and that it drinks its afternoon tea from etched, thin-stemmed glasses? Who does not know that Rue de la Paix runs through more novels than any other paved thoroughfare, and that Piccadilly Bobbies have wider chest expansion than the Swiss Guards?

Wasserman Avenue has no such renown; but it has its routine, like the history-hoary Via Nazionale, which daily closes its souvenir shops to seek siesta from two until four, the hours when American tourists are rattling in sightseeing automobiles along the Appian Way.

At half past seven, six mornings in the week, a well-breakfasted procession, morning papers protruding from sack-coat pockets and toothpicks assiduous, hastens down the well-scrubbed front steps of Wasserman Avenue and turns its face toward the sun and the two-blocks-distant street car. At half past seven, six days in the week, the wives of Wasserman Avenue hold their wrappers close up about their throats and poke uncoifed heads out-of-doors to Godspeed their well-breakfasted spouses.

Wasserman Avenue flutters farewell handkerchiefs to its husbands until they turn the corner at Rindley's West End Meat and Vegetable Market. At eventide Wasserman Avenue greets its husbands with kisses, frankly delivered on its rows of front porches.

Do not smile. Gautier wrote about the consolation of the arts; but, after all, he has little enough to say of that cold moment when art leaves off and heart turns to heart.

Most of Wasserman Avenue had never read much of Gautier, but it knew the greater truth of the consolation of the hearth. When Mrs. Shongut waved farewell to her husband that greater truth lay mirrored in her eyes, which followed him until Rindley's West End Meat and Vegetable Market shunted him from view.

"Mamma, come in and close the screen door—you look a sight in that wrapper."

Mrs. Shongut withdrew herself from the aperture and turned to the sunshine-flooded, mahogany-and-green-velours sitting room.

"You think that papa seems so well, Renie? At breakfast this morning he looked so bad underneath his eyes."

Rena yawned in her rocking-chair and rustled the morning paper. The horrific caprice of her pores had long since succumbed to the West End balm of Wasserman Avenue. No rajah's seventh daughter of a seventh daughter had cheeks more delicately golden—that fine tinge which is like the glory of sunlight.

"Now begin, mamma, to find something to worry about! For two months he hasn't had a heart spell."

Mrs. Shongut drew a thin-veined hand across her brow. Her narrow shoulders, which were never held straight, dropped even lower, as though from pressure.

"He don't say much, but I know he worries enough about that second payment coming due in July and only a month and a half off. I tell you I knew what I was talking about when I never wanted him to buy out the Mound City. I was the one who said we was doing better in little business."

"Now begin, mamma!"

"I told him he couldn't count on Izzy to stay down in the business with him. I told him Izzy wouldn't spoil his white hands by helping his papa in business."

"I suppose, mamma, you think Izzy should have stayed down with papa when he could get that job with Uncle Isadore."

"You know why your Uncle Isadore took Izzy? Because to a strange bookkeeper he has to pay more. Your Uncle Isadore is my own brother, Renie, but I tell you he ain't never acted like it."

"That's what I say. What have we got rich relatives with a banking house for, if Izzy can't start there instead of in papa's little business?"

"Ya, ya! What your Uncle Isadore does for Izzy, wait and see. For his own sister he never done nothing, and for his own sister's son he don't do nothing neither. You seen for yourself, if it was not for Aunt Becky begging him nearly on her knees, how he would have treated us that time with the mortgage. Better, I say, Izzy should stay with his papa in business or get out West like he wants, and where he can't keep such fine white hands to gamble with."

Miss Shongut slanted deeper until her slim body was a direct hypotenuse to the chair.

"Honest, mamma, it's a shame the way you look for trouble, and the way you and papa pick on that boy."

"Pick! When a boy gambles the roulette and the cards and the horses until ——"

"When a boy likes cards and horses and roulette it isn't so nice I know, mamma; but it don't need to mean he's a born gambler, does it? Boys have got to sow their wild oats."

"Ya, ya! Wild oats! A boy that gambles away his last cent when he knows just the least bit of excitement his father can't stand! Izzy knows how it goes against his father when he plays. Ya, ya! I don't need to look for trouble; I got it. Your papa, with his heart trouble, is enough by itself."

"Well, we're all careful, ain't we, mamma? Did I even holler the other night when I thought I heard a burglar in the dining room?"

"Ya! How I worry about the things you should know."

Mrs. Shongut had flung wide the windows and pinned back the lace curtains, so that the spring air, cool as water, flowed in.

Miss Shongut sprang to her feet and drew her filmy wrapper closer about her.

"Mamma, the Solingers don't need to look right in on us from their dining room."

"Say, I ain't got no time to be stylish for the neighbors. On washday I got my housework to do. Honest, Renie, do you think, instead of laying round, it would hurt you to go back and make the beds a while? Do you think a girl like you ought to got to be told, on washday and with Lizzie

"Ya, Ya! Wild Oats! A Boy That Gambles Away His Last Cent When He Knows Just the Least Bit of Excitement His Father Can't Stand!"

in the laundry, to help a little with the housework? Do you think, Renie, it's nice? I ask you."

"It's early yet, mamma; the housework will keep."

"Early yet, she says! On Monday, with my girl in the laundry and you with five shirtwaists in the wash, it's early, she says! Your mother ain't too lazy to start now, lemme tell you. Get them Kingston Place ideas out of your head, Renie. Remember we don't do nothing but look out on their fine white garages; remember business ain't so grand with your papa, neither."

"Now begin that, mamma! I know it all by heart."

"I ain't beginning nothing, Renie; but, believe me, it ain't so nice for a girl to have to be told everything. How that little Jeannie Lissman, next door, helps her mother already, it's a pleasure to see. I ——"

"You've told me about her before, mamma."

Mrs. Shongut flung a sheet across the upright piano.

"Gimme the broom, mamma; I'll sweep."

"Sweep I never said you need to do. It's bad enough I got to spoil my hands. Go back and wake Izzy up and make the beds."

"Aw, mamma, let him sleep. He don't have to be down until nine."

"Nine o'clock nowadays young men have got to work! Up to five years ago every morning at dark your papa was downtown to see the poultry come in, and now at eight o'clock my son can't be woke up to go to work. Honest, I tell you times is changed!"

"Mamma, the way you pick on that boy!"

Mrs. Shongut folded both hands atop her broom in a solemn and hieratic gesture; her face was full of lines, as though time had autographed it many times over in a fine hand.

"Can you blame me? Can you blame me that I worry about that boy, with his wild ways? That a boy like him should gamble away every cent of his salary, except when he wins a little and buys us such nonsenses as bracelets! That a boy who learnt bookkeeping in an expensive business school, and knows that with his papa business ain't so good, shouldn't offer to pay out of his salary a little board! I tell you, Renie, as he goes now, it can't lead to no good; sometimes I would do almost anything to get him out West. Not a cent does he offer to ——"

"He only makes ——"

"You know, Renie, how little I want his money; but that he shouldn't offer to help out at home a little—that every cent on cards and clothes he should spend! I ask you, is it any reason him and his papa got scenes together until for the neighbors I'm ashamed, and for papa's heart so afraid? That a fine boy like our Izzy should run so wild!"

Tears lay close to the surface of her voice, and she created a sudden flurry of dust, sweeping with short, swift strokes.

"Izzy's not so worse! Give me a boy like Izzy, any time, to a mollycoddle. He's just throwing off steam now."

"Just take up with your wild brother against your old parents! Your papa's a young man, with no heart trouble and lots of money; he can afford to have a card-playing son what has to have second breakfast alone every morning! Just you side with your brother!"

Miss Shongut side-stepped the furniture, which in the panicky confusion of sweeping was huddled toward the center of the room, and through a cloud of dust to the door.

"Every time I open my mouth in this family I put my foot in it. I should worry about what isn't my business!"

"Well, one thing I can say, me and papa never need to reproach ourselves that we ain't done the right thing by our children."

"Clean sheets, mamma?"

"Yes; and don't muss up the linen shelfs."

Her daughter flitted down a narrow aisle of hallway; from the shoulders her thin flowing sleeves floated backward, filmy, white.

Mrs. Shongut flung open the screen door and swept a pile of webby dust to the porch and then off on the patch of grass.

Thin spring sunshine lay warm along the neat terraces of Wasserman Avenue. Windows were flung wide to the fresh kiss of spring; pillows, comforters and rugs were draped across their sills. Across the street a negro, with an old gunny sack tied apron-fashion about his loins, turned a garden hose on a stretch of asphalt and swept away the flood with his broom. A woman, whose hair caught the sunlight like copper, avoided the flood and tilted a perambulator on its two rear wheels down the wooden steps of her veranda.

Across the dividing rail of the Shonguts' porch a child with a strap of schoolbooks flung over one shoulder ran down the soft terrace, and a woman emerged after her to the topmost step of the veranda, holding her checked apron up about her waist and shielding her eyes with one hand.

"Jeannie! Jean-nie!"

"Yes'm."

"Watch out for the street-car crossing, Jeannie."

"Yes'm."

"Jean-nie!"

"What?"

"Be sure!"

"Yeh."

"Good morning, Mrs. Shongut."

"Good morning, Mrs. Lissman. Looks like spring!"

"You Stay, Hochenheimer! I Bet You a Good Cigar You Stay"

"Ain't it so? I say to Mr. Lissman this morning, before he went downtown, that he should bring home some grass seed to-night."

"Ya, ya! Before you know it now, we got hot summer after such a late spring."

"I say to my Roscoe that after school to-day he should bring up the rubber plant out of the cellar."

"That's right; use 'em while they're young, Mrs. Lissman. When they grow up it's different."

"Mrs. Shongut, you should talk! Only last night I says to my husband, I says, when I seen Miss Renie pass by: 'Such a pretty girl!' I tell you, Mrs. Shongut, such a pretty girl and such a fine-looking boy you can be proud of."

"*Ach*, Mrs. Lissman, you think so?"

"There ain't one on the street any prettier than Miss Renie. 'I tell you, if my Roscoe was ten years older she could have him,' I says to my husband."

Mrs. Shongut leaned forward on her broomhandle.

"If I say so myself, Mrs. Lissman, I got good reasons to have pleasure out of my children. I guess you heard, Mrs. Lissman, what a grand position my Izzy has got with his uncle, of the Isadore Flexner Banking House. Bookkeeping in a banking house, Mrs. Lissman, for a boy like Izzy!"

"I tell you, Mrs. Shongut, if you got rich relations it's a help."

"How grand my brother has done for himself, Mrs. Lissman! Such a house he has built on Kingston Place! Such a home! You can see for yourself, Mrs. Lissman, how his wife and daughters drive up sometimes in their automobile."

"I'm surprised they don't come more often, Mrs. Shongut; your Renie and them girls, I guess, are grand friends."

"Ya; and to be in that banking house is a grand start for my boy. I always say it can lead to almost anything. Only I tell him he shouldn't let fine company make him wild."

"*Ach*, boys will be boys, Mrs. Shongut. Even now it ain't so easy for me get make my Roscoe to come in off his roller skates at night. My Jeannie I can make mind; but I tell her when she is old enough to have beaus, then our troubles begin with her."

Mrs. Shongut's voice dropped into her throat in the guise of a whisper.

"Sometime, Mrs. Lissman, when my Renie ain't home, I want you should come over and I read you some of the letters that girl gets from young men. So mad she always gets at me if she knows I talk about them."

"Mrs. Shongut, you'll laugh when I tell you; but already in the school my Jeannie gets little notes what the little boys write to her. Mad it makes me like anything; but what can you do when you got a pretty girl?"

"A young man in Peoria, Mrs. Lissman, such beautiful letters he writes Renie, never in my life did I read. Such language, Mrs. Lissman; just like out of a songbook! Not a time my Renie goes out that I don't go right to her desk to read 'em—that's how beautiful he writes. In Green Springs she met him."

"Ain't it a pleasure, Mrs. Shongut, to have grand letters like that? Even with my little Jeannie, though it makes me so mad, still I ——"

"But do you think my Renie will have any of them? 'Not,' she says, 'if they was lined in gold.'"

"I guess she got plenty beaus. Say, I ain't so blind that I don't see Sollie Spitz on your porch every ——"

"Sollie Spitz! *Ach*, Mrs. Lissman, believe me, there's nothing to that! My Renie since a little child likes reading and writing like he does. I tell her papa we made a mistake not to keep her in school like she wanted."

"My Jeannie ——"

"She loves learning, that girl. Under her pillow yesterday I found a book of verses about flowers—where she gets such a mind, Mrs. Lissman, I don't know. But Sollie Spitz! Say, we don't want no poets in the family."

"I should say not! But I guess she gets all the good chances she wants."

"And more. A young man from Cincinnati—if I tell you his name, right away you know him—twice her papa brought him out to supper after they had business downtown together—only twice; and now every week he sends her five pounds ——"

"Just think!"

"And such roses, Mrs. Lissman! You seen for yourself when I sent you one the other day. Right in his own hothouse he growa 'em, Mrs. Lissman."

"Just think!"

"If I tell you his name, Mrs. Lissman, right away you know his firm. In Cincinnati they say he's got the finest house up on the hill—musical chairs, that play when you sit on 'em. Twice every week he sends her ——"

"Grand!"

"'I tell you,' I says to her papa, 'her cousins over in Kingston Place got tickets to take the young men to theaters with and automobiles to ride them round in; but, if I say so myself, not one of them has better chances than my Renie, right here in our little flat.'"

Mrs. Lissman folded her arms in a shelf across her bosom and leaned her ample uncorseted figure against the railing.

"I give you right, Mrs. Shongut. Look at Jeannette Bamberger, over on Kingston; every night when me and Mr. Lissman used to walk past last summer, right on her grand front porch that girl sat alone, like she was glued."

"I know."

"Then, look at Birdie Schimm, across the street. Her mother a poor widow who keeps a roomer, and look how her girl did for herself! Down at Rindley's this morning nothing was fine enough for that Birdie to buy for her table. I tell you, Mrs. Shongut, money ain't everything in this world."

"I always tell Renie she can take her place with the best of them."

"Washing?"

"An hour already my Lizzie has been down in the laundry."

"Half a day I take Addie to help with the ironing."

"You should watch her, Mrs. Lissman; she steals soap."

"They're all alike."

"Ah, the mailman. Always in my family no one gets letters but my Renie. Look, Mrs. Lissman! What did I tell you? Another one from Cincinnati. Renie! Renie!" Mrs. Shongut bustled indoors, leaving her broom indolent against the porch pillar. "Renie!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Letter!" Feet hurrying down the hall. "Letter from Cincinnati, Renie."

"Mamma, do you have to read the postmarks off my letters? I can read my own mail without any help."

"How she sasses her mother! Say, for my part, I should worry if you get letters or not. A girl that is afraid to give her mother a little pleasure!"

Mrs. Shongut made a great show of dragging the room's furniture back into place; unpinning the lace curtains and draping them carefully in their folds; drawing chairs across the carpet until the casters squealed; uncovering the piano. At the business of dusting the mantelpiece she lingered, stealing furtive glances through its mirror.

Miss Shongut ripped open the letter with a hairpin and curled her supple figure in a roomy curve of the divan. Her hair, unloosed, fell in a thick black cascade down her back.

Mrs. Shongut redusted the mantel, raising each piece of bric-à-brac carefully; ran her cloth across the piano keys, giving out a discord; straightened the piano cover; repolished the mantelpiece mirror.

Her daughter read, blew the envelope open at its ripped end and inserted the letter. Her eyes, gray as dawn, met her mother's.

"Well, Renie, is—is he well?"

Silence.

"You're afraid, I guess, it gives me a little pleasure if I know what he has to say. A girl gets a letter from a man like Max Hochenheimer, of Cincinnati, and sits like a funeral!"

Rena unfolded herself from the divan and slid to her feet, slim as a sibyl.

"I knew it!"

"Knew what?"

"He's coming!"

"Coming? What?"

"He left Cincinnati last night and gets here this morning."

"This morning!"

"He comes on business, he says. And at five o'clock he stops in at the store and comes home to supper with papa."

"Supper—and a regular washday meal I got! Tongue, sweet-sour and red cabbage! Renie, get on your things and ——"

"Honest, if it wasn't too late I would telegraph him I ain't home."

"Get on your things, Renie, and go right down to Rindley's for a roast. If you telephone they don't give you weight. This afternoon I go myself for the vegetables." Excitement purred in Mrs. Shongut's voice. "Hurry, Renie!"

"I'll get Izzy to take me out to supper and to a show."

"Get on your things, I say, Renie. I'll call Lizzie upstairs too; we don't need no washday, with company for supper. Honest, excited like a chicken I get. Hurry, Renie!"

Miss Shongut stood quiescent, however, gazing through the lace curtains at the sun-lashed terrace, still soft from the ravages of winter and only faintly green. A flush spread to the tips of her delicate ears.

"Izzy's got to take me out to supper and a show. I won't stay home."

"Renie, you lost your mind? You! A young man like Max Hochenheimer begins to pay you attentions in earnest—a man that could have any girl in this town he snaps his finger for—a young man what your stuck-up cousins over on Kingston would grab at! You—you —— *Ach*, to a man like Max Hochenheimer, of Cincinnati, she wants to say she ain't home yet!"

"Him! An old fatty like him! Izzy calls him Old Squash! Izzy says he's the only live Cartoon in captivity."

"Izzy—always Izzy! Believe me, your brother could do better than layin' in bed, at eight o'clock in the morning, to copy after Max Hochenheimer."

"Always running down Izzy! Money ain't everything. I—I like other things in a man besides money—always money."

"He's Got It, Izzy. I Can Get Ten Thousand Out of Him if I Got To"

"Believe me, he has plenty besides money, has Max Hochenheimer. He ain't got no time maybe for silk socks and pressed pants, but for a fine good man your papa says he ain't got no equal. Your brother Izzy, I tell you, could do well to mock after Max Hochenheimer—a man what made hisself; a man what built up for hisself in Cincinnati a business in country sausages that is known all over the world."

"Country sausages!"

"No; he ain't got no time for rhymes like that long-haired Sollie Spitz, that ain't worth his houseroom and sits until by the nightshirt I got to hold papa back from going out and telling him we ain't got no hotel! Max Hochenheimer is a man what's in a legitimate business."

"Please, mamma, keep quiet about him. I don't care if he ——"

"I tell you the poultry and the sausage business maybe ain't up to your fine ideas; but believe me, the poultry business will keep you in shoes and stockings when in the poetry business you can go barefoot."

"All right, mamma; I won't argue."

"Your papa has had enough business with Max Hochenheimer to know what kind of a man he is and what kind of a firm. Such a grand man to deal with, papa says. Plain as a old shoe—just like he was a salesman instead of the president of his firm. A poor boy he started, and now such a house they say he built for his mother in Avondale on the hill! Squashy! I only wish for a month our Izzy had his income."

"I wouldn't marry him if ——"

"Don't be so quick with yourself, missy. Just because he comes here on a day's business and then comes out to supper with papa don't mean so much."

"Don't it? Well, then, if you know more about what's in this letter than I do, I've got no more to say."

Mrs. Shongut sat down as though the power to stand had suddenly deserted her limbs.

"What—what you mean, Renie?"

"I'm not so dumb that I—I don't know what a fellow means by a letter like this."

"Renie!" The lines seemed to fade out of Mrs. Shongut's face, softening it. "Renie! My little Renie!"

"You don't need to my-little-Renie me, mamma; I ——"

"Renie, I can't believe it—that such luck should come to us. A man like Max Hochenheimer, of Cincinnati, who can give her the greatest happiness, comes for our little girl ——"

"I ——"

"Always like me and papa had to struggle, Renie, in money matters you won't have to. I tell you, Renie, nothing makes a woman old so soon. Like a queen you can sit back in your automobile. Always a man what's good to his mother, like Max Hochenheimer, makes, too, a grand husband. I want, Renie, to see your Aunt Becky's and your cousins' faces at the reception. Renie—I ——"

"Mamma, you talk like—oh, you make me so mad!"

"Musical chairs they got in the house, Renie, what, as soon as you sit on, begin to play. Mrs. Schwartz herself sat on one; and the harder you sit, she says, the louder it plays. Automobiles; a elevator for his mother! I—*Ach*, Renie, I—I feel like all our troubles are over. I—*Ach*, Renie, you should know how it feels to be a mother."

Tears rained frankly down Mrs. Shongut's face and she smiled through their mist, and her outstretched arms would tremble.

"Renie, come to mamma!"

Miss Shongut, quivering, drew herself beyond their reach.

"Such talk! Honest, mamma, you—you make me ashamed, and mad like anything too. I wouldn't marry a little old squashy fellow like him if he was worth the mint."

"Renie! Re-nie!"

"An old fellow, just because he's got money and ——"

"Old! Max Hochenheimer ain't more than in his first thirties, and old she calls him! When a man makes hisself by hard work he ain't got time to keep young, with silk socks and creased pants, and hair tonic what smells up my house a hour after Izzy's been gone. It ain't the color of a man's vest, Renie—it's the color of his heart, underneath it. When papa was a young man, do you think, if I had looked at the cigar ashes on his vest instead of at what was underneath, that I ——"

"That talk's no use with me, mamma."

"Renie, you—you wouldn't do it—you wouldn't refuse him?"

Her reply leaped out suddenly, full of fire:

"It's not me or my feelings you care anything about. Every one but me you think about first. What about me? What about me? I'm the one that's got to do the marrying and live with him. I'm the one you're trying to sell off like I was cattle. I'm the one! I'm the one!"

"Renie!"

"Yes; sell me off—sell me off—like cattle!"

Tears, blinding, scalding, searing, rushed down her cheeks, and her smooth bosom, where the wrapper fell away to reveal it, heaved with the storm beneath.

"But you can't sell me—you can't! You can't keep nagging to get me married off. I can get out, but I won't be married out! If I wasn't afraid of papa, with his heart, I'd tell him so too. I'd tell him so now. I won't be married out—I won't be married out! I won't! I won't!"

Mrs. Shongut clasped her cheeks in the vise of her two hands.

"Married out! She reproaches me yet—a mother that would go through fire for her children's happiness!"

"Always you're making me uncomfortable that I ain't married yet—not papa or Izzy, but you—you! Never does

(Continued on Page 57)

SOCIETY ON TOAST

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

SOCIETY the world over is prone to take itself with unwarranted seriousness; but, to appreciate fully how very serious this taking may be, one should live and learn in the solemn city that saw my birth and shaped the earlier years of my manhood. Even in this day of dollar-worship blood counts there beyond riches, and reverence for family is far more deeply ingrained than reverence for gold.

I have always been inclined to believe that the saving grace of a sense of humor spared me—as it must have spared certain of my forbears—from the hereditary taint; for, though I am able to trace my line back with some of the longest, I have managed, as did my father before me, to swim clear of that inner-circle vortex and to regard its better-than-thou denizens with a sort of tolerant admixture of pity and amusement.

One of my earliest recollections bearing on social distinctions is illustrative of this attitude on my father's part. The fact that a cousin of mine had become engaged to be married to a scion of a prominent society family had just been announced; and my sisters, who were years older than I, seemed rather impressed by the importance of the alliance with the house of Vere de Vere.

Though I could not have been more than seven at the time, I recall very distinctly how, from the first, my father lost no opportunity of observing: "Now we shall have to do as the Vere de Veres do!" Or of using such corrections to me as: "Not that way, my son! Remember the Vere de Veres!"—until the new family connection, robbed of all its original seeming dignity, became for us all little more than a joke.

Breaking Into Society Journalism

AND there was scant subsequent intimacy between our immediate family and that of the Vere de Veres, though the bride was my father's favorite niece. He was democratic to a degree, and his democracy, as the years went by, spread its contagion throughout his household. So it chanced that when, at length, my vocation chosen, I found myself on the city staff of a local newspaper, society and its interests were utterly foreign to my sympathies. I knew little of either—and I cared less. The drama, art, literature and sport possessed all my enthusiasm. Yet, through one of those inexplicable ironies of fate, sheer accident cast me neck and crop into work I loathed. Overnight I became a society reporter. In less than a month I was a society editor.

It is twenty-odd years since the accident happened that had so much to do with the shaping of my professional career, and the society branch of journalism was in its infancy. Moreover the morning paper on which I was employed was about the most conservative newspaper in that very conservative city. Had my city editor been on duty I should not have been intrusted with that momentous assignment. I said so myself when it was given me and he confirmed my statement when he returned the next day.

It happened that the gentleman in charge, sometimes dubbed assistant city editor by courtesy, served five days out of every week as political reporter, and had no more idea of the importance of the task he was commissioning me to undertake than had the ten-year-old copy boy who hailed from the slums. He had found a line in the assignment book that read: Assembly Ball Opera House. And as the elderly maiden lady who usually looked after weddings and other gala events of the *haut monde* had been ill for the better part of a week, it was up to him to have it covered by one of the regular staff. It seems that in casting about for the most likely candidate he recalled the fact that I had once written a column report of a firemen's ball that particularly pleased some of his political friends—and so the die was cast.

I rebelled just as far as it was possible to do so. I had made it a rule to accept assignments unmurmuringly and to fill them conscientiously, no matter how repugnant they might be; but in this instance I was abundantly conscious of my own ignorance, and I knew, too, that I could look for little or no help from those high and mighty individuals who were in charge of what I remembered to have heard called the most exclusive society function in the United States.

So long as there was a chance of making good I was game; but I had a horror of falling down in this case, especially as failure would certainly mean complaint from influential quarters and might involve the loss of my place on the paper.

"You'll Get a Column," He Thundered Back at Me—"or I'll Know the Reason Why"

"But, Mr. Lewis," I objected—in those days we were most punctilious, and the rule was to use Mr. when on duty, even though we were Bill and Charlie to each other outside office hours—"I won't be able to get a line."

"You'll get a column," he thundered back at me—"or I'll know the reason why. Now get out of here! I'm busy!"

And I remember to this day the quaking heart with which I obeyed.

It was long before the birth of so-called yellow journalism, and enterprise had its limits. In more modern times I might have bribed the orchestra leader to smuggle me in with a dumb fiddle or the caterer to marshal me in line as one of his waiters; but at that period getting news by such undignified subterfuges was unthought of. Legitimate means or none—that was the rule; and no one had ever been bold enough to break it.

The seeming hopelessness of the situation appalled me in advance; but I was restless to look the land over, and in a cold, driving rain I made my way to the opera house as early as eight o'clock.

Save for the fact that an awning was being stretched from steps to curb, there was no sign of the impending festivity; yet I stood for some minutes watching the work in a sort of mad mental effort to draw from this insignificant and commonplace incident at least a paragraph of atmosphere. Descriptive writing was what I liked best and I had made some little reputation on the paper for my ability in that line.

Though I was woefully unsuccessful as a fact-getter I possessed a knack for spinning an interesting story out of scant material; and I realized that in my present plight I could let no single feature, however extraneous, escape. Then, in a way I could not possibly have foreseen, my close observation of the scene repaid me beyond expectation. In a police officer on duty I recognized an old acquaintance.

The time at which the earliest guest might be expected to arrive was now more than two hours distant, and it required no great urging on my part to be permitted to enter the building and take a look at the ballroom. The auditorium of the opera house I had seen often enough, but the dance of the elect was given in what was described as the foyer, a moderately large salon on the second floor over the entrance vestibule. For the occasion this room had been rather elaborately decorated with flowers, and a few minutes of observation gave me a vivid picture as to how it would appear when, with the orchestra ensconced behind a screen of evergreens at one end, the floor was crowded with fair women and gallant men gyrating to the dreamy strains of a waltz.

Here certainly was all the material for atmosphere I needed, and in the writing room of a neighboring hotel I accomplished as telling a portrayal of the scene as an active imagination and a fairly replete vocabulary could effect. It was a good piece of work as I remember it, but it was totally lacking in one very important essential: Save for time, place and the color of the decorating roses, it contained no informative fact from first to last. Names, even in those days, were looked on as the most important feature of the news story—and I had not a single one.

I remember going back and standing from ten o'clock until nearly eleven at the awning's side while the rain ran in streams from my umbrella, hoping that I might identify at least a few of the guests, as, smothered in wraps, they scurried from their carriages to the lighted portal; for a bold request of the doorkeeper for the privilege of a few words with some member of what I think I called the ball committee had been haughtily denied me.

I had reached the inner edge of despair, I know, and was about to turn disheartedly away when I saw alight from a hired livery cab a young man—the first young man, or woman, either, for that matter—whose name I knew. For a moment I fancied I had made a mistake, for I had never thought of him as a society man and could scarcely believe that he had the right of attendance. He was a budding lawyer, a friend of our news editor, on whom he frequently called, and known to me only through that fact.

Here Was a Paper Treating Society as I Had Always Felt Like Treating It

Some Unexpected Help

I HAD never met him; but I fancied that my face was as familiar to him as his was to me, and in my desperation I laid a detaining hand on his arm and called him by name. He recognized me instantly and halted. I made a rapid apology, laid bare the situation in a dozen words and pleaded for five minutes of his time. He was a good fellow. In all the intervening years I have met few better.

"Certainly! With pleasure!" he said. "Come with me!" And under the shelter of my own umbrella he led me, his arm locked in mine, to that same hotel writing room in which I had written my poor makeshift story.

He gave me names in abundance—names of the patronesses and the governors; names of those who had not missed an Assembly in twenty years; names of out-of-town guests; names of débutantes; names of the cotillon leaders; and names and descriptions of interesting personalities.

He knew the society of the city backward as well as forward. He sketched briefly for me the history of these dances, which dated from the days of the Colony, and told me of the interesting custom of always including in the list of patronesses some bride of the year. Yet, with it all, he smiled a half-derisive smile; and he won my heart with that more even than with his help.

"After all," he said in conclusion, "the whole thing always impresses me as so futile. There was a day when I'm frank to say I enjoyed it; but there are so many better ways of passing the time. And the really sensible person

soon finds society a sort of slavery. I think this will be my last Assembly." And yet he could not have been over twenty-nine!

It was all I could do to keep that derisive smile out of my story. I wanted to laugh at the foolish assumption of patriarchal and patrimonial superiority; but I realized that, as a reporter, my duty to my paper was to give the facts uncolored and leave the comment to the writers of editorials. And, as a consequence, that pleased those who were most concerned. Society pronounced it the only real description of an Assembly that had ever appeared in print. The owner of the paper complimented me in person. Lewis declared he had discovered my forte. And my astonished city editor intimated that should the illness of the elderly maiden lady who did the weddings prove to be her last it would entail no misfortune on the paper.

All in vain were my protests that the result was an accident, pure and simple, and that I should be sure to fall down on the next society assignment given me. Two days later occurred the most important wedding of the winter. My lawyer friend was an usher and I covered it with flying colors. At least five times in the succeeding fortnight I was called on to do work of this character and each time I was successful. I should have been glad to fail, but my conscience would not permit me to shirk and I seemed always to stumble on a means of achievement.

Aside from my inherited lack of sympathy with the exclusives and their exclusiveness, I felt that this line of endeavor was not worthy of a man. I considered it woman's work. On the other papers it was handled by women or effeminate young men who got their news through a ragged-edge connection with the elect. So, if I was able to get any satisfaction whatever from the employment, it was gleaned wholly through knowing that what I did was at least a shade better than it had ever been done before.

And then the possibility that my city editor had suggested actually happened—the elderly maiden lady died. The news reached the office early one morning and at noon of that same day I was sent for by the managing editor.

He told me he had decided to inaugurate a society department and he was going to put me in charge of it at a small advance in salary.

I should be required to keep track of all events worthy of extended treatment and to cover them in what he called my own vivid yet dignified way; but, in addition to this, I must provide for each issue from a quarter to half a column of from two to six line society notes or items of a personal nature—giving the movements of society folk, announcing engagements, the dates of forthcoming weddings, dances, dinners, and so on.

Once more I pleaded my weakness. How was I to get such notes as he required? I knew of no sources of supply.

"I'll give you some," he returned; and he handed me a list of half a dozen names and addresses. "These are friends of ——'s," he said, naming the owner of the paper. "He has arranged with them to let you see their engagement books. Whatever they know that is suitable for publication they will give you; but you must be careful not to let any one of them learn that you get news from any of the others. Secrecy as to your sources of information is absolutely imperative."

Novelties in Society Journalism

THOUGH I did not appreciate the fact at the time, it was not very long before I learned that ——'s list was made up, for the most part, of names of persons who did not belong to the older families, but were of the class known as climbers. Nearly all of them, however, were particularly well-informed concerning the set they emulated; and I very soon discovered that one of their pet ambitions was to appear in the paper in juxtaposition with a Vere de Vere or some other of the more ancient and honorable coterie.

As may be imagined I could exercise very little discrimination in the news I printed. The sheep and the goats were herded together in the society column of the paper. The goats were pleased, and if the sheep were annoyed they regarded it as beneath their dignity to complain.

Before the minor paragraphs had been running a month I had little need to seek my news. Each mail brought me letters of information, and at least fifty families had included the paper in their mailing list for cards of invitation to all functions, major and minor.

I was now a full-fledged society editor; and, having found that all my efforts at escape only plunged me deeper, I began to reconcile myself to what seemed the inevitable and found myself in a little while taking a certain degree of pride in my work. Every morning I served to our readers what I somewhat ingenuously described to my intimates as society on toast, without in the least realizing that the society was woefully wanting in seasoning and that the toast was dry and unbuttered.

About this time the managing editor discovered that names were a mighty lever in lifting the circulation. My department appeared to him the logical instrument for most of the gathering, and he lost no time in impressing on me the importance of adding to every reported function as full a list of the guests as could possibly be obtained. Hitherto my work had been comparatively easy, but this rule so enormously augmented my labor that eventually I was forced to ask for an assistant whose sole duty should be the garnering of "among those present." My request was readily granted, and from that time on names became, indeed, one of the chief features of the paper.

We had been pioneers in this as in the daily society paragraphs; but the other local sheets were not long in falling into line. Some of the afternoon journals lifted our lists bodily; but it was reserved for one of them to discover what its editor evidently believed must add greatly to the drawing power of the feature. In a moment of inspiration he jotted down a list of twenty or more flattering adjectives

My Picture of the Young, Natty Man-About-Town Was Shattered to Atoms

by means of which he made a complimentary description of each feminine guest practically automatic.

One at a time, each in its turn, the adjectives were inserted. Discrimination had no part in the process. The first lady on the list was always beautiful; the next, charming; the third, graceful—and so on. That a pompous old dowager was as often as not characterized as dainty, while a fragile, fair little maid in her first season appeared as stately or regal, were flaws in the hit-or-miss method, to be sure; but they were not permitted to weigh against what in the editorial mind was a time-saving stroke of genius for the making of friends.

Nor was the fact that on the list was an adjective susceptible of inviting invidious comparison ever detected, so far as I know, by the self-satisfied inventor; though I heard more than one laugh among amused readers of the paper over the virtuous Mrs. Jones-Robinson, or the virtuous Mrs. Somebody Else. Indeed, among a certain coterie of clubmen it was a part of every afternoon's amusement to pick out the ladies of their acquaintance to whom this particular adjective was equivocally applied.

The next development of the name-list was one that added to it a mildly colorful interest. My young-woman assistant suggested it herself after seeing it in one of the metropolitan dailies. It was the addition, wherever feasible, to the names of the women guests, of a line or two concerning their gowns and jewels. Usually each name so dignified was given a brief paragraph by itself, in this fashion:

> Mrs. Jonathan Oldbody—black velvet and diamonds.
> Miss Blossom Budd—white lawn and blush roses.
> Mrs. Will Goitte—pink satin and point lace, with pigeon-blood rubies.

There was, I recall, some demur at first over the adoption of this innovation. Our paper, as I have said, was about the most conservative of the eight or ten dailies published in a distinctly conservative city; and it was feared that such a radical step might meet with disfavor, especially if, by any mischance, errors were allowed to creep into the reports.

Nevertheless it was finally decided to give it a trial. We had occasional complaints, as a matter of course; but it was generally well received, and before long we began to get letters before each important event containing accurate and authoritative information as to what would be worn by each individual member of the writer's family. Nor were all these letters from climbers. On the contrary the established families seemed just as anxious to appear correctly gowned and jeweled as did those with insecure footing on the first rung of the social ladder.

Indeed, it was not very long before I learned that within the first-family set there was a group of persons whose inclinations leaned toward the spectacular, and who were never better pleased than when being exploited by the press. As time went on I made a number of acquaintances in this clique and profited considerably thereby.

Meanwhile all over the country society was becoming more and more a journalistic feature. So-called personal journalism was still in its swaddling clothes, but it was growing lustily. Already two sensational dailies had appeared in New York, and the local afternoon paper in my own city of which I have spoken—the paper of the adjectives—was doing its best in a cheap way to follow in their footsteps.

Occasionally now there came to my knowledge news stories of society folk that my own paper would not have touched with the proverbial forty-foot pole, and these I dispatched to one or other of the two New York sheets which were avid for everything of the sort—the more lurid the better.

New Connections

IN THIS way I was able to make an appreciable addition to my income, which was further augmented after a while by special commissions from those papers for long Sunday articles, by means of which they hoped to gain an introduction into my home city for their Sunday issues.

The first of these, I remember, treated of the Society Belles of the town; and I was requested to furnish as many photographs as possible. In the effort to make the article comprehensive it was necessary for me to call in the assistance of some of my society acquaintances, who readily supplied me with a volume of interesting matter; but society had not yet been educated up to seeing its portraits in the newspapers and I failed almost utterly in getting the desired photographs.

An article on our local equestriennes followed; but the most successful was one dealing with our rich women. Personally I knew little of the history of those who possessed fortunes in their own right; and I was a little despairful until I chanced to think of a certain physician included in that first list of the amenable provided by my paper's owner. From hints I had gathered I judged him to be a sort of social encyclopedia, and I was not mistaken.

Neither he nor his wife had been born to the purple, but they lived in a fashionable neighborhood; they doted on the rich and aristocratic, and had Thackeray been a local author he must certainly have included both in his Book of Snobs. Nevertheless the doctor was a kindly disposed gentleman, a little proud of his society knowledge; and he willingly gave up to me at least two hours of his time.

In order that we might miss no one worth mentioning he produced an élite directory and went over it from the first page to the last, gleaning one name after another and rattling off with certain assurance the financial story of each, estimating her present wealth, revealing its origin, and detailing the elements that entered into its growth. So long was the article when I completed it, notwithstanding it might have served as a model of condensation, that the Sunday editor found it necessary to print it in two installments.

About this time there had come into existence in New York a society weekly. Working hard from almost any hour of the morning until all hours of the night in my little provincial city, I had not so much as heard of it, until on a certain afternoon, returning to my office, I found a message awaiting me from the local correspondent of the then leading metropolitan daily. He wished me to call on him at my earliest convenience.

Scenting a fresh connection I went at once. His office was less than a hundred yards away; but in the taking of that short walk I turned a corner that had much to do with the shaping of my whole subsequent career.

"While in New York yesterday," said the correspondent, "I met an old friend of mine who is now editing a little

society paper. He asked me to recommend some one who could furnish him matter from here and I recommended you." He turned to his desk and scribbled an address on a scrap of paper. "Write to him and find out what he wants. He's a good fellow and he'll treat you right."

I thanked him for recommending me, returned to my office and wrote at once. Then I sent an office boy out to see whether he could get me a copy of the paper. I shall call it the Wasp—because, as I soon found, it had a sting as its most important feature, but principally because that was not and is not its name. The boy found it and I looked it over critically.

Its outer appearance seemed to be rather against it; but the inside text was a revelation. Used as I was to handling society folks with gloves—and very daintily at that—the cutting sarcasm, the scathing irony, the pepper, the ginger, the vitriol, sprinkled over every page seemed to me most refreshing. I was young and I took most things—this among them—at a surface valuation. All I thought of was that here was a paper treating society as I had always felt like treating it, yet had never dared. It laughed at it. But it did more than that—it pilloried it. It showed the hollowness of its purse-proud and family-proud pretensions.

Two days later I received a most cordial answer to my letter. The editor was an Englishman; and, anomalous as it may seem, he had a very keen sense of humor. I wish I had that letter still, that I might quote some of its epigrams concerning the conventionalism of society in my home city. He did not have to give me any detailed instructions, he said. He wanted me to write of my field as I found New York written of. He added: "When you visit New York my latchstring is always out."

His letter seemed most inspiring, and I determined to get the stuff he wanted at all hazards. I realized, though, that I must be very careful. Certainly I could not afford to be known as the one who furnished to such a radical weekly such radical matter. From my own knowledge I could write very little. I must get it from some one familiar with local legendary lore and, at the same time, from some one I could trust with my secret.

Facing Criminal Libel Charges

AFTER I had taken up the likely and the unlikely, one after the other, only to discard them all, I caught a subconscious suggestion. There flashed back to me that first Assembly Ball story, and I wondered why I had not thought of my young lawyer friend before. I went to him at once and stated the situation frankly.

"I've about given up society," he said, "and scarcely know what is going on; but if you'll find the pegs I'll find the old stories to hang on them."

On the following Monday afternoon I took him a batch of clippings from my own paper. The Bluebloods were giving a ball on Wednesday night. He gave me a delicious story about old Blueblood's bachelor days. Mention of the fact that Mrs. Golightly had just returned from Europe suggested to him some never-printed facts about her divorce from her first husband. And so it went. I left his office with a dozen paragraphs that would make home society sit up and take notice and some of it tear its hair.

Week after week this process was repeated. My personal friends were mentioned occasionally, as to omit them altogether might have in itself afforded a fingerpost indicating the truth; but I never referred to them offensively—the mildest kind of joke sufficing. So far as I know I was never suspected, though I continued the work for upward of three years.

Accuracy was my watchword. I prided myself on adhering closely to fact, and if any complaint reached the office it was not passed on to me. To this rule, however, there was one—and, if my memory serves, only one—exception; but it was rather an appalling one and, save for an act of Providence, would probably have entailed serious results.

He Willingly Gave Up to Me at Least Two Hours of His Time

The Wasp was a comparatively new venture, with a limited circulation; and, though it must have averaged a score or more of distinctly libelous paragraphs weekly, no one seemed to take it seriously enough to hale it into court. It owned nothing but good will—and, as may be imagined, it had little enough of that; so that a suit for damages could not have proved especially remunerative.

When, however, a story of mine appeared concerning a certain scion of a family that was *par excellence* the first and foremost family in my city, with a name that was synonymous with all that aristocracy in America implies, he rose in his just wrath and charged libel of the criminal variety. The editor, having been admitted to bail, promptly wrote me for my authority, and I as promptly sought my lawyer friend to learn where I could find the necessary corroborative detail. Fancy my dismay when in all seriousness he told me that I had been guilty of a slight yet important error!

My confession of error was abject, but it served no whit in extenuation of my fault. My editor faced an indictment without the shadow of a defense, and only a miracle could save him from a prison sentence.

On one plea or another the case was from time to time adjourned, but the day came at length when, with every legal resource of the editor's counsel exhausted, trial was imperative. Conviction seemed certain, and on account of my careless error I was weighed down by remorse.

The clerk of the court called the case and the accused moved forward to the bar, my commiserating eyes on him. So intent was my gaze, so deep my self-reproach, that I was unconscious of the fact that the district attorney was on his feet, addressing the court in sad, sepulchral tones. Then a sudden excited buzzing among those about me roused me to the fact that some sort of surprise had been sprung. Abruptly I was all interest.

"*Cadit quæstio*," concluded the prosecutor, airing his Latin—"the question falls. I must ask your honor to dismiss the complaint."

Amazed, I turned to my nearest neighbor for enlightenment. The complainant had died that morning—an hour before the convening of the court! My editor was free.

It is perhaps worthy of mention here that throughout the affair he had refrained from reproaching me. He appeared to appreciate the invitation to serious mistake that the very character of his periodical presented; and, though he cautioned care in the future, he seemed to feel that my remorse was poignant enough without adding his censure.

From that time on I exercised an increased vigilance to avoid misstatement, and on several occasions, because it was impossible to verify minor incidents, I resorted to the mask of fiction—that is to say, I wrote the happenings as short stories, using unreal names and injecting imaginary conversations and atmosphere, though the plots were actual facts. These tales were recognized, but one must have been very courageous to attempt to fit the boot to his foot; and consequently the paper was never brought to book.

Years afterward I heard of a case, however, in which this very method was used to extort money from one of the leading financiers of the country. A Wall Street writer, cognizant of an episode of a romantic nature in the life of the magnate, used the chief features of the affair as the foundation for a short story. I am confident he did this in all innocence. The idea simply appealed to him as available for such a purpose and he used it, little dreaming that it would work any harm.

The Methods of Society Journals

THE publisher of the magazine to which it was submitted, however, saw possibilities in the manuscript unimagined by the writer. He accepted it, had it put in type and sent proofs to the financier referred to. As he expected, the recipient at once recognized himself in the chief character and was terror-stricken at the thought of the story's publication. He offered to buy the story as it stood. A price—it was generally understood to be one of five figures—was arranged and a check passed. In due time the author was paid at the regular rates of that magazine; but the story never appeared.

It will be seen from what I have said of my correspondence with the Wasp that in getting matter for it an altogether different method had to be used from that of newsgathering for the daily paper that employed me. And this variance holds good to this day. The reporter on a daily newspaper goes boldly to headquarters for his facts. No matter what the case, his first search is for the principals; and where a dispute is involved it is incumbent on him to get both sides of the argument.

The society paper of the type I have mentioned, however, does not and cannot expect its contributors to follow this course. Almost invariably they work behind a screen; and the subjects of their paragraphs get their first intimation of publicity—usually uncherished, to use a mild term—from the printed page. On the daily there are certain restrictive rules. Contemplated divorces, for instance, are never mentioned save when the libelant makes a direct statement. Ordinarily it is the rule to await the filing of the libel before touching the subject at all; yet in the society weekly, which is a law unto itself, marital infelicity in all its stages is openly discussed.

Rattling from ambush the dry bones of old society skeletons had the effect of achieving for the Wasp a very fair circulation in my city. Society folk, with few exceptions, were reading the paper—though it must be confessed many did it more secretly than openly. Each week there was eager interest to see whose turn had come to be served hot and steaming on the grill; and frequently I smiled behind my hand to think how much more appetizing was the highly seasoned *réchauffé* I thus provided weekly than the freshly cooked but tasteless thing that went to the table each morning in the columns of my staid daily paper.

The success of the Wasp naturally invited competition, and other society weeklies had already been started in New York. Arguing that more flies were to be caught with honey than with vinegar—a theory that was very soon

(Continued on Page 48)

I Made a Rapid Apology and Laid Bare the Situation

OPUS 43, NUMBER 6

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Her Music Was to Set New York Afire. So Far, Chief Croker and His Band Had Found No Trouble in Controlling the Blaze

A SHORT time ago, if you reckon in centuries, Joshua issued a peremptory order to Old Sol, who meekly obeyed. I concede this to be something of a feat. It has been surpassed, however.

It was only yesterday that a Scandinavian gentleman sat down one winter day and made some marks on a piece of paper. When he finished the sun was going down blood-red across the snow; the shutters chattered in the icy wind; the fire, neglected, had gone out and the room was bitter cold. But the heart and soul of the Scandinavian gentleman were aflame. He scorned more material warmth. He took the marks he had made to the piano.

Then as his fingers touched the keys the room grew balmy. It became fragrant with the breath of newborn violets. Brooks laughed. Birds sang. Butterflies flashed in the sunlight. A million lovers met and clung and kissed for spring had come.

Now Joshua merely arrested the sun's attention for a few hours. The Scandinavian gentleman turned the solar system topsy-turvy.

Joshua failed to establish, for the benefit of a skeptical age, a proof of his accomplishment. The Scandinavian gentleman has left the marks he made that winter day behind him. They are called Opus 43, Number 6. Their magic is undiminished. It was used quite recently by Leopold Vladimar Sczercrow, of Hungary. The facts in the case are as follows:

Leopold came to New York in the month of January. In the good ship Deutschland he had a safe passage and a fearful case of *mal de mer*. He disembarked feebly and stared about him in bewilderment.

To have the hero land and stare in bewilderment is the time-hallowed beginning of the immigrant story. Let me hasten to say that Leopold was not an immigrant. Though he had come to the United States to seek his fortune, and would work with his hands to accomplish it, he lacked a certain aroma that is the olfactory guaranty of the Simon-pure immigrant.

Leopold, therefore, was only a pianist. He had been decoyed from Budapest by Max Blumschein, impresario and agent, and his look of bewilderment was occasioned by the absence of Blumschein from the scene of his arrival.

His illness had kept him in his stateroom during the voyage. He had become acquainted with none of his fellow passengers, and he now stood alone in the midst of a shrieking babble of greetings, no word of which he could understand.

At last he thought of Blumschein's letter in his pocket. He moved slowly to the pier entrance and found the driver of a taxicab. He pointed to the letterhead, climbed dejectedly into the taxicab and was whirled away.

A few moments later Max Blumschein looked up from the framing of a subtle contract.

"*Now* vat de hell do you vant?" he snapped.

A card was laid on his desk. He gazed at it a moment with bulging eyes.

"*Lieber Gott!*" he said at last. "I forgot him gomblete. Id all gomes from dese tamn' interrubtions; all de time id's interrubtions—interrubtions! If I gollegt von idea together, in gomes somebody und sgatters id. Vy are you standing dere mit your mouth open? Show him in, addlepade!"

Leopold was shown in. He was still suffering from seasickness. His pale face was paler than usual. His dark eyes were black caverns of woe. Blumschein noted these symptoms with approval.

"Disbebtic!" he thought. "He can play dings in F minor. De press agend vill call his bellyache a segred sorrow." Aloud he said: "Ten tousand pardons, my dear Meesder—er—Meesder—er —— I meestoog your goming by von day. I t'oughd it was to-morrow yed. Ten tousand pardons, und velcome to Ameriga! You vill haf a splendid sugcess. Nefer have I seen handsomer billing dan has been done already for you in Glevelant, Zinzinnadi, Shigawgo, und oder poinds. I have pud you out as Vladimar, dropping—er—de lasd name, as vas done in Vienna. Haf you segured aggommodations in New York yed?"

Leopold smiled wanly.

"I speak no English," he said in French.

French was beyond Blumschein. He bellowed for "Feligs!" who duly appeared to act as interpreter.

Blumschein became more and more delighted with his new virtuoso as the interview progressed. Leopold, leaning back in his chair, with half-closed eyes, agreed wearily to everything suggested.

"Never haf I handled an ardisd mit such an ideal disbosition," thought the agent; but he came presently on a snag. "Haf him sign dis abbreciation of de Veelman piano, Feligs, before I take him to his hodel," said Blumschein, dipping pen in ink.

The interpreter explained. Leopold opened his eyes and answered briefly.

"He says he never heard of it," said the interpreter.

"Tell him—vot of id?" directed Blumschein. "Tell him he geds five hundred gash for id."

"He says," came the interpretation, "that he does not lie for five hundred dollars."

"*Gott!*" exploded Blumschein. "Tell him he is now in Ameriga. Tell him de gustom here is differend. Tell him he is tamn' lucky to get so much for von lie!"

Leopold, however, shook his head; and this should have prepared Blumschein for what happened later.

After three recitals in New York, the last of which was a triumph, the young Hungarian went *en tour*. Thanks to the New York critics and the expert press agent furnished by Blumschein, many came to hear the great Vladimar, with the secret sorrow and soulful eyes.

"Py *Gott!*" said Blumschein as he checked over the paid admittance sent to him from St. Louis. "Ve'll make de long-haired Bole look sig before ve're done yed."

In Kansas City Leopold stepped into melting slush up to his ankles. By the time he reached Chicago his eyes and nose were matched in a Marathon. The Windy City, true to her name, urged the contestants on. Leopold became more interested in athletics than in the Chopin E Minor Concerto. He decided not to play at Orchestra Hall that night.

"Come on, old scout!" urged the anxious press agent. "Show some pep! There's eight thousand in the house if there's a dime! Let's get this coin while the getting's good. What's a little cold?"

Leopold peered at the big black piano. It had a menacing look. The rippling hum of the tuning orchestra seemed a part of the roaring in his head.

"No can do," he said briefly. He turned up his coat collar, turned on his heel, and went back to the hotel

Leopold's cold laid steady siege to him. The enemy camped in his chest and head. They rushed troops up and down his spine and sent icy skirmishers to his hands and feet. He lost three recitals in Chicago, but got to Detroit somehow, and was driven to the Detroit Opera House, burning and shivering by turns.

"They're all out there," the press agent told him—"Mr. and Mrs. Packard, Miss Chalmers, and all the little Fords. Now fly at it!"

Leopold flew at the terrific Variations on a Theme of Paganini's, by Brahms. When he finished they "tore the house down," as the press agent put it; but Leopold, between sniffles, called himself a "butchair" and would play no more.

"Why, kid, it was swell!" said the press agent. "Listen to 'em!"

"Ba-ad," said Leopold. "R-rottan! No tawch; no tone; no nutting!"

That ended his tour. He went back to New York the next day. Blumschein, after frenzied pleadings, canceled Cleveland, Buffalo and Boston, with tears in his eyes.

Leopold waited in New York for two recitals he was to give in the latter part of March. His cold grew better, but he suffered from homesickness. From his fifth year on he had spent most of his waking hours at a piano. He knew little of his fellow men. His shy musician's soul fled deep within him at contact with these brisk Americans. At a reception where he was supposed to roar, the press agent watched his more than agony from behind some potted palms and pronounced him a "bum mixer!"

One night he passed the blazing sign of a Hungarian restaurant. A longing to hear his native tongue turned him back and drew him within. The café's interior proved more modest than its flamboyant sign. From every side, however, came words that Leopold could understand. He ordered his dinner, gave a sigh of contentment, and beamed about him.

Seated at a piano, her hands folded in her lap, was a girl. She chanced to be looking his way. As their eyes met Leopold experienced an extraordinary sensation. For an instant it lasted; then her glance traveled past him with tired indifference. Leopold seemed to have taken some swift elixir which was sending warm and tingling waves through his veins.

From that moment he watched her surreptitiously, half fearful, half hoping she would look at him again. She failed to do so. She played MacDowell's To a Water Lily instead. Leopold shuddered.

She played twice more before he left, but never looked his way again, though he spent an hour over his dinner.

He dined at the restaurant the next three evenings. Nothing happened. On the fourth evening the table near her was already taken by a red-haired man with a beard. This alarmed him. By cunning questions he drew from the waiter that through a conference with the proprietor he might reserve any table he wished.

Leopold summoned his courage and the proprietor.

Yes; he might have the same table every night. Which table did he prefer, and at what hour?

Leopold looked about the room as though making a selection. At last, not meeting the proprietor's eye, he decided on the one in the corner near the piano. He blushed slightly when it was promised to him for seven o'clock each evening.

Would the proprietor join him in a glass of kummel?

The proprietor would, and did, and talked of Hungary and of Leopold's own beloved Budapest.

On Friday night a wonderful thing happened. As he took his seat she was staring at the keyboard, her hands, as was her custom, folded in her lap.

Leopold had not seen her for twenty-three hours. He was assuring himself that her profile had not changed, when she looked up so suddenly that he had no time to drop his eyes. He had the same delicious shock he had treasured in his memory; then—dreadful to behold!—she frowned

Leopold grew red with shame. Instantly her frown disappeared. The corners of her mouth lifted in the faintest of smiles as she barely nodded.

Leopold, while getting back to his hotel, was all but run over by a truck. She had noticed him! She had bowed to him!

A few nights later he did a deed of consummate daring. He waited until she had left the café, then asked the proprietor about her. He learned that, like Tommy Tucker, she played for her supper—also for her breakfast; that she gave lessons on the piano, and that she was a good girl. Leopold did not doubt it.

Did the proprietor know her address? The proprietor looked searchingly into Leopold's face.

"I wish," explained Leopold, "to have instruction on the piano."

The proprietor's fat, moist fingers closed on Leopold's slender hand.

"You are sure of that, my son?"

"On the honor of a Hungarian," said Leopold.

"Good!" said the proprietor. "I will give you the address."

II

MISS DELLA HICKS was tilting her head before the frowning face of Beethoven, whom she had just tacked up on the studio wall. I say studio, following the precedent of Miss Hicks, who thus referred to her apartment.

Speaking without enthusiasm, it was a second-floor back room in need of plaster, wall paper and more light. Its one window was now staring at the contortions of a red woolen undershirt and drawers, a pair of gray wool socks with white heels and toes, and a limp white shirt of the boiled variety, strung on a wire in the court below.

It would be easy to enumerate the furniture which the room contained; but how she furnished her studio is Miss Hick's own affair. I will call attention, however, to the piano. It was an upright, made of oak, with a bench to match. To keep it in its present place by means of a monthly rental was a problem.

Miss Hicks had faced many problems since leaving Utica, Ohio. Spurred on by the enthusiasm of her fellow townsmen, her journey to the larger city was of an incendiary character. Her music was to set New York afire. So far, Chief Croker and his band had found no trouble in controlling the blaze.

Having assured herself that Mr. Beethoven, despite his frown, was adding to the studio's atmosphere, Miss Hicks thought of luncheon. When one is twenty-two the appetite is a thing to be reckoned with. She had found this fact to be one of her problems.

She proceeded to solve it on this occasion by assembling on the table three macaroons and a stick of milk chocolate. She was busy with a teakettle when the boards in the hall floor creaked the announcement of a visitor. Miss Hicks set a chipped teacup on the table as there came a gentle knocking at the door.

"Come!" she said.

Leopold stood in the doorway.

"Well?" said Miss Hicks.

Leopold said nothing. He had been walking round and round the block for two hours. His arrival at her door should be mentioned with the doings of David, Horatius, Charlotte Corday, and Barney Oldfield. It left him incapable of further effort.

Miss Hicks had been regarding him with a frank, almost boyish look that was peculiarly her own.

"I'll thank you to close that door," she said at last.

For the second time Leopold turned fiery red under her eyes. Since his agony had made him chalklike until now, the change was startling. It saved the day. A dangerous person could never blush like that.

"Do you want to see me?" asked Miss Hicks in a more kindly tone.

Leopold swallowed, and produced his card and a letter. The letter was from the proprietor of the restaurant where she played. It recommended the bearer, who wished instruction on the piano. Miss Hicks read it over twice.

"Oh!" she said. "Come in, Mr. ——" Here she glanced at the card. "Mr. er—— Come in!"

From then on, Leopold's artistic endeavors made a *volte-face*. For twenty years, humbly, passionately, he had wooed his piano. Little by little it had yielded to him. At last its elusive, quivering, marvelous soul had become his to do with as he liked. Now for an hour each Monday, Wednesday and Saturday he proved a fickle lover. He strove to forget.

During lessons his fingers lost their swift and panther-like dexterity. They became clumsy wooden mallets, while Leopold's forehead grew damp with sweat. It was a prodigious feat, unique in the history of musical accomplishment and fraught with danger. He learned this at his second lesson.

He was attempting a scale. He had worked up through the treble and was coming back laboriously to the middle register when Miss Hicks, in calling attention to the third finger of the left hand, allowed her hair to brush his temple.

The result was disastrous. Leopold's fingers ran wild. The scale ripped through the middle register like a Gatling gun and finished with magnificent thunder in the base.

"Good Lord!" said Miss Hicks, and stabbed the quaking Leopold with round and questioning eyes.

"What was that? What did you do then?"

"Sleep!" apologized Leopold; and this was entirely true.

"Slip!" repeated Miss Hicks. "How slip? Do it again!"

Then Leopold lapsed from truthtelling.

"No can do," he informed her, shaking his head. "Hands sleep."

Miss Hicks regarded him with hard suspicion.

"Where Do You Come From Anyway? Why are You Taking Music Lessons?"

"Well, it's mighty funny!" she said at last. "My hands never slipped like that in all my life. Say, where do you come from anyway? Why are you taking music lessons?"

There followed a bad ten minutes for Leopold. He wore through it somehow, and the lesson was resumed. From then on he applied a rigid concentration to his task.

At the end of two weeks, despite six lessons, she seemed as remote and inaccessible to Leopold as the princess in the fairy tale, who lived on a mountain made of glass.

What few women he had known were Hungarians Their glances were either mysterious or inviting. Their very atmosphere was amorous. A man in their eyes was a possible lover or—nothing. Miss Hicks, slim, blond, businesslike, was not at all like that.

He became dumb before her, rarely met her eye, and left her with a formal bow, to dream the things he might have said had he the courage and the vocabulary.

In Utica, Ohio, all foreigners were queer. Miss Hicks was loyal to her own. Leopold's bow, though it came to him from ancestors who had spent five centuries at court to learn it, was funny! So was Leopold, when she thought of him at all. His few attempts at English amused her. His last name was beyond her. It looked like Scarecrow, and that was what she called him. She never saw him except at lessons. He had given up his table at the restaurant. He felt that staring at her in a public place lacked delicacy.

Toward the end of March Miss Hicks received a note. It contained a windfall. Flora Madden, once of Utica, now of Brooklyn, inclosed a ticket to Carnegie Hall.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," wrote Mrs. Madden; "but I've got to have some business friends of papa's to dinner. I sold one to a speculator; but you take the other, dear! It's to hear Vladimar—they say he's wonderful!"

Miss Hicks entered New York's musical Mecca the following night. She was shown by an usher to one of the most expensive seats—Mr. Madden sold a great many vacuum cleaners.

All about her were ladies with jewels about their necks and nothing at all on their backs. They gave off faint perfumes and bent to their escorts with charming, low-voiced murmurs. Miss Hicks, too happy to be conscious of her shortcomings in the matter of toilet, drank it all in rapturously.

At last her attention was focused, with a thrill, on the stage. It centered on a giant piano, black as night, that blinked sleepily in the glare of the footlights. It seemed like some great beast, sullen, ominous, that crouched there—waiting.

Gloved hands pattered like rain. The beast's master had appeared. He was slender, pale, with dark, unfathomable eyes. He drew his heels together and made a funny foreign bow.

"Why!" shrieked Miss Hicks. "It's Scarecrow!"

Fortunately the applause drowned her voice. Only those near her turned to frown. She never saw them. Her brain reeled as it assured her that it really was Scarecrow.

The evening was a dream. Even the music, flooding the house like celestial wine, seemed a vague accompaniment to her thoughts. They were mostly questions.

Why had he come to her for lessons? Why had he stumbled over simple little pieces? Why? Why? Why?

She would not let him in when he came next day! . . . Of course she would, if only to find out. . . . Maybe he was crazy—he was a genius and a foreigner! Maybe it was not safe to let him in! He had always been respectful, though—almost shy. She could call to that plumber in the store below if he got wild. . . . And she simply must find out!

Leopold came serenely to his lesson. No; hardly that—he was never serene as he approached the flight of stairs that led to his hour with her; but he was, at least, unsuspecting. He did not associate her with the jeweled and rustling audience of the night before. He was not prepared to have her give him a wild look and get hastily behind the table.

He moved across the room and stood uncertainly by the piano.

"Lezzon?" he suggested timidly.

Miss Hicks wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. She remained behind the table.

(Concluded on Page 45)

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

II

By Former President William H. Taft

EARLY in my Administration Mr. MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, instituted an expert investigation into the methods pursued in his Department, with a view to their betterment. In this work he had the active and efficient aid of Mr. Charles D. Norton, an assistant secretary. Secretary MacVeagh was able to save nearly a million dollars a year by his changes and to reduce the number of employees by four hundred, without discharging anyone. He did this by not filling vacancies normally occurring.

While I was engaged in the effort as President to cut down estimates I transferred Mr. Norton to the position of secretary to the President. He had not only this experience under Mr. MacVeagh but he had, before entering the Treasury Department, become familiar with the working of privately supported municipal bureaus of research established to detect the waste of municipal funds and to point out proper business methods of avoiding it.

At Mr. Norton's suggestion I secured from Congress, in June, 1900, an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars—"To enable the President more effectively to inquire into the methods of transacting public business, with a view to inaugurating new and changing old methods so as to obtain greater efficiency and economy therein, and to ascertain and recommend to Congress what changes in law may be necessary to carry into effect such results of his inquiry as cannot be carried into effect by executive action alone."

A preliminary inquiry was begun under Mr. Norton's direction, with a view to deciding, first, how such a great task should be undertaken to make it most effective. Prior to that time one hundred and one special investigations of the Administration had been made by Congresses, besides hundreds of others carried on by standing committees. Many times the amount I requested had been spent in such inquiries. Much information had been developed that could be used for campaign purposes; but little change had been made in administrative methods. The financial and accounting methods introduced in the Administration of President Washington were still in use. From October, 1910, to March, 1911, about twelve thousand dollars was spent in developing a plan for conducting the inquiry, at which time I went to Congress and asked that the appropriation be extended until July, 1912, and that seventy-five thousand dollars be added, which was done.

Former President W. H. Taft and Mr. E. T. Stotesbury Leaving the Curtis Building on a Recent Tour Through Philadelphia

The Efficiency and Economy Commission

UNDER the plan proposed I organized a Commission of Efficiency and Economy, and secured the services of the following commissioners:

Mr. Frederick A. Cleveland was made chairman. For years he had been conducting work in reorganization and revision of methods and procedure in large corporations, both public and private, and he had assisted Mr. Norton in the preliminary inquiry.

Dr. Frank J. Goodnow was one of the best-known authorities on administrative law and had participated in the framing of codes such as the charter of New York. Since his service on the commission he has been special counselor on administrative law to the President of China, and has become president of Johns Hopkins University.

Mr. William F. Willoughby had been in the Government service twenty years, having held such positions as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury of Porto Rico; and at this time he was Assistant Director of the Census Bureau.

Mr. Walter W. Warwick had spent years in the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury as Deputy Comptroller, and was then auditor of the Panama Canal project, under Colonel Goethals.

Mr. Merritt O. Chance had also been in the Government service more than twenty years. He had been secretary to Mr. Root in the War Department, chief clerk in the Post Office Department, and auditor for the Post Office Department in the Treasury.

Mr. Harvey S. Chase was a public accountant with engineering experience.

Arrangement was made that all of these men should give their entire time, except Mr. Chase, who was on a part-time basis. No question was asked as to politics until about a year afterward, when, on inquiry from a Democratic senator, I was amused to find that all except one held political views contrary to my own.

To assist the commission, the coöperation of the heads of Departments was enlisted, and associate committees of experienced members of the public service from each Department were appointed to work under the commission, and to give it the benefit of their practical knowledge of the actual course of business in each office.

The inquiries undertaken by this commission were of two kinds:

1—Those which were for the purpose of getting together, in a systematic manner, information that would assist in making broad recommendations with respect to organization and management;

2—Those in the nature of tests of efficiency and economy in the work of particular offices and establishments.

The commission proceeded to find out exactly how the Government of the United States was organized in each of its various branches; what were the conditions under which the personnel was appointed and required to work; what provisions were made for planning work to be done and for financing the cost; and what were the methods of accounting and reporting. To these broad inquiries was set aside or allotted about one-half of the fund that had been made available. With what remained, highly concrete and intensive studies were made, which would lay the foundation for orders effecting changes in method.

The first report of the commission sent to Congress made available in practical form, to officers and to the public, for the first time in our history the facts about how the Government is organized. This, when typewritten and bound, was a two-volume work. It carried the organization in each Department and subdivision down to the smallest working unit. Following the submission of this report, the inquiry was carried still farther; so that the President, a head of a Department or a member of Congress might find out, with the same ease that he would turn to a word in the dictionary, just how many men, of what class and salary grade, and in what working relation, were used on each battleship, at each military post, arsenal, navy yard, customhouse, internal revenue office, Indian agency, Government school, or other office or establishment, thereby accounting for some five hundred thousand employees in the public service.

This information was gathered as of July 1, 1912. It has not been published; but complete copies are to be found in the office of the Civil Service Commission for the Government as a whole, and in the departmental chief clerks' offices for the respective Departments.

Not only did the commission find out how the Government was organized but also what work was being done by each unit of organization. By bringing together these two sets of facts it was found that there was much duplication and overlapping of work, and that there were many conflicts of jurisdiction. For example, it was found that seven Departments, besides the Isthmian Canal Commission, were dealing with the subject of providing facilities for transportation; that four Departments and three commissions were dealing with the subject of regulation of commerce and banking; that two Departments and the Library of Congress were dealing with the subjects of copyrights and patents; that five Departments were dealing with subjects of agriculture, forestry, fisheries and the care of the public domain; that five Departments were dealing with the subject of promotion and protection of public health; and that six Departments were dealing with the subject of the care and education of the defective, dependent and delinquent.

Wasteful Duplication of Work

I URGED the commission, in addition to proceeding with its inquiry as to the proper plan of reorganization, to make some special reports showing definite saving by changing methods of doing business in particular bureaus—not by way of covering the whole ground but merely by way of illustration. I realized, as the commission told me, that a thorough examination covering the whole governmental field would consume from five to ten years. I was, therefore, anxious to spur Congress on to make provision for such an investigation; and I thought that, by giving a few concrete examples of what could be done, the interest of Congress would be roused.

With this in mind the commission gave its attention to the lighthouse service, the life-saving service, and the revenue-cutter and deep-sea rescue service, and reported that these three services were patrolling the coast at the same time, and were working under two different Department heads; and that, if united in one, they could render more efficient service and would cost the Government a million dollars less.

The commissioners made an exhaustive examination into the personnel of the whole civil service. They made a report showing the economy and improved efficiency of a superannuation system carried out by a mixture of forced insurance and civil pension. They reported that, if Congress would vote the amount for salaries to be expended in each bureau in a lump sum, to be allotted by the head of the Department under a reclassified service, the totals of the sums needed would be twenty per cent less in the Departments at Washington than they were, while the service would be much more efficient. They estimated that two million dollars a year could be saved in this way.

They further reported that, if the necessity for confirmation by the Senate of the postmasters, collectors of customs, collectors of internal revenue, land officers, and other local representatives of the United States Government in all parts of its jurisdiction were removed, as it might be by act of Congress, and if these officers were covered into the classified service by executive order, the offices could be run by the present assistants in the classified service; that the places now filled by political appointments could be entirely abolished; that the functions of the Government in these offices would be better performed, and a saving of four million five hundred thousand dollars annually could thus be made, even allowing for a twenty per cent increase in the salaries of the assistants.

Anyone who has had experience with political appointments to local offices knows in his heart that this reform is one of the best that could be adopted. It would greatly help and purify national politics by minimizing the use of Federal patronage for partisan purposes. It would relieve

the President of wholly unnecessary worry and strain, and it would help congressmen and senators in the same way. Under the custom that has prevailed for generations, congressmen and senators really make these appointments. They think that they are of some advantage to them politically. As a matter of fact, in a majority of cases the reason for the discontinuance in public life of a congressman or a senator by his own party is due to the enmities he has created by the use of patronage.

If the controversy now going on between President Wilson and the Senate were an issue between such a system as that recommended by the commission and the present system, the interest of all good people would be properly roused, in the hope that Federal local patronage might be abolished. When, however, the controversy is merely between one political faction and another with reference to offices that neither ought to control, it is regarded as a partisan political one, and of no particular public interest except as it may affect the solidity and cohesiveness of the party.

The inquiries of the commission developed the fact that the Government spends twelve million dollars annually for the traveling expenses of its employees, and that no systematic effort has ever been made to reduce this by mileage tickets.

Everybody travels on a first-class ticket. By creating a bureau to issue transportation tickets and to make a general arrangement with all railroads and steamships, it would seem an easy matter to save ten per cent or more, and this would mean an annual reduction of twelve hundred thousand dollars; but the commission did not have time to pursue the inquiry and develop the plans that would require legislation for their execution.

Big Leaks Readily Stopped

ANOTHER merely illustrative instance of what such an expert commission can do was its report showing the reduction that could be effected by a concentration of the delivery of public documents in Washington in an office near the railroad station, so as to avoid duplication of transportation and deliveries; and it was made apparent that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year could be saved in this way. The mere adoption of the use of window envelopes in the Departments at Washington, it was found, would save the Government two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. It was reported that copying by photograph would save one hundred thousand dollars a year. It was also pointed out that a small charge for public documents of many classes would greatly reduce inexcusable waste in printing and binding.

The cost of receiving and opening, briefing, recording, indexing and distributing mail varied in the Departments from about six dollars to eighty-one dollars and forty cents a thousand. The range of cost in the Departments was as follows:

First	$ 5.84	Fifth	$16.12
Second	5.96	Sixth	44.28
Third	11.83	Seventh	49.95
Fourth	13.17	Eighth	81.40

For the outgoing mail, leaving out the cost of preparing and including only briefing, recording, indexing, press-copying and dispatching, the cost per thousand letters varied as follows:

First	$ 5.94	Fifth	$25.46
Second	6.59	Sixth	32.45
Third	15.56	Seventh	36.25
Fourth	17.22	Eighth	69.89

Now it is doubtless true that conditions as to the mail in the Departments differ, and that there must be differences in cost for performing even so simple a function; but it is perfectly evident that the existing differences are absurd, and that there must be an excess of cost in some, while possibly there is too great economy, reducing efficiency, in others. The necessity for a uniform standard in what is substantially the same physical service is certainly a crying one; and in establishing that standard we can be sure of substantial saving.

The commission looked into the clerical methods of several bureaus of one Department. It found that in one of the bureaus the clerical methods pursued were twenty-five years behind the times; that the head of it, having to serve the convenience of Congress, had directed all his attention to the promptness with which members of Congress were served in matters affecting some of their constituents. He was highly successful in speed and greatly pleased Congress. Legislation followed preventing the use of his large force of clerks in other bureaus and offices of the Department.

The conclusion of the commission was that, by adopting modern methods, so as to furnish a reasonably efficient service and without excessively expensive speed, the cost of the bureau could be reduced from seven hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand dollars a year. In four other offices the commission reported that a saving of fifty thousand dollars a year could be effected.

By a change in the methods of filing, and by abolishing useless recording, the commission estimated that one million five hundred thousand dollars a year could be saved in the Washington Departments alone.

The commission recommended that of six auditors all but one should be abolished; that the offices should be consolidated into an independent bureau, with the Comptroller of the Treasury at its head; and that under this consolidation a saving of one hundred thousand dollars a year could be made and greater efficiency secured. The commission's plan was to make this independent bureau a means by which the President, if the Government were properly organized, could secure a monthly comparative statement showing the efficiency and cost of performing similar functions in each Department.

Then, by invoking the attention of the heads of those Departments in which the cost was too great, or at least by causing an investigation into why it was so great, he could keep his finger directly on the whole economy of the Executive Departments, and could stimulate the proper saving in various directions that would mean not only a large sum in the reduction of expense but also better attention to the work of the Government.

This would give the President an admirable means of judging the comparative effectiveness of Department and bureau heads. He could then have before him what the manager of every large business enterprise insists on having, if his business is properly conducted—a report at short intervals of just what is being done in every unit of organized activities in the whole field of the business for which he is responsible.

The commission reported that, though it had scratched only the surface of the possible field of economy and had investigated only a very few of the offices, it could definitely point out where eight million dollars could be saved annually. It recommended executive orders—which were made—that did save the Government upward of two million dollars annually. As the cost of the commission's inquiry for two years was not more than two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars, it far more than paid for itself in such incidental results.

The work the commission did was very heavy. It made a hundred and ten reports representing investigations of a thorough character, twenty-six of which were submitted to Congress by the President; and the rest were submitted to the President and Department heads. Twenty-seven other reports were in progress when the appropriations failed and the commission was obliged to give up its work. Of the twenty-six reports sent to Congress sixteen contained recommendations for legislation. Legislation was forthcoming on only one of those reports, and that was with qualifications which in a measure defeated the end.

Mr. Taft Arriving in Philadelphia as the Guest of the Ohio Society

Others of the reports called for executive action alone or were made for information only. Thirty-six reports recommended executive action, and executive orders were issued on thirty-one. The reports I sent to Congress by special message were printed in three volumes, and are available for present use by any subsequent commission or by Congress itself

Now I am perfectly well aware that these conclusions of the commission will be disputed. In pushing a reform we must expect always to encounter the opposition of perfectly sincere servants of the Government, of long experience, who have absorbed into their souls the idea that because business has always been done in a certain way it cannot be done in any different way.

On the other hand, we must admit that business experts may learn much from such experienced servants as to the practical working of their offices. I concede that such experts, in the zeal of reformers and discoverers, may err in their estimate of the extent of the possible changes that will prove practical.

One of the most powerful facts in our National Government is the jealous guard that each branch of the Government maintains over the jurisdiction it believes belongs to it. This is a wholesome state of mind. The House of Representatives, with which revenue bills must originate and in which appropriation bills do originate, is sensitive in a high degree to any suggestion that its control of expenditures should be curtailed. It is even nervous if plans of economy originate in any place but in its appropriation-committee rooms.

Obstacles in the Way of Reform

REPORTS criticizing the system of which it is such an important part, and recommending sweeping changes in methods in Departments for which it has appropriated money in successive years, do not meet an enthusiastic reception by appropriation committees. Their members are prone to find and point out the theoretical and unpractical character of expert plans of reform. They have had long experience under the old methods; and they feel that they must have a knowledge which no business expert or accountant can have as to the wide and inevitable difference between running a political machine, like a government of a people, and the conduct of a business for private profit.

Doubtless they can point out a number of faults in the reports and recommendations of the commission, and it is human nature that they should rejoice more in doing this than in admitting that the expert commission has pointed out places for radical improvement. They themselves have made sincere efforts at retrenchment and reform, just as I did in cutting estimates; but, after many trials and with the appropriations mounting up, they have settled back in their chairs and asked: "What's the use? Waste is inevitable in such a Government. It is part of the cost of the system under which we really derive great benefit and happiness for the people, and we must acquiesce in it and reconcile ourselves to it."

I understand this attitude of mind and sympathize with it, but I do not think we ought to yield to it. When an opportunity is presented, at comparatively small expense, to have an expert investigation and extensive reports, and to receive a comprehensive plan for reorganization of Departments and bureaus and the adoption of modern business methods in spending public funds, we ought—all of us—to encourage it. And, erroneous as some of the expert conclusions may be, we can certainly find much to adopt in what is proposed that will be useful. What I am urging is that we begin now. It is the work of a decade. It should be wholly nonpartisan. We have made a start. Why should we stop?

One great lack in our present governmental plan for economical and responsible expenditure of money has been the absence of machinery for constructive work under responsible leadership. The most effective instrument that has ever been devised for locating official responsibility as to the financial condition of a Government has been what is commonly known as a budget. In this country we have never had a budget.

For years there have been proposals looking toward a more systematic handling of estimates and acts of appropriation in Congress; but so long as Congress is looked to as the sole agency through which proposals are to be formulated we shall never have a budget in the sense in which the term is here used. As an instrument of

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TOUR NO. 2

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

CHGO. ILL. July 1.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. You will half to excus this pensil & they dont seem to be no ink in the bottle. your post cards come o k and you & Kate must of had 1 grand time up to mackinac and I and Minnie was sore we couldent go a long with you but I was right in the mist of fixing up the summer garden & Minnie says she dident have no close tho from the looks of the bills I got to day from the dept. stores she must of spend most of last mo. buying close but you been marred long enough to know what these women is tho I guess the irish girls dont come no wheres near the dutch girls when it come to spending money. When we was 1st. marred & I had the place on 31th. st. & was cleaning up 2 hunderd a mo. she spend most of that and I offten says to my self if I ever clean up 1 hunderd a mo. more I will be on easy st. but here I am cleaning up over $1000.00 a mo. in the new place & I dont have no more of it left then I did in the old days & she dont look no better. I dont know where would you of been at if you had of marred a dutch girl on your 1 hunderd & 50 a mo. but you was wise & picked out the right kind of a girl that dont throw a way all there money on close & Kate dont look so sloppy at that.

Well Ed the reason I am writeing to you so soon after you got back to Det. is I want to tell you the news a bout I & Minnie and if this wasent your busy season I would ask you to come over here & spend the next 2 mos. and look after the place and you and Kate could live in the house & probly in joy the change but I know they must be a lot doing in your busness in Det. at this time of yr. and you dont want to over look O so I cant ask you to pass up your busness on my acct. & we will half to shut up the house & leave Louis Shaffer in charge of the place & I hate to trust a dutch man to look after my busness & a speshauly when I am opening the new summer garden but what else can I do & he is the only 1 that knows the ins & outs of the busness and dont drink nothing him self at lest he says he dont & I never seen him with a drink in front of him. & besides him being Minnies cousin its to his intrust to run things right and not steal nothing off of me & he knows I will treat him right if he treats me right. besides if I found out that he was grafting off of me a round the place I would brake him in 2 and he knows it & he knows it dont pay for no dutch man to monky with a irish man.

But I havent told you where is it we are going to and you wont beleive it & I dont hardly beleive it my self only I know its true because all day yest. I was husling a round and stratening things up & seeing the boys and fixing up whats to be did at the primeries & I hate to be a way when the primeries comes off because they aint no body that can handle the boys like I if I do say it my self. I all ways figured a man was a sucker to make his wife a promise because they dont never forget nothing but I made Minnie a promise with out thinking & now I am getting payed for it. It come off last winter the time the boys wanted I should go down to french lick with them and they wouldent take no for a anser so I says to Minnie I was going down to french lick & she says I was not going un less I took her a long & I says that this here was going to be a stagg party and they wasent no skirts invited and then she says she wouldent let me go neither & we had it back & 4th. and finely she agrede I could go but she made me promise that I was to take her any wheres she wanted to go this summer and thats the only way I got her to leave me go down to french lick.

Well the other day she sprung it on me and says do you remember what you promised me when I left you go down to french lick with them stews and I remembered all right but I says no what did I promise & she says you promised you would take me any wheres I want to go this summer & I says o yes I remember but things is going to be busy down to the place and I cant get a way for very long & where would you like to go to benton harbor or south haven or may be cedar lake or some wheres & we can stay a week. & she says I am not asking you where is it we are going because I know where it is & it aint to none of them places a round here & if your a good sport like your all ways clameing you will take me where I say. Then I says all right we will make it atlantic city or N. Y. city or niagara falls & we will stay 2 wks. and then she says if you will shut up your big mouth a min. I will tell you where is it where I want to go & then she sprung it on me & I would of dropt dead if it hadent of been a Sat. & things had to be looked after down to the place. Where do you think she says we was going no wheres but europe & 1st. I looked her in the eye to see was she may be kiding but she wasent kiding and so I says you must be crazy & did she think I was a million air & how could I leave the place all summer when the new summer garden was just open & she begin to bello and says I cared more for my busness then for she and I was a cheap sport and she knowed I was dirty with money but what good did it do her and if I was going to brake my promise she would brake hern that she made when we was marred & would go back to milwaukee & stay there till she found some body that was not tight with there money & she knowed of a hunderd men that would be tickelld to death to be in my place & I knowed she was telling the truth because they is that many right here in Chi judgeing from the way they lamp her when her & I go out any wheres to gather. May be I was a sucker to marry a dutch girl & a girl as pretty as her but I done it & I aint sorry and if these willy boys gets to fresh a round her I will brake them in 2. Well if I had of wanted to be mean I could of turn her down & after she pretty near drownd the house out crying she would of been o k again but I figured a promise was a promise and if a mans ever going to do some thing for any body his wife should ought to get in on it 1st. & it aint like I was broke & cant a ford it and we done a $1300.00 busness this last mo. and pretty near that good in may and Minnie knows it to.

I Fell Out of the Birth 3 Times & the 3d. Time I Just Layed There on to the Floor and Rolled a Round

Well shes went up to milwaukee to brake the news to mother & all them other dutch men and she left me orders to go down to 1 of the steam boat co. & see what kind of a trip can we make. You can bet I wont go no futher then I half to. I wisht you & Kate could go a long with us but I know a trip like this here is going to cost more then you can a ford & if it wasent for youre leaveing your busness I would take you a long as our guest & pay for it but I know you will say no & its busness before plesure. Any way we will keep you posted & may be bring back a present for you & Kate.

Well Ed. take good care of your self and go home nights.

your Bro.

Larry M. Burns.

CHGO. ILL. July 3.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. I guess I put 1 over & I wont half to be a way all summer but only a little over 3 wks. & I will be keeping my promise at that. I went down town to a steam boat co. yest. and asked them what was the shortest trip they had to europe & back and they tells me I could go over to plymouth & England and that would take 6 days on the boat & I could start back the 1st. day after I got there if I want to and get back here 2 wks. after I left here but they wouldent hardly be no sence in makeing a trip over there with out staying a wile so I & the man at the steam boat co. figured it out where we could spend 6 days getting over to England & then stay there a wk. & take in Ireland and see some of the places uncle Johnny use to tell us a bout & then come back on the boat to N. Y. city and then if Minnie hasent had enough travveling we can stop up to niagara falls on the way back home from N. Y. city or may be stop off in Det. & make you a little visit or I could leave Minnie in Det. with you and Kate & come home a lone by my self. I thot it took more then a wk. to get a crost the ocean or I wouldent of never made no holler in the 1st. place & it wont put me out none to be a way 3 wks. but I was scared I would half to be a way 2 mos. & miss the primeries. It will cost me a bout $240.00 for I & Minnie on the boat & that includs meals and thats in the 2d. cabin which is right behind the 1st. cabin so the wind is broke for us and it aint near so cold as if we had to ride in the 1st. cabin. Besides the 2d. cabin must be near the center of the boat where it aint such ruff rideing but some people that has did a lot of travveling on the ocean likes ruff rideing and pays a little more money to ride up in the 1st. cabin near the head end of the boat. All to gather with the $240.00 for boat fair & meals and R. R. fair & every thing acrost the ocean & from here to N. Y. city & back wont be over $500.00 for the 2 of us and theys X curshons on all the R. R. to N. Y. city and back this time of year so may be it wont be up to my figure $500.00 and the place if Shaffer takes care of it right should ought to clear at lest 2 times that sum dureing the time wile we are a way. Theys a boat leaves N. Y. city Tues. the 21 of the mo. and thats the 1 I guess I & Minnie will take but I will half to see if that dates all o k with her & that she aint got no dutch picknicks to go to a long a bout that time. She is comeing back from milwaukee for the 4th. and will be home when I get home tonight and if the 21 of the mo. is all right with her I will buy the boat fair Monday.

Well Ed. enough for this time and hopeing you dont run up against no full hands.

Your Bro.

L. M. Burns.

CHGO. ILL. July 10.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. You will excus this pensil I got pen & ink but the pen dont work good. Well Ed. I couldent put that over a bout going to England & Ireland and comeing right back again because Minnie wouldent stand for it & says I was welshing & I says what do you mean by welshing I promised to take you any wheres you want to go & you says you want to go to europe so what kick you got comeing because if Ireland & England is not europe where is they. Then she says You dont know if there europe or not but that dont make no diffrunce because if thats where your going to take me I aint going for who cares a bout them places. I says I am irish & thats why I want to go to Ireland & she says yes your people was irish but you couldent never make no body beleive you was irish because your nose turns the wrong way and you cant talk no more irish then I can and if you was to go over there and tell them you was irish they would run you out & besides if all the irish is as tight as you I dont want to see no more of them & I will give you your choise ether you can take me on a real trip to europe or I will go up to milwaukee and stay there. For a wile I felt like telling her to go to milwaukee or some wheres else but you know how it is & a man dont feel like being nasty to a woman even his wife it dont make no diffrunce what a fool she makes out of her self. So finely I give up argueing with her & let her have her own way and Monday I & her went down to gather to the steam boat co. and heres what we got framed up and its all framed up. We are going all over the world and we are going to see all they is to see and then sum & I got the hole trip right here in a book.

The trip what we are going to take is what they call tour no. 2 & they will be 6 or 7 people going a long with us and I dont know what is there name but Minnies got there name and we never seen them but the steam boat co. fixed it up that we all was to go to gather & when a gang goes to gather like that it dont cost no body so much money but it is going to cost a plenty at that & if it costs so much to go with a gang I would hate to go a lone or I & Minnie a lone to gather & no body with us. In the 1st. place we go from N. Y. city to bremen & from there to Germany & the fair

on the boat will be $70.00 a peace & that includs meals & our party are going to ride in the 2d. cabin & have the wind broke for us. We dont stop at ether England or Ireland so you see its a fast boat we are takeing & we leave N. Y. city on Thurs. the 23 of July & the name of the boat is prince S. N. katrina and we will be 7 days getting to bremen the 1st. stop so we should ought to get to bremen the 30 of this mo. but may be not till the 31. when ever we get to bremen we hop right on a train and go to handover a old town that must be older then Chgo. but we dont only stop there a part of 1 day so I dont mind if its old and you know Det. & Chgo. is both old but they got new hotels so whats the diffrunce and we probly wont half to stay over night any way. Then theys an other old town hildesheim thats a bout as old as handover & we wont stay there no longer then we half to and after we get out of there we go to Germany & berlin & we stay there 4 or 5 days but as Minnie says the dutch word for beer is the same as the american so I will get a long o k and 1 of the places there that we got to visit is sans souci & may be its a immatashon of the 1 in Chgo. & they got a dance hall & tables & if thats right we will have a good time. after we get threw germany we go to dresden & prague & Vienna & then we go up to Venice where they got the boats in stead of the st. cars and the Dog house & I guess I can show them wops a thing or 2 a bout puting the spagety a way & then we spend 4 or 5 days a round them wop lakes & may be I can catch a few musky and then we go to switzerland & lucerne & then back to germany and I dont see why should we go back unless they think may be we would of left some of our bagage when we was there before. & some of the places we got to go to is heidelberg & frank fort & may be while I am there I can buy some sausige cheap for the place eh Ed. Then we go to mayence & cologne & amsterdam and the hague where all them diffrunt countrys met to gather & fixed it up that they wasent to be no more fighting back & 4th. and brussels & Bellijum & then we finely get to Paris and we stay in Paris 5 days & they got a lot of places down in the book where there going to take us to in Paris but they dont look good to me & I wouldent be suprized if I snuck off by my self and done a little sight seen only if I snuck a way and left Minnie a lone some of them french willy boys would probly get fresh or else she would go in to 1 of them Paris hat & dress stores & start chargeing things like she does a round here only there even worse burglers in Paris then in Chgo. & she would come back here looking swell probly but I would half to eat the free lunch down to the place the rest of the winter.

When we get threw Paris we go to a place called cherbourg where they got a steam boat co. that will bring us back to N. Y. city & the hole trip costs us $395.00 a peace and thats just wile we are in europe & dont includ the boat fair over & back and thats a bout $140.00 a peace but the $395.00 includes the fair on the trains & boats we ride on in europe & the hotel bill but we got to pay for the drinks but the $395.00 includs guides to guide us a round & hacks to take us a round to diffrunt places only the guides probly talks there own languidge & they wont do me no good. & it dont includ tiping the waiters but if there any thing like the waiters down to the place they wont build no bungleohs off of what I give them. The trip will take us 64 days all to gather & I figure I will be lucky if I get off with less then $1200.00 figureing $1070.00 for boat & R. R. fair & hotel bord bill & loging & the other $130.00 for drinks & what ever Minnie buys in Paris and may be a little present for your self.

We leave here on the 21 of this mo. & we got X curshon rates 2 & from N. Y. city & the round trip is $26.00 a peace not includeing birth & meals on the train & I forgot to put that in wile I was figureing the expences so you see it will cost me nearer $1300.00 then $1200.00 & I guess a trip like that would bankrup you wouldent it Ed. so your lucky you dident marry no dutch girl or no pretty 1 thats got these nosions in there head a bout travveling. I wisht I had of stayed a way from french lick last winter because evry body accept I & Pat was on the wagon.

I will be pretty busy before we start but may be I will get time to write to you from N. Y. city because I aint going to spend no time monking around before we take the boat.

my regards to Kate & be good Ed.

Your Bro.

Larry M. Burns.

She Begin to Belle and Says I Was a Cheap Sport

The Capt. Says He Knows Where Hes at But How Do We Know If He Knows or Dont Know

N. Y. city. July 22.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. Here we are I & Minnie & Minnie is all dressed up like a horse and got a bunch of new close and she got them in Chgo. the day before yest. so the bill will be waiting to wellcome me home the last of Sept. The boys give me some send off & when I got on the train I dident know weather I was going to europe or oak park & Minnies folks from milwaukee was down to the train to see us off & I guess Minnie was sore a bout me being lit up but a man dont start for europe evry day & if I am spending $1300.00 I am going to get a run for my money.

We got here this a m & come to the king charles hotel & thats where I am at now & Minnies takeing a nap & shes sore at me now because I turned her down when she wanted to get some money off of me to go over on 5th. av. & get more close & I turned her down because she dont know when to stop and shes got enough close now to start a dept. store & shes got a trunk a long with her besides 2 suit cases and a grip she borrowed off of her mother that looks like it was boughten before the fire and all I got for my close is 2 grips but I brung pretty near all the good close I got includeing the dress suit that I bought for the sullivan banquit & ½ a doz. shirts besides my sox & 3 changes of under ware and 1 doz. collars and a couple extra ties & my patent lether low shoes and a cap to ware on the boat & my over coat that Minnie made me bring a long tho we will be back home the last of Sept. and then of corse a couple of night gowns. I guess them other passengers on the boat will look at me when I get that old soup & fish on eh Ed.

1st. thing this a m after we got our breakfast we went down to the steam boat co. N. Y. office & fixed things up and was interduced to the rest of the party that is going a long with us in our party and they is 7 of them besides I & Minnie and 2 of them is a marred couple & then theys a couple men that Minnie says is school teachers and 3 girls a bout 25 yrs. of age and pretty good lookers but they acted like they was proud & stuck on there self. I cant tell you there names but Minnies got them wrote down some wheres.

The steam boat co. man asked us how many cabins did we want & he looked right at me because I guess he figured I looked more like ready money then the rest of them and may be he thought I was paying all there fair and I says 1 cabin is all we want and he says I mean for the hole party & I says we are all going to gather in the 2d. cabin and he says how do you want to sleep and I says as good as we can & then 1 of the girls buts in & says us 3 girls is to gather and we want 1 cabin and I says all right you can take the 1st. cabin and pay the diffrunce besides brakeing the wind for us. I guess that woke her up because she dident say nothing more. Minnie horned in then and fixed up a bout our rooms while I was talking to 1 of the school teachers and he acts like a pretty good guy and we laughed & joked to gather while the rest of them was fighting over there rooms. I told him that story a bout the 2 irish men pat & mike that come over on the boat to gather & I thot he would bust laughing. After we was fixed up some of them went down to the dock to take a look at the boat but I figure I will see enough of it while I am on it & I & Minnie come back to the hotel to get rested up and tonight may be we will go to a pitcher show some wheres & I guess they must be some good ones a round here if you know where to find them at.

Now I got to see a bout getting our bagage took down to the dock & speaking of bagage I musent forget to open up the trunk again & slip in a couple cakes of soap and a couple towls thats got the king charles printed on them and they is to good to use down to the place but we can spring them at home when Minnies folks or some body comes to visit.

Well Ed. be good & dont take no wooden nickles & of corse you wont get no male from me till we get acrost on the other side of the ocean because they aint much chance of us runing in to a male box on the ocean eh Ed. With out no jokeing this is going to be a grand trip & I wisht you could go a long & may be some day I will have enough saved up so as I can take you a long on an other trip. With out no jokeing I wouldent miss this trip for nothing now I got started on it and just think of going a round the world & seeing all they is to be seen & I feel sorry for men that aint had my luck or aint good busness men like I or what ever it is that I owe my sucess to and cant take these trips but has got to stay in 1 place all the time and not never see nothing. But be good & give our regards the wifes & mine to Kate and dont take no wooden nickles & if you do get a chance run over to Chgo. & see how the place is getting a long but I guess Louis Shaffer will run things o k and he should ought to.

Well be good Ed.

Your Bro.

Larry M. Burns.

p s Dont worry a bout us because they say this steam boat co. dident never have no wreck & is the safest co. they is & they dont go near where them ice bgs. is at so they is not much danger of nothing going wrong & I am not worring because it dont get a man nothing to worry. Be good Ed. & dont take no bad money.

on the prinzessin Katrina.

July. 25.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. I bet you dident think you would get a letter from me so quick & I wouldent of knew enough to write 1 only I was walking a long the deck with prof. Baker 1 of the school teachers in our party and we come to a male box right on the boat and I dident know what it was at 1st. but I asked him & he told me and it says on it some thing in german or dutch and it means the male

closes for N.Y. city at noon evry day so I asked prof. Baker how they got the male back to N.Y. city and he says they put it in a bbl. & throw it over bord & the boats comeing from the other way is suposed to pick up these bbls. & take them a long & there speed boats so it dont take them hardly no time at all to get back to N.Y. city so you will rec. this letter a lot sooner then if I maled it over acrost on the other side.

Well Ed. this is some boat & its a bout 3 times as big as the city of benton harbor & its 4 storys high & 600 ft. long & has got electrick lights & they must have there own electrick light plt. on the boat or else they got wires conecting with the cabels on the bottom. & I am glad we pickt out the 2d. cabin in stead of the 1st because the 1st. cabin has got 4 hunderd pgrs. & we only got 330 so we aint so crowded but I was wrong a bout the 2d. cabin being back of the 1st. 1 because the 1st. 1 is right in the middle of the boat and they must begin numbring from the middle but it dont make no diffrunce because the weather has been grand & if we was in the 1st. cabin where they dont get no breeze we would probly suffakate. The book all so speaks a bout they being 4 saloons on the boat but I only seen 3 of them so far but 3 is a plenty & if a man drinks all they got in 1 of them hes doing pretty good. I been all over the boat wile Minnie hasent did nothing but set in the parlor & walk up & down the deck a couple times a day & chin with the other skirts & I been trying to get her to livun up but nothing doing & may be she is sea sick but I dont see how even a woman could get sea sick because the weathers been grand & the oceans just as smoth as mich. av. prof. Baker who has been acrost before I dont know how many times showed me all over the boat from the engine room to the steerage where the steering is done at. I told Minnie a bout they being a jimnasum on the boat & she says I better go in there evry day & work some of the fat off of me & may be thats a good tip because I have fated up some since I got a chance to rest up my self & let others do the heavy work a round the place. The boat is 20 thous. horse power so prof. Baker tells me but I guess it gets a long better then 20 thous. horses would if they was pulling out here in the middle of the ocean. they got a wire lest tellegram on the boat & we get all the news from all countrys evry day but they aint been nothing from Chgo. as yet & I aint seen your name menshoned Ed. so may be they dont know who you are. Then they got a barber shop & them saloons I was telling you a bout and 2 or 3 rooms to smoke in & play cards & I am going to get in to a game tonight with some men I met on the boat & I wouldent play no cards if Minnie would livun up & pal a round with me but any way I am haveing the time of my life & if she aint haveing a good time with them skirts its her own falt.

I wisht you could see the meals they hand out & no wonder they sonk a man for the boat fair because the meals is included in it. I thot breakfast must be there big meal when I seen it but they come back at noon with 9 or 10 corses & then at supper they hand you enough to choke a horse but they aint managed to choke me yet but Minnie makes me ware the soup & fish at supper because the 2 school teachers done it the 1st. night & the collars enough to choke me. It is some swell dinning room where we eat at & its full of pretty pitchers drawed by a man named Louis Seize & there pretty good for a dutch man. Our party of 9 eats at 1 table but we dont all get there at onct most of the time but we was all there to supper to gather last night & we had a swell time because this here prof. Baker got after me to tell some storys & I told the 1 a bout the 2 irish men mike & pat that come acrost to gather on the boat & then I told them the 1 a bout the men driveing up to Fogartys house in the auto. and asking weather Fogarty lived there but I dont know if I ever told you that 1 or not. Two men drove up to Fogartys house in a auto. & 1 of them run up and rung the door bell & Mrs. Fogarty come to the door & 1 of the men says does Fogarty live here and she says yes bring him in. you see she thot Fogarty was piped & they was bringing him home & the men was just friends of Fogartys & was trying to find him & so they asked his wife if thats where he lived. Any way I told them that 1 & 3 or 4 others & I thot theyd bust laughing & then I asked them why dident we all go in the cafe to gather & make a night of it but the 3 girls says they was sleepy & Minnie had a date to play rummy with some of the skirts on the boat & the other man & his wife in our party is a couple grouchs & so I & prof. Baker & the other school teacher set down to gather in the cafe & told storys & histed a few till it was time to go to bed. I lerned all the names of our party & the 3 girls is miss hendricks & lamont & griffith from What Cheer iowa so why should they be swelled on them self & I guess there o k when you know them better. prof. Baker is 1 of the school teachers & the other is prof. Hunter & they teach school in some collige in O. & the marred couple is mr & mrs chambers from down south some wheres. at supper last night this chambers asked me what busness was I in & I was getting ready to tell him when Minnie horns in & says I was a dr. & prof. Baker & Hunter both knowed she was kiding because I all ready told them a bout the place but I dont know if they give it a way to the others or not but I guess chambers fell for the dr. stuff o k because he begin asking me a bout hay feever & if Minnie hadent of change the subjeck I would of been up against it.

Well Ed. its time to go down & wash up & put on the soup & fish & get in on the big feed and after supper I will see how the cards is runing & if I can help pay expences. Minnie coped $3.00 out of the rummy game last night so if she can win I should certinly ought to because she plays cards like a cow. any way I will make them go some. regards to Kate & watch your step & dont slip.

Your Bro. Larry M. Burns.

on the prinzessin Katrina.
July 26. 19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. I only been up ½ hour & its 11.30 but I dident get no to much sleep because we had some seshon last night & it dident brake up till 6 this a m but I trimmed them for $120.00 and in a $1.00 limit game at that & they was all men I never seen before & at 1 time I was $130.00 a head of the game & would of gave anything to have it broke up because I was so sleepy I couldent hardly keep my eyes open but I dident feel like quting way a head because they was a pretty nice bunch of gents I was playing with. I dident hold no real big hands all night outside of 1 ace full & 1 ten full but I helped evry pair I drawed to pretty near & no body helped against me when I had the openers. They was $30.00 in the pot I coped with the ten full & that was the bigest pot they was & 1 guy filled a flush that time & an other had 3 kings to go in on. prof. Baker set behind me till he got to sleepy to set up. He kept calling me dr. Burns and pretty soon the hole table were calling me doc but as long as I was winning I dident care if they called me hinky dink. I wisht I could grab off $120.00 evry night wear on the boat both comeing & going & the trip wouldent hardly cost me nothing. I told prof. Baker that when I seen him out on deck a wile a go but he says I was lucky to get ½ that much in a mo. playing with 2d. cabin pgrs. because they wasent genally dirty with money. He says he wouldent be suprized if that 1 game broke the most of them but they wasent no body handed me no i o u but I will be careful next time.

The weather keeps on grand & the oceans as smoth as glass & the capt. says we may probly get in to bremen a head of time but I dont care now & I aint in no hurry as long as I keep on catching my 3d. man.

This is just a short note & I aint had no breakfast yet & you will half to excus the pensil but I dont know where it is they keep there pen & ink. So long Ed. & dont take no counter fit money. Your Bro.

L. M. Burns.

on the prinzessin Katrina.
July 28. 19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. Minnies livund up finely Ed. may be because the trips pretty near over and wear geting near germany & I guess shes been home sick & she may be thinks bremen will be some thing like milwaukee. I took them for $40.00 more in the game yesterday p m & I coped $15.00 last night but I would of got more if I had of started sooner only Minnie woke up and wanted I should play rummy with her & the 3 girls & I had to do it tho rummys a rummy game just like its name & espeshaly when you play with women. The 3 girls was all calling me dr. Burns & you cant never tell me they dont know I aint no dr. because they couldent hardly help from laughing evry time they says dr. & they kept asking me what to do for hay feever & other kinds of dizees & I kided a long with them & told them the cure for evry thing they brung up & I told them when they had hay feever the only thing to do was to hit the hay & I thot theyd bust laughing but all the time Minnie thinks I got them fooled & when I told her in the state room that they was wise she says they wasent so shes trying to kid somebody and shes a bout the only 1 thats geting kided out side of may be mr. & mrs. chambers. I was in a hurry to get in to the real game so when 1 of the girls asked was we tired of playing rummy I says it was kind of tire sum & finely they cut out the game but then miss Hendricks says that miss Griffith was a shark at telling fortuns with cards & did I want my fortun told & of corse I had to say yes tho I could of told my fortun a hole lot quicker if they had of let me run a long to the big game.

well miss griffith told my fortun & she says I am going to make a lot of money more money than I ever dreamd a bout & that I am going to have nothing but good luck from now on & it was a pretty good fortun but of corse they aint nothing in that bunk tho some people beleives it.

When she got threw I says how much was it & she says $.50 & I wasent going to be no cheap skate so I give her a ½ dollar & told her to buy some candy & she kept the money & of corse Minnie balled me out for it when we got in the state room where I went to get my money before geting in to the p g game & Minnie says if I am giveing money a way to women I wont half to leave home to find 1 thats willing to take it but if miss Griffith wasent a pretty girl Minnie wouldent of cared if I had of gave her $.75 in stead of $.50. Well my luck started all o k but as I say the game only lasted a little wile and I only got a way with $15.00 but thats a lot better then loosing $15.00.

Today Minnies been after me to walk up & down the deck all the time & we must of walked 70 miles & shes still walking but I cant see nothing in walking up & down when they aint no new senery but nothing but the same ocean to look at all the wile & when you see it onct you see it all ways. I will walk all she wants me to when we get where they is something to see say in germany or Paris.

well Ed. the trips pretty near over I mean the ocean trip & its been a grand trip & if any body ever tells you a mans libel to get sea sick or not in joy evry minut of the trip you tell them there off there nut.

Kindest regards to Kate & dont take no bad money.

Your Bro. Larry M. Burns.

p s when I say a man in joys evry minut of the trip I mean he in joys it if hes after a rest because they aint realy nothing doing on a trip like this & a man would get pretty tired if it wasent for the p g game but its all o k for a man that wants to get a way from busness & not have no excitmunt for a wile.

on the prinzessin Katrina.
July 30.19.14.

BRO. ED. Well Ed. here we are and we dont know where we are & this was the day when we was suposed to land in bremen but we aint in no bremen or no wheres else as yet and they aint no telling when we will get there tho the capt. says we will get there the day after tomorrow at night & that will be 2 days late but how are you going to tell weather the capt. is telling the truth or if he knows where hes at because he wasent telling the truth when he says we would get in a head of time & he wasent telling the truth when he says they would be good weather all the way. I wisht I had of stayed home from french lick last winter & I wouldent of been here.

I guess the worst is over now & if I thot it wasent I would tie a peace of led a round me & jump over the side but all the rotten things that could hapen has hapend all ready so the worst must be over.

in the 1st. place I got in bad with the party at the supper table the night before last & I will tell you how it come off & you see if you think they had a lisence to get sore. prof. Baker asked me to tell them some storys & I started off with that 1 a bout pat & his wife haveing the scrap a bout there pig and the story dident go very good so I thot I would wake them up and I told them that 1 a bout mr. & mrs. Flynn & the burgler & they aint realy nothing wrong a bout the story only just them 2 words but the 3 girls got up & beat it and so did mr. & mrs. chambers & Minnie says where do you think your

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I Dont Wonder That People Get Nuts a Bout Traveling Acrost the Ocean

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Fancy There Being Upper and Lower Classes Among Natives! What Rot! And I Like North America. I Don't Mind Telling You Straight I'm Going to Take It Up"

XV

LAUNCHED now upon a business venture that would require my unremitting attention if it was to prosper, it may be imagined that I had little leisure for the social vagaries of the Honorable George, shocking as these might be to one's finer tastes. And yet on the following morning I found time to tell him what. To put it quite bluntly, I gave him beans for his loose behavior the previous evening in publicly ogling and meeting as an equal one whom one didn't know.

To my amazement, instead of being heartily ashamed of his licentiousness, I found him recalcitrant. Stubborn as a mule he was and with a low animal cunning that I had never given him credit for.

"Demosthenes was the son of a cutler," said he, "and Napoleon worked on a canal boat, what? Didn't you say so yourself, you juggins, what? Fancy there being upper and lower classes among natives! What rot! And I like North America. I don't mind telling you straight I'm going to take it up."

Horrified by these reckless words, I could only say, "*Noblesse oblige*," meaning to convey that whatever the North Americans did the next Earl of Brinstead must not meet persons one doesn't know, whereat he rejoined tartly that I was to stow that piffle!

Being now quite alarmed I took the further time to call upon Belknap-Jackson, believing that he if anyone could recall the Honorable George to his better nature. He, too, was shocked, as I had been, and at first would have put the blame entirely upon the shoulders of Cousin Egbert; but at this I was obliged to admit that the Honorable George had too often shown a regrettable fondness for the society of persons that did not matter, especially females, and I cited the cases of the typing girl and the Brixton millinery person, with either of whom he would have allied himself in marriage had not his lordship intervened. Belknap-Jackson was quite properly horrified at these revelations.

"Has he no sense of *noblesse oblige?*" he demanded, at which I quoted the result of my own use of this phrase to the unfortunate man. Quite too plain it was that *noblesse oblige* would never stop him from yielding to his baser impulses.

"We must be tactful then," remarked Belknap-Jackson. "Without appearing to oppose him we must yet show him who is really who in Red Gap. We shall let him see that we have standards which must be as rigidly adhered to as those of an older civilization. I fancy it can be done."

Privately I fancied not, yet I forbore to say this or to prolong the painful interview, particularly as I was due at the United States Grill.

The Recorder of that morning had done me handsomely, declaring my opening to have been a social event long to be remembered, and describing the costumes of a dozen or more of the smartly gowned matrons, quite as if it had been an Assembly ball. My task now was to see that the Grill was kept to the high level of its opening, both as a social ganglion—if one may use the term—and as a place to which the public would ever turn for food that was food. For my first luncheon the raccoons had prepared under my direction a steak and kidney pie, in addition to which I offered a thick soup and a pudding of high nutritive value.

To my pleased astonishment the crowd at midday was quite all that my staff could serve—several of the Hobbs brood being at school—and the luncheon was received with every sign of approval by the business persons who sat to it. Not only were there drapers, chemists and shop-assistants but solicitors and barristers, bankers and estate agents, and all quite eager with their praise of my fare. To each of these I explained that I should give them but few things, but that these would be food in the finest sense of the word, adding that the fault of the American school lay in attempting a too-great profusion of dishes, none of which in consequence could be raised to its highest power.

So sound was my theory and so nicely did my simple-dished luncheon demonstrate it that I was engaged on the spot to provide the bimonthly banquet of the chamber of commerce, the president of which rather seriously proposed that it now be made a monthly affair, since they would no longer be at the mercy of a hotel caterer whose ambition ran inversely to his skill. Indeed after the pudding I was this day asked to become a member of the body, and I now felt that I was indubitably one of them—America and I had taken each other as seriously as could be desired.

More than once during the afternoon I wondered rather painfully what the Honorable George might be doing. I knew that he had been promised to a meeting of the Onwards and Upwards Society, through the influence of Mrs. Effie, where it had been hoped that he would give a talk on country life in England. At least she had hinted to the members that he might do this, though I had known from the beginning that he would do nothing of the sort, and had merely hoped that he would appear for a dish of tea and would stay quiet, which was as much as the North Side set could expect of him. Induced to speak, I was quite certain he would tell them straight that country life in England was silly rot and that was all to it. Now, not having seen him during the day, I could but hope that he had attended the gathering in suitable afternoon attire, and that he had divined that the cattle person's hat did not coördinate with this.

At four-thirty, while I was still concerned over the possible misadventures of the Honorable George, my first patrons for tea began to arrive, for I had let it be known that I should specialize in this. Toasted crumpets there were and muffins, and a tea cake rich with plums, and tea—I need not say—which was all that tea could be. Several tables were filled with prominent ladies of the North Side set, who were loud in their exclamations of delight, especially at the finished smartness of my service, for it was perhaps now that the profoundly serious thought I had given to my silver, linen and glassware showed to best advantage. I suspect that this was the first time many of my guests had encountered a tea cozy, since from that day they began to be prevalent in Red Gap homes. Also my wagon containing the crumpets, muffins, tea cake, jam and bread and butter, which I now used for the first time, created a veritable sensation.

There was an agreeable hum of chatter from these early comers when I found myself welcoming Mrs. Judge Ballard and half a dozen members of the Onwards and Upwards Society, all of them wearing what I made out to be a baffled look. From these I presently managed to gather that their guest of honor for the afternoon had simply not appeared, and that the meeting after awaiting him for two hours had dissolved in some resentment, the time having been spent chiefly in an unflattering dissection of the Klondike woman's behavior the evening before.

"He is a naughty man to disappoint us so cruelly," declared Mrs. Judge Ballard of the Honorable George, but the coquetry of it was feigned to cover a very real irritation. I made haste with possible excuses. I said that he might be ill, or that important letters in that day's post might have detained him. I knew he had been astonishingly well that morning, also that he loathed letters and almost practically never received any; but something had to be done.

"A naughty, naughty fellow!" repeated Mrs. Ballard, and the members of her party echoed it. They had looked forward rather pathetically, I saw, to hearing about country life in England from one who had lived it.

I was now drawn to greet the Belknap-Jacksons who entered, having the pleasure of winning their hearty approval for the perfection of my arrangements. As the wife presently joined Mrs. Ballard's group, the husband called me to his table and disclosed that almost the worst might be feared of the Honorable George. He was at that moment, it appeared, with a rabble of cow persons and members of the lower class gathered at a stockade at the edge of town where various native horses fresh from the wilderness were being taught to be ridden.

"The wretched Floud is with him," continued my informant, "also the Tuttle chap, who continues to be received by our best people in spite of my remonstrances, and he yells quite like a demon when one of the riders is thrown. I passed as quickly as I could. The spectacle was—of course I make allowances for Basingwell's ignorance of our standards—it was nothing short of disgusting: a man of his position consorting with the herd!"

"He told me no longer ago than this morning," I said, "that he was going to take up America."

"He has!" said Belknap-Jackson with bitter emphasis. "You should see what he has on—a cowboy hat and chaps! And the very lowest of them are calling him 'Judge'!"

"He funked a meeting of the Onwards and Upwards Society," I added.

"I know, I know! And who could have expected it in one of his lineage? At this very moment he should be conducting himself as one of his class. Can you wonder at my impatience with the West? Here at an hour when our social life should be in evidence, when all trade should be forgotten, I am the only man in the town who shows himself in a tea room; and Vane-Basingwell over there debasing himself with our commonest sort."

All at once I saw that I myself must bear the brunt of this scandal. I had brought hither the Honorable George, promising a personage who would for once and all unify the North Side set and perhaps disintegrate its rival. I had been felicitated upon my master stroke. And now it seemed I had come a cropper. But I resolved not to give up and said as much now to Belknap-Jackson.

"I may be blamed for bringing him among you, but trust me. If things are really as bad as they seem, I'll get him off again. I'll not let myself be bowled by such a silly lob as that. Trust me to devote profound thought to this problem."

"We all have every confidence in you," he assured me; "but don't be too severe all at once with the chap. He might recover a sane balance even yet."

"I shall use discretion," I assured him; "but if it proves that I have fluffed my catch, rely upon me to use extreme measures."

"Red Gap needs your best effort," he replied.

At five-thirty, my rush being over, I repaired to the neighborhood where the Honorable George had been reported. The stockade now contained only a half score of the untaught horses, but across the road from it was a public house or saloon from which came unmistakable sounds of carousing. It was an unsavory place, frequented only by

cattle and horse persons, the proprietor being an abandoned character named Spilmer, who had once done a patron to death in a drunken quarrel. Only slight legal difficulties had been made for him, however, it having been pleaded that he acted in self-defense, and the creature had at once resumed his trade as publican. There was even public sympathy for him at the time on the ground that he possessed a blind mother, though I have never been able to see that this should have been a factor in adjudging him.

I paused now before the low place, imagining I could detect the tones of the Honorable George high above the chorus that came out to me. Deciding that in any event it would not become me to enter a resort of this stamp, I walked slowly back toward the more reputable part of town, and was presently rewarded by seeing the crowd emerge. It was led, I saw, by the Honorable George. The cattle hat was still down upon his ears, and to my horror he had come upon the public thoroughfare with his legs encased in the chaps—a species of leathern pantalettes covered with goat's wool—a garment which I need not say no gentleman should be seen abroad in. As worn by the cow persons in their daily toil they were only just possible, being as far from true vogue as anything could well be.

Accompanying him were Cousin Egbert; the Indian, Tuttle; the cow persons, Hank and Buck; and three or four others of the same rough stamp. Unobtrusively I followed them to our main thoroughfare, deeply humiliated by the atrocious spectacle the Honorable George was making of himself, only to observe them turn into another public house entitled The Family Liquor Store, where it seemed only too certain, since the bearing of all was highly animated, that they would again carouse.

At once seeing my duty, I boldly entered, finding them aligned against the American bar and clamoring for drink. My welcome was heartfelt, even enthusiastic, almost every one of them beginning to regale me with incidents of the afternoon's horse breaking. The Honorable George, it seemed, had himself briefly mounted one of the animals, having fallen into a belief that the cow persons did not try earnestly enough to stay on their backs. I gathered that one experience had dissuaded him from this opinion.

"That there little paint horse," observed Cousin Egbert genially, "stepped out from under the judge the prettiest you ever saw."

"He sure did," remarked the Honorable George with a palpable effort to speak the American brogue. "A most flighty beast he was—nerves all gone—I dare say a hopeless neurasthenic."

And then, when I would have rebuked him for so shamefully disappointing the ladies of the Onwards and Upwards Society, he began to tell me of the public house he had just left.

"I say, you know, that Spilmer chap, he's a genuine murderer—he let me hold the weapon with which he did it—and he has blind relatives dependent upon him, or something of that sort, otherwise I fancy they'd have sent him to the gallows. And by gad, he's a witty scoundrel, what! Looking at his sign, leaving the settlement, it reads Last Chance; but entering the settlement, it reads First Chance. Last chance and first chance for a peg, do you see what I mean? I tried it out; walked both ways under the sign and looked up; it worked perfectly. Enter the settlement: First Chance; leave the settlement: Last Chance. Do you see what I mean? Suggestive, what! Witty! You'd never have expected that murderer Johnny to be so keen. Our own murderers aren't that way. I say, it's a tremendous wheeze. I wonder the press chaps don't take it up. It's better than the blind factory, though the chap's mother or something is blind. What ho! But that's silly! To be sure one has nothing to do with the other. I say, have another, you chaps! I've not felt so fit in ages. I'm going to take up America!"

Plainly it was no occasion to use serious words to the man. He slapped his companions smartly on the backs and was slapped in turn by all of them. One or two of them called him an old horse! Not only was I doing no good for the North Side set, but I had felt obliged to consume two glasses of spirits that I did not wish. So I discreetly withdrew. As I went the Honorable George was again telling them that he was going in for North America and Cousin Egbert was calling, "Three rousing cheers."

Thus luridly began, I may say, a scandal that was to be far-reaching in its dreadful effects. Far from feeling a proper shame on the following day, the Honorable George was as pleased as Punch with himself, declaring his intention of again consorting with the cattle and horse persons and very definitely declining an invitation to play at golf with Belknap-Jackson.

"Golf!" he spluttered. "You do it, and then you've directly to do it all over again. I mean to say one gets nowhere. A silly game, what!"

Wishing to be in no manner held responsible for his vicious pursuits, I that day removed my diggings from the Floud home to chambers in the Pettengill block above the Grill, where I did myself quite nicely with decent mantel ornaments, some vivacious prints of Old World cathedrals and a few good books, having for body servant one of the Hobbs lads, who seemed rather teachable. I must admit, however, that I was frequently obliged to address him more sharply than one should ever address one's servant, my theory having always been that a serving person should be treated quite as if he were a gentleman temporarily performing menial duties; but there was that strain of lowness in all the Hobbses which often forbade this—a blending of servility with more or less skillfully dissembled impertinence, which I dare say is the distinguishing mark of our lower-class serving people.

Removed now from the immediate and more intimate effects of the Honorable George's digressions, I was privileged for days at a time to devote my attention exclusively to my enterprise. It had thriven from the beginning and after a month I had so perfected the minor details of management that everything was right as rain. In my catering I continued to steer a middle course between the British school of plain roast and boiled and the too-often piffling French complexity; seeking to retain the desirable features of each. My luncheons for the tradesmen rather held to a cut from the joint with vegetables and a suitable sweet, while in my dinners I relaxed a bit into somewhat imaginative salads and entrées. For the tea hour I constantly strove to provide some appetizing novelty, often I confess sacrificing nutrition to mere sightliness in view of my almost exclusive feminine patronage, yet never carrying this to an undignified extreme.

As a result of my sound judgment, dinner giving in Red Gap began that winter to be done almost entirely in my place. There might be small informal affairs at home, but for dinners of any pretension the hostesses of the North Side set came to me, relying almost quite entirely upon my taste in the selection of the menu. Although at first I was required to employ unlimited tact in dissuading them from strange and labored concoctions whose photographs they fetched me from their women's magazines, I at length converted them from this unwholesome striving for novelty and laid the foundations for that sound scheme of gastronomy which to-day distinguishes this fastest growing town in the state, if not in the west of America.

It was during these early months, I ought perhaps to say, that I rather distinguished myself in the matter of a relish, which I compounded one day when there was a cold round of beef for luncheon. Little dreaming of the magnitude of the moment, I brought together English mustard and the American tomato catsup in proportions which for reasons that will be made obvious I do not here disclose, together with three other and lesser condiments whose identity also must remain a secret. Serving this with my cold joint I was rather amazed at the sensation it created. My patrons clamored for it repeatedly and a barrister wished me to prepare a flask of it for use in his home. The following day it was again demanded and other requests were made for private supplies, while by the end of the week my relish had become rather famous. Followed a suggestion from Mrs. Judson, as she overlooked my preparation of it one day from her own task of polishing the glassware.

"Put it on the market," said she, and at once I felt the inspiration of her idea. To her I intrusted the formula. I procured a quantity of suitable flasks while in her own home she compounded the stuff and filled them. Having no mind to claim credit not my own, I may now say that this rather remarkable woman also evolved the idea of the label, including the name, which was pasted upon the bottles when our product was launched.

Ruggles' International Relish she had named it after a moment's thought. Below was a print of my face taken from an excellent photographic portrait, followed by a brief summary of the article's unsurpassed excellence, together with a list of the viands for which it was commended. As the International Relish is now a matter of history—the demand for it having spread as far east as Chicago and those places—I may add that it was this capable woman again who devised the large placard for hoardings, in which a middle-aged but glowing *bon vivant* in evening dress rebukes the blackamoor who has served his dinner for not having at once placed Ruggles' International Relish upon the table. The genial annoyance of the diner and the apologetic concern of the black are excellently depicted by the artist, the original drawing—for which I paid a stiffish price to the leading artist fellow of Spokane—now adorning the wall of my sitting room.

It must not be supposed that I had been free during these months from annoyance and chagrin at the manner in which the Honorable George was conducting himself. In the beginning it was hoped both by Belknap-Jackson and myself that he might do no worse than merely consort with the rougher element of the town. I mean to say we suspected that the apparent charm of the raffish cattle persons might suffice to keep him from any notorious alliance with the dreaded Bohemian set. So long as he abstained from this he might still be perceived at our best homes, despite his regrettable fondness for low company. Even when he brought the murderer, Spilmer, to dine with him at my place, the thing was condoned as a freakish grotesquery in one who of unassailable social position might well afford to stoop momentarily.

I must say that the murderer—a heavy-jowled brute of husky voice and quite lacking a forehead—conducted

"The Man Is a Paranoiac. He Should be at Once Confined in an Asylum for the Criminal Insane"

"Then He Makes Mis' Kenner Play Again While He Dances With Mis' Fosdick"

himself on this occasion with an entirely decent restraint of manner, quite in contrast to the Honorable George, who betrayed an expansively naive pride in his guest, seeming to wish the world to know of the event. Between them they consumed a fair bottle of the relish. Indeed the Honorable George was inordinately fond of this, as a result of which he would often come out quite spotty again. Cousin Egbert was another who became so addicted to it that his fondness might well have been called a vice. Both he and the Honorable George would drench quite every course with the sauce, and Cousin Egbert, with that explicit directness which distinguished his character, would frankly sop his bread crusts in it or even sip it with a coffee spoon.

As I have intimated, in spite of the Honorable George's affiliations with the slum characters of what I may call Red Gap's East End, he had not yet publicly identified himself with the Klondike woman and her Bohemian set, in consequence of which—let him dine and wine a Spilmer as he would—there was yet hope that he would not alienate himself from the North Side set.

At intervals during the early months of his sojourn among us he accepted dinner invitations at the Grill from our social leaders; in fact, after the launching of the International Relish, I know of none that he declined, but it was evident to me that he moved but half-heartedly in this higher circle. On one occasion, too, he appeared in the trousers of a lounge suit of tweeds instead of his dress trousers and with tan boots. The trousers, to be sure, were of a somber hue, but the brown boots were quite too dreadfully unmistakable. After this I may say that I looked for anything, and my worst fears were soon confirmed.

It began as the vaguest sort of gossip. The Honorable George, it was said, had been a guest at one of the Klondike woman's evening affairs. The rumor crystallized. He had been asked to meet the Bohemian set at a Dutch supper and had gone. He had lingered until a late hour, dancing the American folk dances—for which he had shown a surprising adaptability—and conducting himself generally as the next Earl of Brinstead should not have done. He had repeated his visit, repairing to the woman's house both afternoon and evening. He had become a constant visitor. He had spoken regrettably of the dullness of a meeting of the Onwards and Upwards Society he had attended. He was in the woman's toils.

With gossip of this sort there was naturally much indignation, and yet the leaders of the North Side set were so delicately placed that there was every reason for concealing it. They redoubled their attentions to the unfortunate man, seeking to leave him not an unoccupied evening or afternoon. Such was the gravity of the crisis. Belknap-Jackson alone remained finely judicial.

"The situation is of the gravest character," he confided to me, "but we must be wary. The day isn't lost so long as he doesn't appear publicly in the creature's train. For the present we have only unverified rumor. As a man about town, Vane-Basingwell may feel free to consort with vicious companions and still maintain his proper standing. Deplore it as all right-thinking people must, under present social conditions he is undoubtedly free to lead what is called a double life. We can only wait."

Such was the state of the public mind, be it understood, up to the time of the notorious and scandalous defection of this doting and obsessed creature, an occasion which I cannot recall without shuddering, and which inspired me to a course that was later to have the most inexplicable and far-reaching consequences.

Theatrical plays had been numerous with us during the season, with the natural result that many after-theater suppers were given by those who attended, among them the North Side leaders, and frequently the Klondike woman with her following. On several of these occasions, moreover, the latter brought as supper guests certain representatives of the theatrical profession, both male and female—she apparently having a wide acquaintance with such persons. That this sort of thing increased her unpopularity with the North Side set will be understood when I add that now and then her guests would be of undoubted respectability in their private lives, as theatrical persons often are, and such people as our smartest hostesses would have been only too glad to entertain.

To counteract this effect Belknap-Jackson now broached to me a plan of undoubted merit, which was nothing less than to hold an afternoon reception at his home in honor of the world's greatest pianoforte artist, who was presently to give a recital in Red Gap.

"I've not met the chap himself," he began, "but I knew his secretary and traveling companion quite well in a happier day in Boston. The recital here will be Saturday evening, which means that they will remain on Sunday until the evening train east. I shall suggest to my friend that his employer, to while away the tedium of the Sunday, might care to look in upon me in the afternoon and meet a few of our best people. Nothing boring of course. I've no doubt he will arrange it. I've written him about it."

"Rather a card that will be," I instantly cried. "Rather better class than entertaining strolling players." Indeed the merit of the proposal rather overwhelmed me. It would be dignified and yet spectacular. It would show the Klondike woman that we chose to have contact only with artists of acknowledged preëminence and that such were quite willing to accept our courtesies. I had hopes, too, that the Honorable George might be aroused to advantages which he seemed bent upon casting to the American winds.

A week later Belknap-Jackson joyously informed me that the great artist had consented to accept his hospitality. There would be light refreshments with which I was charged. I suggested tea in the Russian manner, which he applauded.

"Believe Me, Bill, When She Starts in on That Rag Stuff She Can Make a Piano Simply Stutter Itself to Death"

"And everything dainty in the way of food," he warned me. "Nothing common, nothing heavy. Some of those tiny lettuce sandwiches, a bit of caviar, macaroons—nothing gross—a decanter of dry sherry, perhaps a few of the lightest wafers; things that cultivated persons may trifle with—things not repugnant to the artist soul."

I promised my profoundest consideration to these matters.

"And it occurs to me," he thoughtfully added, "that this may be a time for Vane-Basingwell to silence the slurs upon himself that are becoming so common. I shall beg him to meet our guest at his hotel and escort him to my place. A note to my friend: 'The bearer, the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, brother of his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead, will take great pleasure in escorting to my home ——' You get the idea? Not bad!"

Again I applauded, resolving that for once the Honorable George would be suitably attired even if I had to bully him. And so was launched what promised to be Red Gap's most notable social event of the season. The Honorable George, being consulted, promised, after a rather sulky hesitation, to act as the great artist's escort, though he persisted in referring to him as that piano Johnny, and betrayed a suspicion that Belknap-Jackson was merely bent upon getting him to perform without price.

"But no," cried Belknap-Jackson; "I should never think of anything so indelicate as asking him to play. My own piano will be tightly closed and I dare say removed to another room."

At this the Honorable George professed to wonder why the chap was desired if he wasn't to perform. "All hair and bad English—silly brutes when they don't play," he declared. In the end, however, as I have said, he consented to act as he was wished to. Cousin Egbert, who was present at this interview, took somewhat the same view as the Honorable George, even asserting that he should not attend the recital.

"He don't sing, he don't dance, he don't recite; just plays the piano. That ain't any kind of a show for folks to set up a whole evening for," he protested bitterly; and he went on to mention various theatrical pieces which he had considered worthy, one among them I recall being entitled The Two Johns, which he regretted not having witnessed for several years, and another called Ben Hur, which was better than all the piano players alive, he declared. But with the Honorable George enlisted, both Belknap-Jackson and I considered the opinions of Cousin Egbert to be quite wholly negligible.

Saturday's Recorder, in its advance notice of the recital, announced that the Belknap-Jacksons, of Boston and Red Gap, would entertain the artist on the following afternoon at their palatial home in the Pettengill addition, where a select few of the North Side set had been invited to meet him. Belknap-Jackson himself was as a man uplifted. He constantly revised and re-revised his invitation list; he sought me out each day to suggest subtle changes in the very artistic menu I had prepared for the affair. His last touch was to supplement the decanter of sherry with a bottle of vodka. About the caviar he worried quite fearfully until it proved upon arrival to be fresh and of prime quality. My man, the Hobbs boy, had under my instructions pressed and smarted the Honorable George's suit for afternoon wear. The carriage was engaged. Saturday night it was tremendously certain that no hitch could occur to mar the affair. We had left no detail to chance.

The recital itself was quite all that could have been expected, but underneath the enthusiastic applause there ran even a more intense fervor among those fortunate ones who were to meet the artist on the morrow.

Belknap-Jackson knew himself to be a hero. He was elaborately cool. He smiled tolerantly at intervals and undoubtedly applauded with the least hint of languid proprietorship in his manner. He was heard to speak of the artist by his first name. The Klondike woman and many of her Bohemian set were prominently among those present and sustained glances of pitying triumph from those members of the North Side set so soon to be distinguished above them.

The morrow dawned auspiciously, very cloudy, with smartish drives of wind and rain. Confined to the dingy squalor of his hotel, how gladly would the artist, it was felt, seek the refined cheer of one of our best homes, where he would be enlivened by an hour or so of contact with our most cultivated people. Belknap-Jackson telephoned me with increasing frequency as the hour drew near, nervously seeming to dread that I should overlook some detail of his refined refreshments, or that I should not have them at his house on time. He telephoned often to the Honorable George to be assured that the carriage with its escort would be prompt. He telephoned repeatedly to the driver chap to impress upon him the importance of his mission.

His guests began to arrive even before I had decked his sideboard with what was, I have no hesitation in declaring, the most superbly dainty buffet collation that Red Gap had ever beheld. The atmosphere at once became tense with expectation.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1915

The Business Outlook

THIS new year looks better as we get into it. The economists at Washington are, of course, partly right in insisting that the business situation is a state of mind—which is precisely what makes it so unmanageable. We had as much money in 1914 as in 1913; as many people ready to produce and to sell. Farms yielded as abundantly; and if mines yielded less abundantly it was partly because the nation, feeling lumpish, had less appetite for copper, coal and iron. The ores were there, ready to be got out if anybody wanted them.

The big fact, to which no psychological explanation applies, is that exports of merchandise fell off about fifteen per cent; but we are doing rather better than that now. Outside New York, where speculation counts heavily, bank clearings the country over were only four per cent less than in 1913.

Railroad revenues declined about seven per cent; but the Interstate Commerce Commission's sanction of a small advance in Eastern freight rates shed a rather more cheerful light on that dark spot. The steel industry, as measured by the make of pig iron, suffered a shrinkage of more than twenty per cent; but the latest reports show that orders at the mills are increasing. We have the advantage of unusually cheap money and are picking up considerable salvage from the European débâcle in the way of orders for army supplies.

Above all, the country, so far as we can gather, is feeling more confident. We shall probably have a heavy account to settle later on, due to Europe's withdrawal of capital from American enterprises; but that is deferred. Meantime we are on rather better terms with ourselves. Politics and business, for the time being at least, are not so aggressively shaking their fists at each other. The shock of war has been pretty well taken up.

The difference between a good year and a poor one is measured by ten or fifteen per cent. A comparatively small push one way or the other accomplishes it. Booms are not made to order, and we are not looking for a boom; but the new year looks decidedly better.

The Respectable Revolution

PERSONS who deprecate radical political agitation should remember that since last July the most extensive revolution in human affairs of which there is any record has taken place. Ten million men have quit their accustomed productive occupations and devoted themselves heartily to destruction. The most crack-brained syndicalist, in his most expansive moment, never dreamed of a general strike approaching the proportions of this one or involving a thousandth part of its social cost.

Over no inconsiderable region in Europe it has become accepted law that if a man wearing one sort of clothes shoots at a man wearing another sort, not only that man but the house which covers him and all its male inmates, without the least regard to their complicity in his act or their entire innocence, shall be destroyed. What anarchist ever thought of setting up that sort of rule? It is now a crime for an Englishman to trade with a German or pay him money. By an Act of Parliament an Englishman may be taken from his home, tried and executed by a military tribunal, though the civil court next door is open as usual.

All over Europe, by common opinion, an able-bodied young man's refusal to participate in killing fellow Christians is the most dastardly course he can pursue. As a rule, it will bring upon him more contempt and wrath than is usually visited on a murderer.

No such extensive and deep-reaching revolution in human affairs has been known before. And its immediate motive is merely to make life pleasanter and more secure for members of the Hapsburg family.

Why Not Try the Bus?

STRAPHANGING is as distinctively American as baseball. We blame it all on the greed of our traction companies, but it is partly an unavoidable product of conditions in many American cities that are beyond the control of the companies. When nearly everybody wishes to travel at the same time, in the same direction, and by the same conveyances, rush-hour crowding is probably unavoidable.

To provide street-car, elevated or subway seats for all those who pour into the financial district in New York or the loop district in Chicago within an hour and a half every morning is probably out of the question for a company that must earn interest on its bonds.

The European precedent is always held up to our envy; but your nickel—or its Continental equivalent—does not always get you a seat over there. Straphanging is by no means unknown in model Berlin. Two expedients that London experience has approved find little favor here—the double-deck street car and the motor bus.

It is hard to say why the latter should be virtually unknown outside of New York, and not very extensively used there, unless generally bad pavements furnish the answer. The New York busses receive no more passengers than they have seats for; and in good weather they are pleasanter than any other public conveyance. Bus projects are occasionally heard of in other cities, but make little progress. Transportation at morning and evening in America is cheap, but has nothing else to recommend it.

God's Idle Houses

THE value of church property in the United States, according to the Census Bureau, increased from ten dollars and seventy-nine cents a head in 1890 to fourteen dollars and ninety-three cents in 1906, at which date it amounted to a billion dollars.

It would be easy to pick statistics in other fields that show a larger total and a more rapid gain, but not so easy to find another equally large investment that is used for such a small part of the time. A great part of the church property is occupied, at most, ten hours a week; and an important part of the increased investment in sixteen years represents competitive building—one denomination putting up a finer structure just because some other denomination has done so.

In the sixteen years, also, the number of denominations increased from a hundred and forty-five to a hundred and eighty-six, embracing two hundred and twelve thousand church organizations. The number of Protestant ministers increased by forty-seven per cent, or nearly fifty thousand in number, and the average pay of all those covered by the report on that subject was a little over fifty dollars a month. Skilled workmen consider that pay inadequate and are privileged to live and dress as cheaply as they please; but a minister is not.

Extensive unification of Protestant churches would be the most hopeful sign in the religious field that we can think of. Movements in that direction start now and then, but make comparatively little headway.

The Right to Work

MIDWINTER estimates put the number of unemployed in New York at three hundred and fifty thousand, and in Chicago at something less than half of that number; while various other cities reported a proportionate number of idle hands. These men had as much right to work as anybody else, but we do not know how they could have enforced it.

Employees—particularly in the mining line—frequently talk about the right to work as though it were something as indubitable as the Treasury's obligation to redeem a greenback; as though a laborer were privileged at any time to step up to the window and say: "Here's my day's work, give me two dollars!" But where is the window? The same employees quit work whenever it suits their interest. Of course nobody has any more right to work than to do anything else. Who is under the least obligation to give you a job, or can rightfully require you to take any job you do not want?

There is nothing more natural about the right to work than about the corresponding right to say under what conditions you will work; in fact, there are no natural rights. There is no record of a society in which a man had any rights that his fellows did not permit. There is no enforceable right to work anywhere, except under conditions that are largely determined by others.

This is as true of a bank president as of a day laborer. The real dispute is simply as to who shall determine the conditions of work.

Radical and Conservative

UNFORTUNATELY it does not necessarily follow that to be radical is to be right, or that to be conservative is to be wrong. Marcus Alonzo Hanna still stands as the type of a conservative politician. His name passes as a synonym for what radicals most abhor. To speak of the Hanna régime is to suggest extreme domination of politics by Big Business. Yet the record discloses no act or intention of Hanna's that was particularly destructive to anybody's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Organizing and conducting the campaign of 1896 was his most conspicuous political feat.

We suppose nobody whose judgment need be considered now doubts that the free-silver theory he defeated contained far more peril to the well-being of the mass of people in the United States than anything Hanna ever did or wished to do. If anything not actually demonstrated by experience can be said to be proved, we can now say confidently that the radical was wrong and the conservative was right.

Farm Accountancy

THE Department of Agriculture puts the value of the chief necessaries of life consumed by an average farm family each year at a little under six hundred dollars; but over four hundred dollars' worth of these necessaries is contributed by the farm itself, leaving only a hundred and seventy-four dollars' worth to be purchased by the farmer.

That suggests one difficulty with the average farm bookkeeping: It consists of only a cash account. A good many farmers can tell, with approximate accuracy, how much money they received and paid out during a year. The number that have even an approximate notion of the value of articles consumed on the farm is much smaller. "I got so much for my hogs," a farmer may tell you; but if you ask what he might have got for the feed they consumed he answers: "Oh, I raised that myself."

And there are still many more farmers who have no clear notion as to how much cash they received and disbursed. They know only how much they have left at the end of the year. In farming, as much as in banking or railroading, good bookkeeping is the foundation of real economy and efficiency. Stuffing eight dollars' worth of corn into a pigskin and selling it for seven dollars and a half is certainly not profitable.

A great amount of money is lost yearly in milch cows simply because the owners do not know what each quart of cream they sell has actually cost them. A proper but very simple set of books would show at once which cows yielded a profit and which were merely perambulatory corncribs.

A dollar invested in a blank book and a pen would be the best investment many farmers could make.

What Will End the War

FROM the military and financial points of view no end of the war is in sight. The belligerents have fought seven months and neither side has gained any advantage that definitely tips the scale in its favor.

That Germany can conquer the Allies seems impossible. That she can keep on fighting them almost indefinitely seems highly probable. Financial exhaustion on either side must be a matter of some time. As we have remarked before, a nation that possesses a printing press and a stock of white paper can go on fighting for years after its real money and credit are gone. The Confederate States had no money worth mentioning to begin with, and fought with desperate stubbornness for more than three years with a treasury as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Germany can do the same.

Even with Italy and Rumania in the field the coalition against Germany and Austria is relatively less formidable than that which Frederick faced at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. It is possible that Germany can make this another seven years' war.

However, other factors, we believe, are making for peace this year. The appalling losses of the war must be sinking deep into the mind of each belligerent. The fact that it is a needless and senseless war—as the German Crown Prince termed it—must be slowly coming home. With neither military nor financial collapse, the lust to fight may suffer exhaustion.

A turn of fortune in the field that would have been ignored last autumn may very well be accepted next spring as a sufficient reason for peace. In spite of the military experts, we are looking for peace this year.

WAR AND HALLUCINATIONS

By Corra Harris

IF FRANCE is enduring all the ravages of war with dignity and courage, England is making war with a confidence that is simply astounding. She is covering her losses with the palm of one hand, and she keeps the other one in her pocket with an air that plainly indicates that she has plenty more to lose and everything to win. She is still bringing Belgian refugees in at the rate of two thousand a day, although no one knows what she will do with them. For the Belgians refuse to emigrate to Canada. They are equally determined not to settle in England; neither are they inclined to enter domestic service, where they would be more than welcome. But they are now receiving the same hospitality in England which she has extended to them from the beginning. And she is certainly receiving no benefit at all from them.

Never, I believe, has any nation accomplished so stupendous a charity or in a spirit more becoming. But I insist that it never could have been done without the aid of the hundred and sixty thousand English women who have actually done the work of taking care of them. For the refugees are alive; they were not to be packed and stored away until the war should be ended.

Now, no government could place a million foreign guests in a small country unless the women of that country opened the doors of their homes and their hearts to receive them.

As a private individual one may resent the assurance of Great Britain at this time when every other nation in the Old World is trembling upon its foundations; but as an unprejudiced observer of events one must confess admiration and nothing else for what she has actually achieved. Of all the countries involved in this strife England is the most secure, and naturally she acts that way. The sorrow and poverty incident to the struggle are really out of sight. They are there, of course, but unless you know where to go to find them you hardly see them at all.

The effects of this war are probably more apparent in New York than in London, where there is a system for concealing the poor which could not be maintained in our country. But I venture this, not as a criticism but merely to call attention to another effect of war upon a certain part of society. The cheerfulness of these people does look queer under the circumstances. It is like finding a jolly crowd at a funeral; for every day you read the names of two or three hundred Englishmen who have died fighting for the safety of this jolly crowd.

"This war is dreadful, but we just go right on trying to be cheerful, you see," said a pretty woman to me as she was leaving for the theater. I did see. And I thought of that great Frenchwoman with four sons in the army who said to me: "We make haste to laugh lest we weep." But she was ladling out soup to two thousand poor people when she said it.

Nothing Settled

ONE conviction cannot escape the thoughtful observer—that war does not settle anything. It unsettles everything. After thousands of men have perished, after the resources of both Germany and the Allies are so depleted that it is impossible to maintain either the offensive or the defensive with the extravagance of armies, then a sort of receivership will be arranged for these bankrupt nations.

This will be called the Peace Commission. But the purpose of the Commission will be to liquidate what is left in favor of the strongest powers. These are the only dividends which war declares—so many hundred thousand dead men, so many million pauperized women and children, so many billion pounds or francs or marks or rubles in debts to be paid by each nation involved. The business of the Peace Commission will not be to settle these terrible losses but merely to determine who shall bear the heaviest burden.

Questions will be asked, of course, about the dumdum bullets, and the airship raids upon noncombatants. But what will be the good of such inquiries? The bullets have done their work, the bombs have fallen and killed innocent people. The most that can come of such an investigation will be a charge of bad manners, a breach of etiquette in "civilized" warfare. No indemnity will restore the dead.

And, after all, why complain of these comparatively insignificant outrages when the real ruin has been accomplished by the regular armies according to the best manners and customs in this business of killing?

Some people who do not understand the occult side of warfare will also want to know why, if Germany wished to help Austria punish Servia for the death of the Archduke, did she march with all her forces in another direction, across Belgium and against France, where nobody's archduke had been murdered. Whatever explanation is given, it will not affect the facts that Belgium has been destroyed and France devastated. It will not restore Louvain nor the Cathedral at Rheims nor the men who have perished, nor will it give back the burned homes to the women and children.

And suppose the military power of Germany is crushed, what will be the good of that if the theory of militarism survives anywhere in the civilized world? The thing is monstrous by any name. There should be a Sullivan Law for nations as well as for individuals. The unit in law is the nation, not the individual.

If the nation which breeds the man fights and burns and plunders to get what it wants, why should not the man kill and burn and steal to get what he wants? Chiefly because he has not a million men back of him to insure the "honor" of the crime. So war unsettles every standard of justice in the name of justice, and on a scale so tremendous that it is literally impossible to restore the balance. And that is not all of it nor the worst of it. War unsettles social standards, exalts force at the expense of those who have not the strength to withstand it.

At the present time in France the civilian must keep in the background. Every cart, carriage and foot passenger in any road in France must not only get out of the road at the sight of a military equipage, but must stand humbly still till the great thing goes by. The soldier, though he may be a fool with rings in his ears, is greater than the scholar, or the artisan, or any other mere citizen. The idea is: "I'm saving the country; get out of my way!" The fact is, he is devastating the country which the citizen will be a long time saving after the soldier is done devastating it.

The men who die in the fight are heroes, but those who survive will not be so fit to endure the long siege of life after the strife is ended. For war makes men intemperate. It informs them with military standards of honor and virtue, which are not the standards of honor and virtue in times of peace. The soldier especially too often makes a sorry workingman for all we hear of changing swords to plowshares. And too often he makes only a casual husband to his wife. It is not good for any man to have his sense of personal entity augmented by that of thousands of fighting men on both sides of him. He seldom recovers from that. After the army disbands he returns to his fireside, only one man, but still with that illusion of power inside. Having met a terrific emergency with a warrior's courage, he does not afterward so readily meet the long-drawn-out emergencies of earning his own living and providing for his family without martial music. The fireside is a dull place, effeminate. He has acquired the camp instinct. He must "mess" with other men, and he is apt to do that, as long as he lives, at the expense of his wife and children.

War and the Parasite Class

THIS is the history of men who have been soldiers in all ages. They are often not the best citizens in times of peace. They are often not the best husbands or the wisest fathers, because there is no superior officer to see that every man does his duty every day for the next forty years.

There is only one class of men and women who are not affected by war as I have seen war. It does not make them, because there is nothing in them to make. It does not destroy them, because there is nothing in them to destroy They are not always rich nor are they necessarily idle, but they are always parasites of one sort or another, people who have no life of their own and who subsist either emotionally or literally upon the vitality of other people. They are often industrious, but this is the form of their industry—preying upon others. They are often emotional, but this is the form of their sensibility—feeling what others suffer for pastime, not suffering themselves.

The men of this class never fight, but they profit through the adversity of those who do fight. The women of this class never wear mourning, because they are the women of these men who do not die for their country and who live only for themselves. They are to be found in every country at all times, but always living at the expense of those who are struggling and dying. Fortunately they are not in the majority. If they were, nations could not exist.

After close contact with the women in the war zone and as careful study as I am capable of making concerning the conditions which face them, I can see only one advantage for them growing out of this struggle. That is the necessity they will labor under of facing the inevitable with no protection worth the name, and no strength except that which they find in themselves. After all, this is an immense advantage to those who have the courage to grasp it.

The theory of modern civilization has been to protect women as much as possible from the hardships of life, to keep them in idleness and comfort, to desiccate them mentally and morally and

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The Iron Cross

A BOARD MEETING

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I've Done a Lot of Tolerably Raw Things and Everybody Knows It; But That Doesn't Handicap Me When I Want to Do Another Raw Thing"

"IT'S infamous! Simply infamous!" cried Abram Toole, president of the Illinois, Iowa and Pacific Railroad. His square and heavy-jawed face, framed on three sides by a mop of iron-gray hair and grizzled muttonchop whiskers, was dark with wrath; and he surveyed the board as though defying contradiction.

"Monstrous! Simply monstrous!" echoed Judge Croomb, sagely wagging his shiny head.

"It's an everlasting disgrace to the United States!" Mr. Toole added passionately; "and if a revolution is necessary to change it, by heck, I'll shoulder my musket with the next fellow in spite of my sixty-four years!" He smote the table smartly with his knuckles to emphasize it.

Simon Childers, president of the famous Childers Sewing Machine Company, who sat on the other side of Judge Croomb, observed very gravely: "I don't see how we can stand it much longer." Mr. Childers was a little man, and the sallow skin was drawn so tightly over his face that it suggested an economical purpose to use no more than was just necessary to cover the bones. His nose was sharp and his upper lip came out at an angle, as though it had started to be a beak. He spoke with dry, restrained deliberation, in contrast to Mr. Toole's vehement utterance. "If the Republic don't destroy it," he added, "it will destroy the Republic."

That epigram pleased ponderous Judge Croomb and dumpy, ruddy Thomas Runion so much that they nodded approval in unison, Mr. Runion thoughtfully plucking the white paintbrush whisker that adorned his round chin.

"It's the second bridge they've blown up for us," William Temple remarked with a discouraged air.

"And it was a miracle that they didn't send a passenger train into the river, killing hundreds of people!" Abram Toole put in hotly. "Our detectives have proved that this anarchistic labor union bought the dynamite. Who else had any motive to do it? They ask us to find the particular man who put the bombs under the bridge—as though it made any difference what particular man did it! That whole murderous crew is responsible. If I had my way about it I'd say to 'em: 'Blow up another bridge and we'll take every officer and director of your union and stand 'em against a wall in front of a firing squad!' That'd stop it quick enough."

"I don't know," observed Mr. Childers, "that I'd stop with any one particular union. They all connive at it more or less. I'd make all organized labor responsible for every outrage of that sort. Make 'em all responsible and they'll stop it. They're the only people who can stop it. They're on the inside. They can find out what's going on if they want to. If dynamiters and cutthroats are getting the offices in a union, labor men know it. They can know it if they want to. Make them responsible and they will know it. Put it up to them to keep the criminals out."

Up to that time Furbush had not spoken. He now observed calmly:

"But, you see, criminals may be profitable to them for the time being. Take this union: It's got a reputation for blowing things up. No employer wants his things blown up. Probably there are many cases where an employer has granted the union's demands because he was afraid of it—and where he wouldn't have granted the demands if he hadn't been afraid. I suppose the dynamiter's argument to the individual members of the union is: 'Why should you bother about a bridge being blown up now and then? The bridge is nothing in particular to you. You don't own it. And you get your five or six dollars more a week.' To a mechanic five or six dollars more a week means an increase of twenty or twenty-five per cent in his income—equal, say, to increasing a millionaire's fortune by a quarter of a million. I know there are some millionaires who, if you should offer them a profit of a quarter of a million, wouldn't inquire too particularly as to just where that profit came from."

"A millionaire or anybody else who blew up a railroad bridge ought to be hung!" declared Mr. Toole hotly.

"No doubt," Furbush assented indifferently, as though the subject slightly bored him. "I was only pointing out that the individual labor man—same as most everybody else—is inclined to stick by the fellow who he thinks is putting money in his pocket."

"That brings it back to my contention," said Mr. Childers. "You've got to make the unions, as a whole, responsible. They're the people who can stop it. You've got to make 'em stop it!"

"I don't see how you're going to do that," Mr. Toole grumbled. "We have no control over labor unions."

"The law should be enforced," said Judge Croomb solemnly.

"Exactly!" Mr. Toole assented with emphasis. "It isn't strong enough or broad enough or hot enough to meet the case; but, such as it is, it ought to be enforced. I tell you, gentlemen," he went on vehemently, "this thing has got to be stopped some way. It's got to be. It's simply infamous! Bridges blown up; passengers' lives endangered—it's past endurance. As soon as this board comes to order for the transaction of business I shall move that we appropriate a hundred thousand dollars, or so much of it as necessary, to run down the miscreants who planted that bomb and land them in the penitentiary."

He glowered at Furbush with a rather personal challenge; and the others about the board, with a little tightening of the nerves, felt that another clash between the two men impended. The last board meeting had been very unpleasant.

"I'm not very strong for the law myself," Furbush replied with his slightly bored air. "I've never known the law to stop me from doing anything that I really wanted to do."

"Some people have more respect for it," Mr. Toole retorted tartly. "I shall insist on my motion."

"Well," Furbush replied very coolly, "I've let you amuse yourself by getting us into a strike at a very inconvenient time; and if you insist on amusing yourself a little more, at the road's expense, by hunting dynamiters, probably I'll not object."

It was certainly an insulting speech, and Mr. Toole, glaring at the speaker, tugged at a muttonchop whisker with a hand that trembled slightly.

"You wanted to avoid a strike at any cost because you feared it would interfere with your speculations in the road's stock," he shot back.

"It has interfered with them," Furbush replied dryly.

"But here are the two other directors; so we can get down to business," he added, as Isidore Rose and Nicholas Lowden came slipping briskly into the room and took seats at Furbush's right and left, murmuring apologies for being late.

Abram Toole, on the opposite side of the table, gave the newcomers a grim nod. Both of them were sure to vote on any question exactly as Furbush wished them to. To the other directors, however, the newcomers were very welcome, because they made a diversion from the painful clash between Toole and Furbush.

"The board is now duly convened," Furbush remarked; "and the first question is on the dividend for the coming quarter."

As though his string had been pulled—though Furbush had not looked at him—Nicholas Lowden stroked a yellow side whisker, smiled, showing a mouthful of white teeth, and said:

"I move that the dividend for the next quarter be at our regular rate of two per cent."

"Second the motion," said Rose mechanically.

Abram Toole seemed exceedingly unhappy.

"Of course you gentlemen know the road is not earning a dividend," he said, as though he felt constrained to speak, though well aware it would do no good.

"Our earnings," replied Nicholas Lowden blandly, "have been temporarily reduced by this strike; but we can take the quarter's dividend out of surplus. That's what a surplus is for—to tide us over a temporary pinch."

"True!" Judge Croomb observed, sagely nodding his head.

Abram Toole tugged at a muttonchop whisker and blurted out aggrievedly:

"The road hasn't got any surplus. It's got some figures on a book that we call a surplus; but the value that those figures pretend to represent doesn't exist."

"Any further remarks before the question is put?" Furbush asked.

There was a moment's silence; then Abram Toole blurted doggedly:

"Yes; I have some remarks to make."

"Mr. Toole has the floor," said Furbush, and yawned and lit a cigarette.

The president put his fists on the table and glowered stubbornly down at them. "I'm a railroad man—not a financier or a speculator," he said rather bitterly. "I've grown up with this railroad. When this new management came in—through Mr. Furbush's stock-market coup—it was well enough understood that I should look after the operating of property, but needn't trouble myself about the financial management. I was given to understand, in fact, that financial affairs would be none of my business; so I suppose this question of a dividend is none of my business," he added, more bitterly.

Furbush looked at the smoke rings that ascended toward the ceiling and Judge Croomb softly rubbed his shiny poll. From no point round the table was there any sign that particularly encouraged the speaker to proceed; but he went on doggedly:

"The financial management is interfering with the proper operation of the road. There's no use mincing words. Mr. Furbush and some others have a great lot of stock of this road that they want to unload at a high price. So for a year we've been paying dividends with money that ought to have been used for repairs. The road is getting into a run-down, worn-out condition." He raised his voice afflictedly and frowned a challenge round the table, which he smote with his fist. "By heck! It's getting unsafe. We're going to have a great wreck one of these days. That bridge which those anarchists blew up would have fallen down of itself pretty soon."

Furbush laughed amusedly and interposed:

"Then we're blowing up the road ourselves?"

"Yes, sir; we're blowing it up ourselves!" the president exclaimed.

Furbush laughed again and observed calmly:

"That just shows how wrong you were, Toole, in getting us into a fight with the labor union. You said they were anarchists and wreckers and dynamiters, and we'd got to fight 'em. But if your view of this board of directors is correct we ought to have called 'em right in here and taken 'em to our bosoms—two hearts that beat as one."

A dull color came into the president's cheeks and he pulled savagely at a whisker.

"You can laugh! You can laugh!" he retorted. "But I'm president. I'm supposed to be responsible for the operating of the road. If a train goes into a ditch, with fifty or a hundred dead passengers, I'm the man that's got to answer for it. I don't know's I care to be in that position either," he added defiantly.

There was a constrained little silence round the board for a moment. None of them wished the road to be deprived of Abram Toole's reputation as a railroad operator.

"Well, you have your five-year contract," said Furbush with a patient little sigh. "Of course you can break it if you insist on it."

"I have my five-year contract," Abram Toole replied unhappily, and checked himself. The contract provided, in fact, for a handsome bonus in addition to the handsome salary if he remained at his post for the stipulated period. "I have my contract," he repeated; "but I don't think that binds me to abstain from speaking my mind."

At that rather lame conclusion a saturnine little grin appeared in Furbush's predatory eyes, and he replied suavely:

"Surely not. You see we're all listening to you."

"What I say," the president resumed, "is that, instead of paying dividends, we ought to use every dollar for repairs to bring the road into proper condition."

"But do you say," asked Mr. Childers rather anxiously, "that the road is actually unsafe? That we're taking chances of a wreck?"

"I say," the president replied unhappily, "that a lot of repairs ought to be made to put it in a perfectly safe condition."

"That point will be taken up a little later," Furbush observed decisively; at which everybody except Mr. Toole looked relieved. "The question now is on Mr. Lowden's motion that we pay the regular dividend."

Everybody except Mr. Toole voted for the motion. Mr. Toole did not vote at all, but remained silent.

The dividend having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, Furbush observed:

"The next question is the disposal of the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad."

"I move," said Isidore Rose, "that the Illinois, Iowa and Pacific Railroad purchase the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad for twelve million dollars."

"I second the motion," said Judge Croomb gravely.

"We're all acquainted with the situation," Furbush remarked, "so we're all ready to vote."

"I suppose," Mr. Childers inquired cautiously of Isidore Rose, "that all the legal aspects of the affair have been thoroughly examined?"

"Sound as a nut legally," the lawyer answered briskly.

"The reason I ask," Mr. Childers explained, "is that there might, sometime or other, be a Government investigation. You never can tell nowadays what the Government may feel like investigating. Of course the record should be flawless all round."

"Let 'em investigate until the cows come home," Furbush replied cheerfully. "Long before they get round to investigate we shall have sold our securities and have the money in our pockets. Whatever good they can get out of investigating after that they're welcome to."

It was obvious, from somewhat uneasy looks round the table, that this blunt speech was considered in bad form. Mr. Childers thoughtfully fingered his angular upper lip and remarked:

"Of course the facts in the case are that we directors of the Illinois, Iowa and Pacific Railroad formed ourselves into a syndicate and bought the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad for eight million dollars. We are now about to sell it to our own railroad for twelve million dollars. In a transaction of that sort it is well to know we are keeping within the law."

"I'm not a lawyer," Furbush replied, "but my experience has been that the law is as hospitable to transactions of that sort as any reasonable man could ask. Mr. Rose has looked after the legal details of this transaction and I've no doubt he's got them right."

"Of course, in that case," said Mr. Childers, "there is nothing to do but carry the motion." Which was accordingly done, Mr. Toole not voting.

"Now there is the question of paying for the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad," Furbush resumed. "We must raise twelve million dollars for that purpose. I propose that this road issue fifteen million dollars of bonds and sell them to us at eighty cents on the dollar, which will come to just twelve million dollars."

"An excellent plan," Judge Croomb remarked judicially. "I will make the motion for the bond issue when Mr. Rose presents it in proper legal form."

"It's too much!" Abram Toole exclaimed sullenly. "We ought to be more moderate. We paid eight million dollars for that Missouri and Mississippi road, and we're getting fifteen million dollars in good bonds of this road for it. That's nearly a hundred per cent profit. It's too much."

"I've never yet seen a profit that looked too much to me," Furbush retorted. "If that's your notion of profits I'm glad you don't have anything to say about the financial management of this road."

"The real question," observed Judge Croomb ponderously, "is not what we paid for the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad, but what it is really worth to this road. As a director of this railroad I have no hesitation in saying that, in my judgment, the Missouri and Mississippi is worth much more than fifteen million dollars to it."

Mr. Temple, Mr. Childers and Mr. Runion nodded approvingly.

"It's a bargain for this road at fifteen millions," said the latter.

As though that were settled, Furbush remarked:

"Then there's the question of repairs and renewals. I'm perfectly willing to take Mr. Toole's word for it that the road needs building up. Bridges should be repaired, new culverts built, new rails and ties put down, and so on. We need some new passenger cars. I calculate that we ought to spend four million dollars on improvements. We can't give the public a good, safe service without keeping the road in fine condition. My idea is—in order to avoid complicating our financial affairs any farther than necessary—to make the bond issue twenty million dollars instead of fifteen millions. We will sell the whole issue to ourselves at eighty cents on the dollar. So, in addition to paying for the Missouri and Mississippi, we shall have four million dollars for improvements."

"Nasty Wreck Just Across the River, Mr. Furbush"

"I have drawn up a resolution for a twenty-million-dollar bond issue in due legal form," said Mr. Rose, taking a typewritten paper from his pocket. "If Judge Croomb will now move that the resolution be adopted I will second the motion."

"I do so move," the judge responded ponderously.

Abram Toole sought to pull off a muttonchop whisker; but, without comment, the resolution was adopted.

"I believe that finishes to-day's business," Furbush said cheerfully, "so the board will stand adjourned. But, before we separate, it's understood that we're all pledged to secrecy so far as this bond issue and the purchase of the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad are concerned. Not a word must be said about that outside for the present. Of course," he added, "the declaration of the regular dividend will be published immediately, and that ought to send our stock up several points."

"When do you propose to announce the bond issue and the purchase of the Missouri and Mississippi?" Abram Toole inquired.

"When I and my friends have sold our stock," Furbush answered ruthlessly; at which Judge Croomb softly rubbed his shiny head, which was a manner of purring with him, while Mr. Childers coughed discreetly, and Thomas Runion with a cherubic little smile fingered his paintbrush whisker.

"This strike is keeping our stock down, Furbush," Mr. Childers remarked with a slight frown.

"Well, I believe I can settle the strike," Furbush replied thoughtfully. Without noticing that Abram Toole's mouth opened in a sort of soundless gasp, while a look of horror appeared on his face, Furbush continued: "I'm told this chap, Mouthy Mulligan, really runs the union, and that he's the biggest crook out of jail. I've got a good man working at it now. I believe I can give Mulligan a thundering big bribe and get him to call off the strike. Of course, in order to save his face, the railroad will have to make some pretended concessions to the union that really amount to nothing."

"I'll never do it!" cried Abram Toole. "I'll never consent to it! I'll prevent it!"

Looking across the table in genuine astonishment Furbush saw that the president had his fists doubled in front of him as he rose; his face was black with wrath.

"I've Fought That Gang of Cutthroats for Twenty Years and I'll Fight 'Em Till I Die!"

"I'm a railroad man!" Toole declared passionately. "I've fought that gang of cutthroats for twenty years and I'll fight 'em till I die! I build bridges and they wreck bridges! I hate 'em as a dog hates a cat! I'll never compromise with 'em! I'll never consent that this road's money shall pay bribes and blackmail to 'em."

Astonished and nettled, Furbush retorted bluntly:

"You will carry out the orders of this board or you'll make way for a president who will."

"I won't!" the president shot back defiantly. "You can't make me! There'll be no bribes and compromises with Mouthy Mulligan. I'll blow you up if you try it."

"So you're threatening me, are you?" said Furbush ominously as the two eyed each other across the table.

"Yes; I'm threatening you and I'll make the threat good!" Mr. Toole retorted. Unbearably afflicted and thoroughly roused he went on passionately: "I've kept my mouth shut too long! I've let you bribe me! I've been just a Mouthy Mulligan myself!"

"You've certainly been mouthy enough," Furbush rejoined.

"All right then; I'll be more mouthy!" the president raged on. "It's time somebody got mouthy! I've been a railroad man all my life. I know nearly every railroad man of any prominence in the United States. Some of 'em I've known for many years. Nine-tenths of 'em are men like myself—fellows who work their heads off trying to build up land transportation in this country; to give the best service they know how and earn a fair return on the capital. Nine-tenths of the railroads in this country are honestly run—the finest, most efficient, most economical business in the world! A few chaps like you make all the trouble nowadays. You're a wrecker!"

"Another Mouthy Mulligan, eh?" Furbush laughed cynically.

"Exactly!" Toole declared. "You don't care any more about railroads than Mulligan cares about labor. It's just for the graft you can get out of it. You carried through a smart stock-market coup and got control of this road. Then you got up syndicates of insiders to buy property at one price and sell it to the road at another price—and more syndicates to buy securities from the road at less than they were worth. You've kept up dividends in order to boost the stock, when the money ought to have gone into repairs. Some of the men round this board are honest enough if let alone. You've carried 'em along with you by dangling syndicate profits in front of their eyes. I've taken my share in your inside syndicates—and I ought to be put in jail for it."

"You can give your profits to charity," Furbush suggested.

"Now you want to bribe somebody and end this strike," the president continued, bursting with wrath. "Then you'll pay this other unearned dividend and the stock will go up and you'll unload. When the road is water-logged with stock and bond issues that never should have been put out, and loaded with property like this Missouri and Mississippi, which was bought at twice what it's worth, a receiver will be appointed. You will have sold out your stock then; so your total investment in the road will amount to about ten dollars, and hundreds of innocent investors will be soaked with the stuff you've ground out and unloaded on them!"

"Is that all?" Furbush inquired.

"No; that's not all!" Mr. Toole declared. "Then there'll be a Government investigation that will lay the whole thing bare, and people all over the country will rise up and curse the railroads again. When a good railroad pleads for fair treatment the answer will be: 'Look at Illinois, Iowa and Pacific!' Your skullduggery will be charged up against the whole railroad system.

"It's always that way. Nine square roads come in for a kick because of one crooked road." Glaring across the table the old gentleman added: "I serve notice right now that I won't stand for it! You can't vote a majority of the stock of this road at the next annual election unless the outside stockholders send you their proxies. I'll start a campaign against you. I'll explain to those outside stockholders that you're wrecking their property. I'll get 'em to send their proxies to somebody else."

"You're at liberty to try that if you like," Furbush rejoined coolly. "It would oblige me to point out that you've had your shares in the syndicates you object to, and that you're such a cross-grained, evil-tempered old sorehead that nobody can get along with you. And you can rest assured that the little stockholder will keep right on sending his proxy to the management up to the minute a receiver steps in. He always does. Signing the official proxy is automatic with him."

"We'll see!" said the president defiantly.

In a painful silence Furbush deliberately lit another cigarette; then he remarked:

"If you are going to fight your board of directors I suppose you'll wish to resign the presidency?"

There was another painful silence as Mr. Toole pulled at a muttonchop whisker, using his thumb and bent forefinger as a sort of forceps.

"It seems," remarked Judge Croomb with mild solemnity, "that our good friend Toole objects especially to any settlement of this strike. He seems to have—er—a strong prejudice against the leaders of the strike; and I dare say he's right about that. It occurs to me that this affair of the strike really belongs to his department—the operating department—and I'm sure the members of the board wouldn't wish—er—to take any action in his department without the fullest consultation with him."

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Childers with a friendly little nod down the table toward the inflamed president. "Certainly we place the highest value on his judgment in everything pertaining to the operating department. I know I should hesitate a long time before acting against his judgment in anything relating to operation. If he is very decidedly of the opinion that no settlement of the strike should be made, that ought to have great weight with us."

Isidore Rose smiled amiably and observed in his soft voice:

"I might suggest that Mr. Furbush's remark about settling the strike was only a bit of casual conversation after the meeting had really adjourned. Probably Mr. Toole attached too much importance to it."

Embarrassed and rather baffled by this courteous consideration, the president replied in a half-mollified and half-resentful tone:

"I certainly do object to any settlement of the strike."

"That settles the question, so far as I'm concerned," said Thomas Runion cheerfully. "I'm certainly in favor of leaving that matter to the president. All the same," he added with a frank laugh at Mr. Toole, "I think the president takes too gloomy a view of some other matters."

Smiling and benignantly wagging his bald head, Judge Croomb repeated:

"Too gloomy a view! This is the day of railroad expansion. The small isolated road can no longer command the financial consideration that is necessary to a sound and growing condition. We have expanded the Illinois, Iowa and Pacific to more than twice its former size. I stake my judgment that five years from now Toole will approve what we have done."

"I don't know much about what financial consideration a railroad needs," Toole grumbled; "but this expanding has been done at a fearful cost."

"Broad views and faith in the future development of the country are necessary," the judge replied oracularly.

Isidore Rose looked at his watch and said: "Quarter to four. I must be going."

The others rose with him and filed out of the room except Furbush and Judge Croomb.

"Toole came pretty near kicking over the traces that time," said the judge rather anxiously when they were alone.

"Crotchety old ass!" Furbush replied absently. "I suppose I'm foolish to let him annoy me. He's stuck on his job, you know. It would break his heart to give up the presidency of the road he's worked for for forty years, beginning as a brakeman. We've always got that to hold over him. Then a proper amount of flattery and some nibblings at the syndicate profits will keep him in line."

"He might fly over and appeal to the outside stockholders," the judge suggested.

"We'd beat him if he did," Furbush asserted. "Outside stockholders will always give their proxies to the management—right up to the day before a receiver is appointed."

"Still, our syndicates have cut pretty deep. It might be inconvenient if he got all that into the newspapers," said the judge.

"Well, I don't know about that either," Furbush observed thoughtfully. "I've never found a bad reputation any particular handicap. I've done a lot of tolerably raw things—as raw as anybody has done, I guess—and everybody knows it; but that doesn't handicap me when I want to do another raw thing. Jay Gould had a rotten reputation for years, but it wasn't any disadvantage to him. Maybe it's an advantage.

"If a man's going to back you up in a financial deal all he wants to know is whether you will make him a good profit. If you have a reputation for using a jimmy whenever that's necessary to make a profit, why, it's all the more likely that you'll get the profit; and that's all that counts.

"Go out to the first man on the street and say: 'This fellow Furbush is a horrible crook. He's bound to make money and he won't stop at highway robbery to do it.' Your man on the street will say: 'Well, in that case I guess I'll take a chance on Furbush's game. It looks like a sure winner.' That's what got me my following here."

"Well, I don't know but there's something in that," the judge observed reflectively.

"Sure!" said Furbush. "It's Mouthy Mulligan over again. His followers stick to him because they think he's making money for them."

"I wish we could have settled that strike," the judge remarked regretfully. "It would have given us a better market on which to sell our stock."

"Yes," said Furbush; "but probably we can afford to let Toole have that one small point. We need him for a while. His reputation will be a help to us when the Government gets round to investigate."

"You think there will be a Government investigation?" the judge asked a bit nervously.

"Probably," Furbush replied indifferently. "The road's getting pretty top-heavy and wabbly. If it goes broke there'll be a great roar and no doubt the Government will investigate. That's the usual thing—to investigate long after it's too late to do any good. The recipe for wrecking a railroad," he continued reflectively, "is so simple and well known that a child could operate it.

"Away back in the days of Erie—fifty years ago—it was brought to perfection. It has been applied a dozen times since then, and investigated and explained and denounced a hundred times. The essential thing is that the fellows in control of the road have a free hand to grind out all the securities they please for any purpose they like, and to dispose of them as they see fit. There isn't a line on the statute book to prevent us from doing that right now."

"Well, that's so as to most states," the judge replied. "Still, they are drawing the lines tighter all the time."

"Yes," said Furbush, "it's getting more difficult for an honestly run railroad to make a fair return on the capital invested in it; but recent railroad history doesn't indicate that it's getting any more difficult to run a railroad so as to make an unfair profit for the insiders. I should hesitate a long while before buying any railroad for the purpose of running it on the square; but I shouldn't hesitate at all about buying any railroad I could get my hands on for the purpose of looting it."

The judge pondered that a moment and replied:

"It does make it sort of rough on the roads that are run honestly."

"Sure!" Furbush assented cheerfully. "They pay the shot. Every time a little case like ours comes to light the public damns railroads in general and demands a tighter halter for 'em. Possibly the time will come when the railroads themselves will get together and step on little enterprises like ours—and when labor unions will drive out Mouthy Mulligans. The roads could do it. No gambling, looting management could stand up against their inside, expert criticism.

"Plenty of railroad men know we're just gambling with this road with stacked cards. They shrug their shoulders and say, 'That's no affair of ours.' When this road fails scandalously the public beats them over the head. Of course the railroads say the antitrust laws forbid them to organize effectively, and there's something in that. All the same, they do organize to ask for higher freight rates and for other purposes. If they would organize as effectively for the purpose of criticizing railroad abuses—well, probably I'd turn my attention to some other field."

"Well," the judge began deliberately.

But he was interrupted by the entrance of a young man from the president's office.

"Nasty wreck just across the river, Mr. Furbush," said the young man. "An old culvert gave way. Eight passengers killed."

"Eight!" Furbush commented thoughtfully after the young man, having answered a couple of questions, had withdrawn. "I don't believe the stock will drop much if there were only eight. By the way," he added, "I have consented to become a director of the Consolidated National Bank. The bank is anxious to get me in because it wants a little bigger slice of this road's deposits and underwritings. There it is, you see. I can make money. Because I make money I can command money. Because I can command money I'm urged to take a seat right up at the head of the table with the best of them.

"The mere fact that I'm a gambler and a robber, and everybody knows it, doesn't count. Some day, maybe, Big Business will clean its own house and thereby save itself from a crew of political volunteers who slop dirty water all over the wall paper and break the best furniture."

Treating the Teeth

ONE of the discoveries of science in 1914 promises to save mankind in the future from an enormous amount of pain—the toothache of pyorrhea. This disease of the roots of the teeth is very common in one degree or another and vast numbers of people feel its pain, eventually losing their teeth from its development. The cause of it has now been discovered, and with the discovery comes a hopeful line of treatment.

Some American scientists who specialize in experimental medicine have found that the disease is accompanied by a tiny microörganism called an amœba, already familiar to biologists. It was already known that the drug emetine is a deadly enemy of amœbæ; so the conclusion was that emetine should be used to cure pyorrhea.

Trials of the new treatment were so encouraging that the story was announced to doctors and dentists, and the idea is being put to practical use. Like all new treatments it must go through a course of trials in everyday practice before it can be accepted as the long-sought cure; but it has the promise of being successful.

The discoverers go a step farther and suggest that another form of the drug be used in brushing the teeth, in order to attack constantly any of the stray amœbæ; and if the treatment is the cure promised it is quite likely that some such drug will be incorporated into tooth pastes and thus come into universal use.

Automatic Policemen

AN AUTOMATIC traffic policeman, which picks itself up every time it is knocked down by a careless driver, is one of the latest of the many inventions to control vehicular traffic on crowded city streets. It is a metal cylinder about four feet high, which is placed in the roadway at the middle of the intersection of two streets, and is intended to warn drivers against the dangerous practice of cutting across from one street to another instead of making a safe turn at right angles.

The automatic policeman is attached to a spring hidden in a deep hole in the pavement. If the wheel of a passing motor truck strikes the sign and knocks it down the spring goes to work and pulls the policeman up to a standing position again, like the toy figure that cannot be made to lie down. Thirty of these are in use in a Massachusetts city.

Another odd automatic policeman is in service in San Francisco. High in the air at the intersection of two streets and suspended by wires from corner buildings, is an arrow bearing the word Stop!

This arrow can be turned to stop the traffic on one street, and then turned to stop it on the cross street, by the manipulation of buttons from a convenient post at the street curb.

Each time the arrow moves, a bell above it rings once or twice, in accordance with the usual whistle signals for traffic; but in case of a fire, with the prospect that fire apparatus will soon be along, the arrow begins to whirl round and the bell rings continuously, to signify that all traffic on both streets must be stopped.

The Voice of Authority

"You should never be without Listerine. It is a *safe* antiseptic. I use and recommend it constantly because I've been taught its value and know its merits."—*The Trained Nurse.*

"After brushing my teeth I always rinse my mouth with Listerine."

"I use Listerine after every shave. It relieves the itch and sting."

"Daddy just loves his Listerine head-rub. It takes out the tiredness"

THE introduction of antiseptic surgery thirty-six years ago was soon followed by a world-wide demand for a safe antiseptic for general use. This demand resulted in the creation of

LISTERINE

For thirty-three years Listerine has been used and prescribed by physicians, surgeons, and dentists everywhere. It is used daily in the leading hospitals throughout the world.

Ask your doctor—"What is the best and safest antiseptic for me to use in my home?" and ask him what he thinks of Listerine as a safe, yet powerful antiseptic.

Your physician will most assuredly tell you that Listerine has never been surpassed as a safe domestic antiseptic for both internal and external use.

In the homes of wealthy and cultured people you'll find a bottle of Listerine. The traveling salesman finds it a welcome part of his toilet equipment. It is a reliable "first aid" in mills and factories.

Listerine is an economical antiseptic. It may be diluted with several times its volume in water and still be strong and efficient.

There is no secret about Listerine except the process of making it. The formula is printed on the label. It contains no potash, alkalines or other substances that cause a harmful reaction on the natural secretions of the body.

Get a bottle of Listerine today. It is invaluable as a mouth wash and as a first aid in case of accidents. The circular around the bottle explains its many uses.

Demand the Genuine Listerine, in original bottles. All druggists sell it.

Four Sizes—15c—25c—50c—$1.00

Made and Owned in America

Lambert Pharmacal Company

Laboratories:

Saint Louis Toronto

"For incipient sore throat and hoarseness a Listerine gargle affords prompt relief."

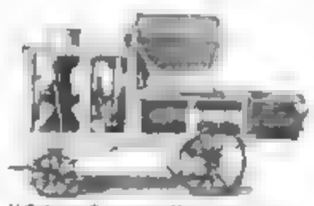
"Little accidents don't worry me. Listerine prevents infection."

"Yes, dear, I always sponge baby with diluted Listerine after his bath."

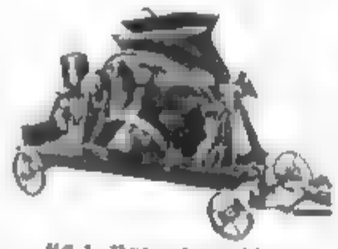
The Greatest Endorsement Ever Given Any Gas Engine

These Concrete Mixers are all Run by Novo Engines

"The STANDARD," Manufactured by The Standard Stone & Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



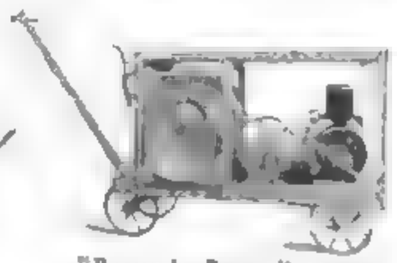
"Coltrin Concrete," Manufactured by Knickerbocker Co., Jackson, Mich.



"Cube," Manufactured by Municipal Engineering & Contracting Co., Chicago, Ill.

"Milwaukee," Manufactured by Milwaukee Concrete Mixer Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Sterling," Manufactured by Sterling Machinery Co., Inc., La Crescent, Minn.



"Ransome's Bantam," Manufactured by Ransome Concrete Machinery Co., Dunellen, N. J.

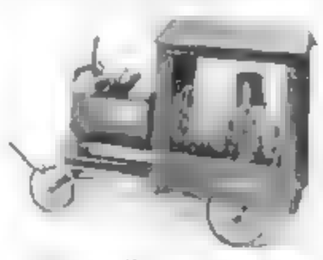
"Anderson Rotary," Manufactured by W. H. Anderson Tool & Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

"Low Down," Manufactured by Elite Manufacturing Co., Ashland, Ohio

"Smith Chicago," Manufactured by The T. L. Smith Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

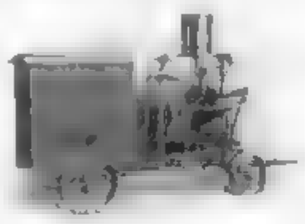
"Chain Belt," *"The Mixer with the Burge,"* Manufactured by Chain Belt Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

"The New Way," Manufactured by E. Wege Concrete Machinery Co., La Crosse, Wis.

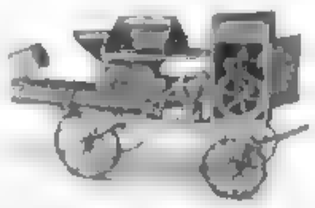


"Blystone," Manufactured by Blystone Manufacturing Co., Cambridge Springs, Pa.

"Wonder 'Ten' Paver," Manufactured by Waterloo Concrete Machinery Corp., Waterloo, Iowa

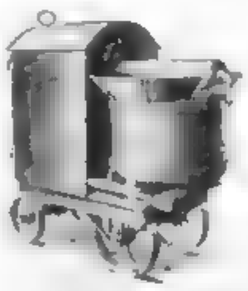


"Northwestern," Manufactured by Northwestern Steel & Iron Works, Eau Claire, Wis.

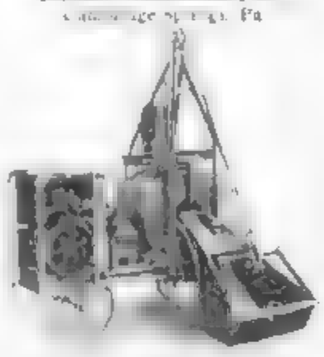


"U. S. Standard, Jr., Portable," Manufactured by U. S. Standard Manufacturing Co., Ashland, O., U. S. A.

"The Kent," Manufactured by The Kent Machine Co., Kent, Ohio



"Mandi Mortar-Plaster,"



"Light Weight—BOSS—Steel King" Manufactured by The American Cement Machine Co., Inc., Keokuk, Iowa

"Oshkosh" Manufactured by Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.

NO TANK
NO FAN
NO FREEZING
TROUBLE

NOVO ENGINES and OUTFITS

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Ideal Cincinnatus Batch" Manufactured by Ideal Concrete Machinery Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Engine that Runs 80% of the Concrete Mixers is the Engine for You

Twenty of the largest mixer manufacturers, after putting it to the test, have independently come to this conclusion: that the Novo is the gas engine, out of hundreds of different makes, which can be relied on to run a concrete mixer most efficiently. Novo is rapidly taking the place of steam and electricity on all contracting work such as pumping, air compressing, hoisting, etc.

This is significant, for contracting work is the hardest conceivable test of power.

Manufacturers of concrete mixers and pumps are nearly all very large concerns—some of them larger than ourselves. We had no possible way of *making* them select Novos in preference to steam or to other gas engines. There was no price inducement—in fact Novos cost more than other engines. In each case Novo was finally selected after exhaustive tests and trials had demonstrated Novo superiority—had demonstrated that a Novo *would* stand up to the most gruelling work.

Look at it from another slant: A manufacturer of concrete mixers must stake his reputation, not only on the mixer, but also on the performance of the engine which is added to the outfit at his factory, but which he does not make. It is a foregone conclusion, then, that he will study and test the engine far more thoroughly than would almost any other type of engine buyer. Makers of gas engines know that if they can satisfy the requirements of concrete mixer manufacturers, they can satisfy anyone.

We hardly have room to tell you in technical language wherein lies the superiority of Novo Engines. Putting it broadly, the Novo is of good design, every ounce of metal in it is the best suited for the purpose and of the highest possible quality, and the workmanship has never been excelled on an engine of this kind. Working parts have been reduced to final simplicity.

There is practically nothing that can get out of order. The Novo will run in any weather. Freezing will not affect it—rain is the same as sunshine to the Novo.

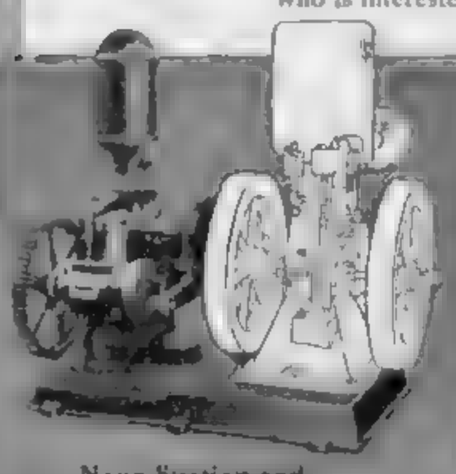
The Novo is better than steam, for licensed firemen and engineers are not needed and a contractor is free of the bother of keeping several types of boilers to conform with different state and city regulations.

Novo Outfits include every kind of a Power Pump, Hoists, Air Compressors, Spraying Outfits, Pumps for Vacuum Cleaners, Saw Rigs—over fifty different outfits in all all of them portable. A new outfit is our Estate and Village Fire Pump. A small air compressor for garages is also new.

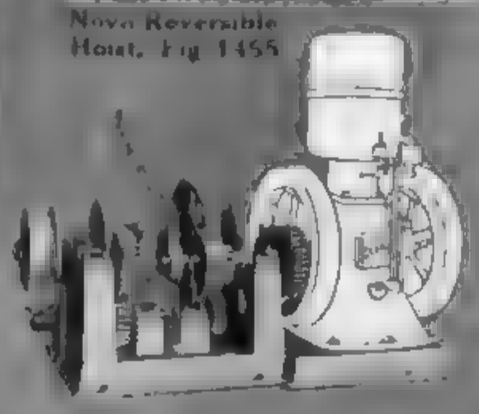
We publish an interesting book, entitled **"Reliable Power,"** which shows a contractor or any other employer a lot of ways to cut down costs by substituting Novo Power for labor. This book justifies our slogan, "Bid Low, and put Novo on the Payroll." The book is free to anyone who is interested. Please write on your business letterhead.

NOVO ENGINE CO. CLARENCE E. BEMENT Secretary and Manager **472 Willow St., Lansing, Mich.**
or Station A, San Jose, Cal.

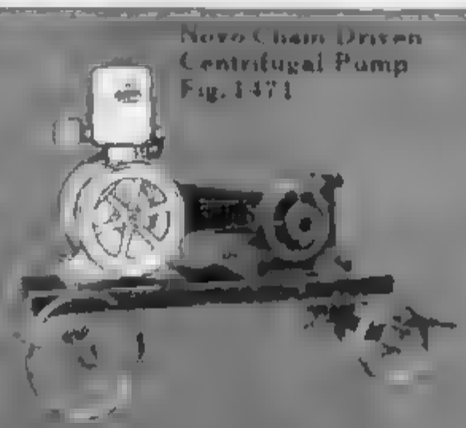
Novo Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol or distillate



Novo Suction and Force Pump Fig. 1401

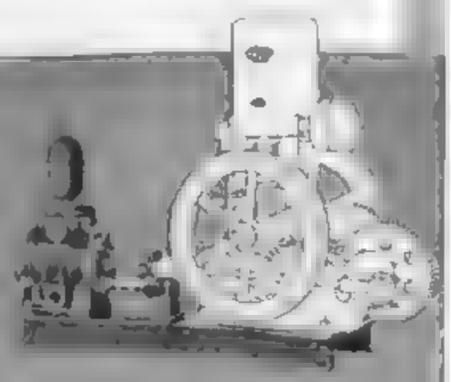


Novo Reversible Hoist, Fig. 1455



Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pump Fig. 1471

Novo Trench Pump Outfit Fig. 1457



Type "U" Pump Fig. 14139

Five of the Seventy-five Varieties of Novo Outfits

A NATION ON THE WATER WAGON

(Continued from Page 5)

manufactured within its confines, except in limited amounts and with low percentages of alcohol. Meantime the country not only manufactures no alcohol but would seem to contain none. A little very bad and very expensive wine is served in one or two of the leading hotels of Petrograd, but not elsewhere. And the people are happy.

When the head of the army gave the tip to the Czar he no doubt remembered the mobilization for the Japanese War. The soldiers then were carried, dead with intoxication, to the trains. When they came to stations those who could walk tore wildly out of the coaches for the saloons, and if barkeepers refused to sell they broke bottles over their heads. In terror the drilled troops in charge of recruits telegraphed ahead to stations to have two hundred or more soldiers on hand when the train went through. Even under such surveillance the men sometimes broke open the doors of the trains and tore up the railroad stations. Several commanders in one quarter were terrified at getting three hundred men without convoy, and all drunk.

An article was printed recently in a paper called The Voice of Moscow which stated: "The reservists searched every man as he entered the barracks. All had vodka. The searchers always threw it into the street. In one peasant's rags eleven bottles were found. His eyes ran with tears when he saw them broken. The heap of shattered glass grew. A dirty stream of vodka flowed through the courtyard. Many threw themselves on their knees and, in spite of the dirt, tried to drink from the pools. They were kicked back. Three truckloads of broken glass were transported."

There is nothing in the present mobilization to remind one of that disgraceful scene. Men in the cleanest and newest of long tan coats walk erect and in sturdy lines. As you pass them on the pavements they scan you with a childlike gaze, alert with intelligent wonder. They know where they are going and what they are going for—that is to say, they are aware that they are to fight, and they have their private notions as to the end for which they are dying. They are so perfectly sober that they can realize I am of a different race, and they put out one glance that is like a momentary gangplank, bridging for an instant the space and the eternity that flows between them and me.

Count Witte's Motives Questioned

However, we have not yet explained why the former Prime Minister opposed the abolition of vodka nor why Count Witte is understood to have worked for its defeat.

The subject strikes well down into the structural framework of the empire. The government not only owned the industry but from it derived a third of its yearly budget. One billion rubles was the annual income of Russia from the sale of intoxicating drink. The former Prime Minister thought the nation would go into bankruptcy if cut off from such a sum.

As for Count Witte, he was the man under whom the government took control of its liquor business. Before that it had been in private hands. He placed the nation on a firm financial basis and standardized the ruble. Now that he is no longer in power some have accused him of being unwilling to see the country prosper by the work of his brain.

The director of one of the biggest banks in the world told me that the ruble owed its consistent standard value to the vodka industry. At present it is depreciated, not because all sales of intoxicants have been stopped, but on account of the "accidental fact"—to quote the same informant—"that the market was caught short of foreign remittances when the war began, with heavy engagements, all in the same direction. Several banks had, as usual in the late spring, sold bills of exchange on London, Paris and Berlin, for maturity in the autumn, in anticipation of the sale abroad of cereals, which constitute the main exports of the country. Before the crops could be moved and the grain exported the war broke out, the Dardanelles was closed, and, since the goods were bottled up in Russia, the bills of exchange were inoperative."

At any rate the sale of vodka has been stopped, and the man who stabilized the monetary unit at an almost unwavering value of approximately half a dollar has recently, from his private retreat, watched the ruble decline to thirty-three cents.

The government did not originally take over the industry because of the revenue to be gained thereby. It assumed charge of the business to insure a purer product and to restrict drinking somewhat. The disgrace of the Japanese War rankled in the hearts of the bureaucracy. When the nation assumed control it, at the same time, started a temperance society. Some merely shook their heads and said: "The Russian Empire may know its own purposes, but nobody else can fathom them." To control a liquor business with one hand and a temperance society with the other did not seem logical to the onlooking nations. They put the Prince of Oldenburg, uncle of the Czar and one of the accomplished gentlemen of the Empire, at the head of the prohibition movement. All other signs failing, the society and its director would seem to constitute a pledge that they did not intend to press the liquor traffic.

How to Open a Vodka Bottle

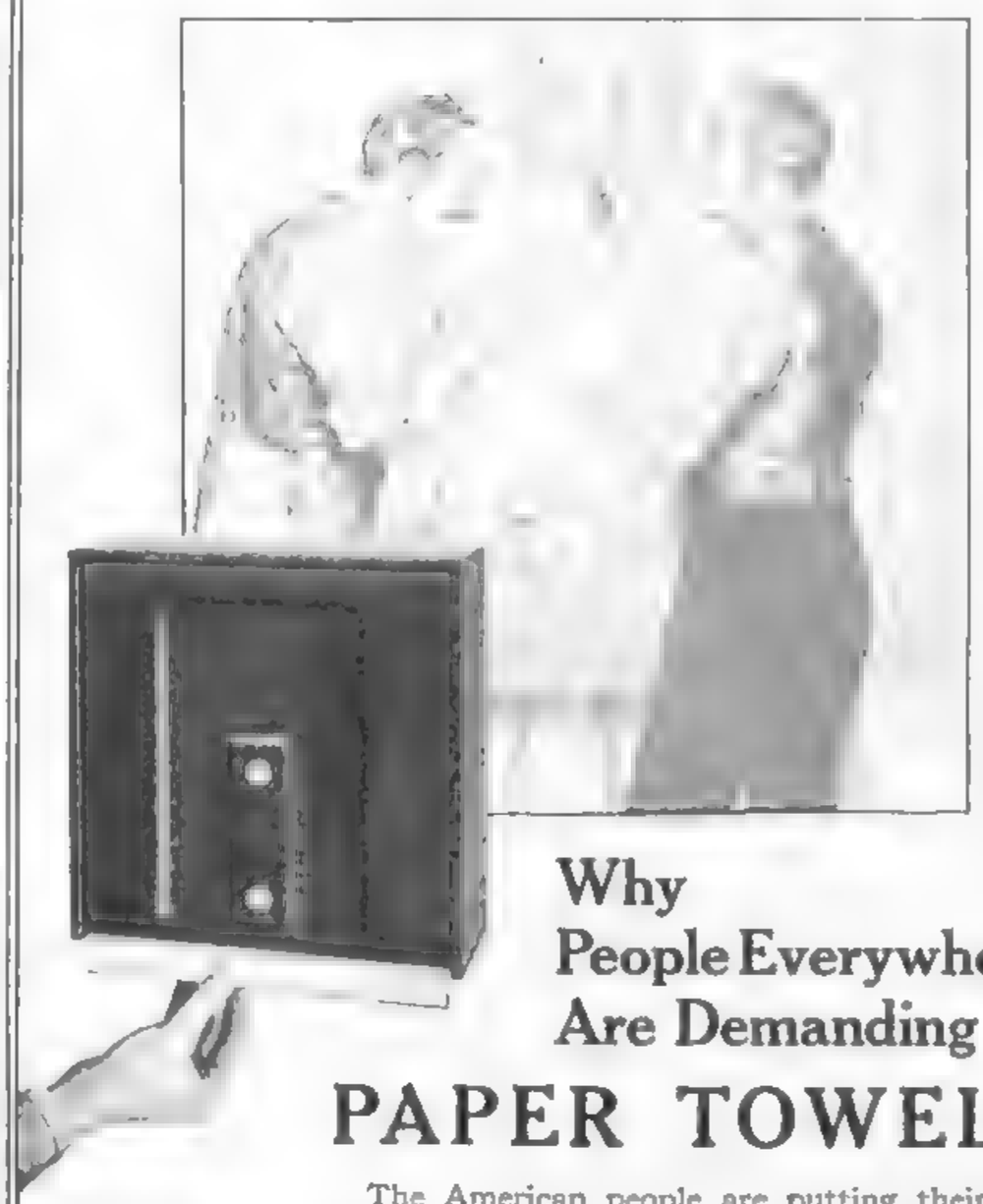
The authorities established small shops in all the villages and cities of the country and they made rules governing the sales. One could buy only for cash. Formerly peasants had pledged their crops to the private merchants. They had passed their boots over the counter. They had promised that their wives and daughters would do menial work for the tradesman if he would only supply them immediately with vodka. The government made the further rule that nobody should drink inside the shop. It put up vodka in small bottles, which it sold for fifteen kopecks each; and it refunded two kopecks on every empty bottle.

One of the sights of Petrograd at the noon hour was to see workmen take their turns in front of the small government vodka shops. Each had his fifteen kopecks firmly pressed in the palm of his right hand. In turn he passed it over the counter, took his slender bottle of the white fluid and walked outside. Not very far out, however! Once past the door he stopped and knocked the bottom of the bottle lightly against a corner of the wooden building; whereupon the jar exploded the slight amount of gas inside and the thin wax seal flew off. Then he closed his mouth on the long neck of the bottle, threw back his head, and let the fluid stream down his throat. Every government shop bears unmistakable evidence of its sales in the millions of dents on its sides.

The government made no restriction as to the number of treats with which the workman might favor himself, and I gave the wrong impression if I have led anyone to believe that he limited the exercise to the luncheon period. All day long citizens of the cities and the country shadowed the doors of the Czar's vodka shops. The government had meant to restrict drinking; but human nature, which underlies all things created by human brains, got the better of it. Every sale meant thirteen kopecks toward defraying the expenses of the government. The time came when, if sales lagged in one of the stores, an official note was dispatched to the man who had charge of it, asking that he take care to bring them up.

As against this activity the temperance society began issuing primers and pamphlets, illustrated with the most distressing of scenes from the lives of habitual drunkards. They depicted men roughly handled by the police; men freezing in the streets; men hanging themselves when out of their heads from the use of vodka. Members of the Duma began to agitate against the terrible menace to the empire; but their words and the pathetic little tracts of the society were unequally pitted against so great an engine as the bureaucracy.

In one particular—and one only—the government succeeded in maintaining its strict integrity: It kept the spirits uniformly pure. Under private ownership the liquor ran up to high percentages of alcohol and at times contained drugs. Though the government produced two grades of vodka, the product never varied from the fixed standard of forty per cent alcohol. Individuals owned the distilleries in which they made crude spirits from maize and potatoes, but they were allowed to sell only to the government, and the government itself did all the refining under strict inspection.



This holder provides for a free or a coin delivery of Absorbent ScotTissue Towels, folded ready for use.

Through data collected from numerous Railroads, Steamship Lines, Individual Plants, Offices, Hotels, etc., etc., our Service Department is prepared to offer advice as to the most efficient and economical use of paper towels and toilet paper.

For home use.

Why People Everywhere Are Demanding

PAPER TOWELS

The American people are putting their signatures to the death warrant of the old fabric towel in big numbers. The old unsightly relic must go; the chances of infection are too menacing and the "thing" is repulsive to people of clean habits.

The absorbent paper towel is the only safeguard, for it furnishes a towel for individual use and removes all of the objections of the dangerous fabric towel. The standard qualities of a paper towel are all embodied in

ABSORBENT

ScotTissue Towels

"USE LIKE A BLOTTER"

They are remarkably absorbent, exceedingly soft, linen-like, and snowy white. To derive the full towel benefits and better appreciate the value of Absorbent ScotTissue Towels you must know the right way to use them.

If using from the roll, tear off one towel and fold it once. This will give you ample drying surface and one Absorbent ScotTissue folded thus will leave your hands perfectly dry.

We have just patented a new holder which automatically delivers one Absorbent ScotTissue at a time, already folded and ready for use. Free or coin delivery, as desired.

Absorbent ScotTissue should be in every kitchen—aside from its purpose as a towel there are no end of other uses—for cleaning windows, cut glass, mirrors, silverware, piano keys; for absorbing grease from fried foods or absorbing spilt liquids, etc. A trial will convince every woman of the usefulness of Absorbent ScotTissue Towels in the home.

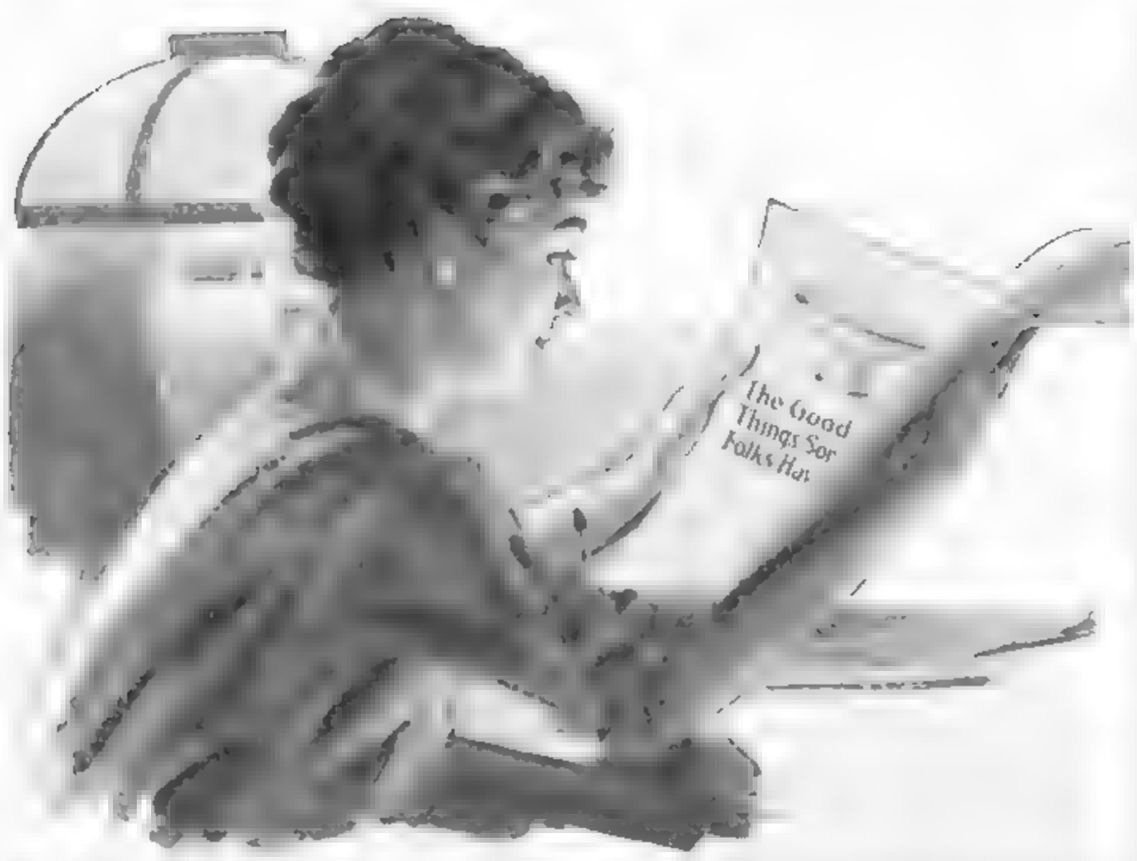
WHICH BOOKLET INTERESTS YOU?

For the buyer for large institutions.	"WHY YOU SHOULD INSTALL SCOTTISSUE TOWELS." Free on request.
For the person who uses towels away from home.	"WHY YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE SCOTTISSUE TOWELS AT WORK." Free on request.
For housewives.	"USES OF SCOTTISSUE IN THE HOME." Also free on request.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

723 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel



This Story Told A Billion Times

Here is a story we have told a billion times in publications like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night, revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

The Premier Food Delights

Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach these stand unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Up to the hour of mobilization that constituted the salve with which it soothed its conscience. The Czar was discontented and complained to his ministers. They replied:

"We are in the business now and we cannot get out. We are a rich nation. Never do we fail to redeem our paper. If we give up the sale of vodka we are lost."

The Czar answered, and his reply has been quoted:

"If the nation can be rich only by the poverty of my people then I should prefer that the nation should be poor."

He had not given up—the Czar never gives up; but his moment might have been a long while in coming, except for Emperor William. These two monarchs, between them, have executed a coup that might almost seem to constitute some compensation for the war. At any rate, it is the nearest approach to one that has yet glimmered through the nightlike gloom of battle. If men die that others may live sanely then they do not die for nothing.

If the slaughter of millions in this century shall result in living conditions that will save millions in the centuries to come; if the death of living, breathing men is the only thing that can bring about legislation for the salvation of men who shall one day live and breathe: if the finite mind is so limited that only catastrophe can knock it into right thinking—then perhaps war is necessary.

The temperance wave swept into France also, and the sale of absinth has been prohibited since the first days of the mobilization. England is restricting the sale of drink, and it is said that the darkening of the streets at night is partly with the idea of discouraging intoxication. Russia, entirely sober for the first time in her national existence, stands up bright and buoyant, with a new hope and a new joy. She has no regrets and no problems.

Even the Minister of Finance, His Excellency Mr. Bark, says she has not, as he stands smiling with optimism in the capital of his emancipated country and faces the situation of raising—to replace the revenue from vodka—the modest sum of a thousand million rubles a year.

WHAT NEXT?

Dried Vegetables

SLICED or cut vegetables dried by special processes, so that they will keep for long periods in various climates and also be economical to transport, are now being manufactured; and the United States Army is trying out quantities of them in the hope that they will solve the problem of furnishing good vegetables at reasonable rates to the troops at distant posts.

The process is called dehydrating, meaning that the water in the vegetables is removed. Before cooking, the vegetables are soaked in water until they take up as much moisture as they had when fresh. The soldiers have not objected to dehydrated potatoes and onions, and soldiers in practical campaigning have always been found to be quick and keen critics of new food schemes. For one thing, these prepared vegetables look almost exactly like fresh vegetables after the cook has fixed them up, and the taste has not been found to be materially changed.

Potatoes and onions are the favorite vegetables of commissary officers, and so the army tests have been on those; but dehydrated carrots, corn, beets, tomatoes and turnips are also available. Several processes, each either patented or secret, have been developed to extract the water from the vegetables without injuring the texture or framework of the sliced goods.

Large amounts of water are taken from all the vegetables. One pound of dehydrated potatoes represents six and a half pounds of fresh potatoes, and an equal amount when prepared for cooking, and one pound of dehydrated onions represents twelve pounds of fresh onions. Consequently dehydrating is not only valuable by making it possible to keep the food but helps greatly in the transportation problem. Great quantities of canned vegetables were used in the Spanish War in spite of transportation troubles, and the new idea should be of immense value in another campaign.

Attempts have been made to serve the troops with some form of dried vegetables, but in the past a desiccated form was tried. Desiccated vegetables are fresh vegetables dried and powdered, and perhaps partly cooked. Such vegetables keep and are easy to transport; but trouble comes in getting men to eat them.

In the Philippines desiccated vegetables were served to the soldiers, but they would not eat the mush, because it did not look or taste like the real thing. The new system, which delivers the prepared foods sliced or cut in fairly large pieces, overcomes the objection.

Getting to the Fire

FIRE departments in several large cities have been equipped recently with outfits to enable the firemen to get through steel-barred windows and iron fire doors with a delay of only a few seconds. Locked fire doors, with no key available, or barred windows often prevent a fire company from getting at the critical part of a spreading fire.

The cutting outfit is the now well-known oxyacetylene apparatus—streams of oxygen and acetylene from tanks being united to develop a very great heat, sufficient to melt steel as a knife cuts cheese. The whole outfit weighs slightly over one hundred pounds, so that firemen can carry it into a building for quick use.

In practice firemen have cut through twenty heavy steel bars on a window in less than a minute, cut off the half-inch steel hinges of a fire door in twenty-four seconds, and cut completely round the lock of a heavy door in thirty-six seconds.

Hot Doors

DOOR heaters, to heat by electricity any air that may creep into the house under the door, have appeared abroad. One looks like a length of iron pipe, which is attached to the lower edge of the door so that it will barely clear the floor. Common electric heating apparatus is inside the pipe, and sufficient heat is manufactured to take the sting from the draft under the door.

Wires run from the heater, either by way of the door hinges or by a protected cable, to the nearest socket, from which electricity may be taken. An automatic switch cuts off the current whenever the door is opened and starts it again when the door is closed. The door heaters unfortunately consume a great deal of current.

Falling East

BECAUSE the earth whirls so fast, rocks dropped into the very deep shafts of Michigan copper mines disappear on the way down. At some of the shafts, which are nearly a mile deep in a straight drop, it is the general belief that a load of broken stone can be dumped into the hole at the top without causing any injury to a man standing at the bottom.

On account of the motion of the earth a rock will not fall perfectly straight, but will bear to the east, lodging in the timber lining or perhaps bounding from wall to wall until it is broken up or caught by some projection.

A group of experimenters from the Michigan College of Mines has verified this by careful tests with steel balls. One ball was hung by a thread over the hole, about four feet from the east side, and the thread burned. A clay box had been placed at the bottom of the shaft to catch the ball, but it never appeared. Another ball was then dropped, by the same method, a little farther away from the east edge, and this ball, also, did not get to the bottom. Careful search located the first ball imbedded in the timbers eight hundred feet down, but the second ball never has been found.

As the earth revolves the surface is moving eastward at a rate which varies with the latitude. Down in the earth the rate is not so fast, on the same principle that a point on the tire of a wheel revolves faster than one on a spoke. Consequently at the distance of a mile below the surface the speed rate is less than at the surface. The falling ball, however, continues to move toward the east at the same velocity it had on the earth's surface.

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Sold by Department Stores, Furniture Stores and Electrical Specialty Shops, everywhere. We will be glad to give you the name of your nearest dealer if you will write to us.

For thoroughly cleaning draperies, mattresses, upholstering, clothes, walls, radiators, etc., we have special attachments, per set, $7.50.

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Just as soon as you smoke a pack of CAMELS you realize why we have been so certain of their absolute success.

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If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with Camels, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

Cigarettes

The Easy Money of Summer Baseball—By Caspar Whitney

THE average guest at a summer resort who finds in the hotel baseball games a pleasant addition to the holiday diversion, probably little realizes what the practice of summer baseball is threatening to do to the standards of amateur sport throughout the country. In my first article I told of a circular letter that I sent to a number of distinguished educators, asking them whether they did not think that the growing tendency to countenance boys' playing for money, which is the direct result of summer baseball, is a serious menace to the wholesomeness of college athletics. The answers from which I quoted in that article all expressed in most unqualified terms the opinion that college baseball should at any price be kept free from the taint of professionalism that summer baseball brings to it. I shall now quote from the only three letters that I received in which the writers countenanced this class of paid athletics.

President Butler, of Columbia University, says:

I can see no possible objection to a student of Columbia University playing baseball for money during his vacation if he wishes to do so, rather than to give private lessons or to serve as a waiter in a hotel. The question of his eligibility to participate thereafter in intercollegiate sport as a representative of Columbia is one to be settled on the basis of his academic standing and his performance as a student. If he is a bona fide student in thoroughly good standing, why should he not be permitted to help pay his expenses in any honorable way that he may choose?

Doctor Butler says that he sees no reason why a student may not "be permitted to help pay his expenses in any honorable way he may choose." Nor does anyone else see good reason for so denying him. But summer baseball, as I shall endeavor to prove, is not an honorable way; but rather a means of earning money under false pretenses. The boys who play summer baseball would not be paid by the hotel and resort managers if they were professionals; they would not be wanted on hotel teams were it known they received pay for their baseball exhibitions. They are given their wage because among the guests of the summer colony they pass as amateurs—and yet they are not amateurs. That is their asset; they know it and so do the managers.

Keeping Sport Healthy

President Faunce, of Brown University, says:

Some years ago I reluctantly indorsed the proposal to experiment at Brown by allowing summer ball. I did this because after long investigation I had become convinced that of two evils the American college must choose the least, and that no evil could possibly be greater than the evasion and deception that had become almost universal in our colleges. At the end of these years I am compelled to say that we have not discovered evil results, while we certainly have made real gain in candor, in loyalty to enforceable rules, in manliness of attitude and temper.

The fact is that college rules are useless when they run counter to the moral sense of students. The great majority of college students and college teachers in America to-day believe that the amateur principle, while technically defensible, issues in palpable injustice and therefore in fraud. The only way to remove the fraud is to remove the injustice. I have never met a college athlete who believed that the players on an opposing team were all amateurs. Many an athlete will affirm that his own team is Simon-pure; seldom or never does he affirm or admit that of his opponents. The practical result of the rules has been, and is, widely diffused suspicion, persistent evasion, steady compromise with conscience. The American conscience has grown more and more sensitive in business, but more and more indifferent to rules of eligibility as interpreted by a former generation.

The tax laws of Rhode Island have recently been revised, because their palpable ingenuity had produced much tax dodging. The new laws have so appealed to the sense of justice in the average citizen that the result has been at the same time a great increase in assessable property and a toning up of the public conscience. Is there not an analogy? Athletic sports have often been a school of deception; they must be made a school of truth and honor. If we gain truthfulness in play we can afford to sacrifice much else. But the sacrifice will be small so long as only bona fide students, tested by rigid faculty examinations, are allowed to compete. The men whom the faculty deem worthy of the college diploma, worthy of Phi Beta Kappa, worthy of all prizes, worthy of all the social and intellectual honors the college can bestow, cannot much longer be deemed unworthy to play ball.

President Faunce speaks of the necessity that confronts the American college of choosing between two evils in determining its athletic standards. Why must we have either evil of the two? Is it seriously asserted that baseball cannot be played honestly during vacation time, or that a college faculty is unequal to the task of confuting the liars among its student body? Will any college faculty in America confess to such impotence?

Apply such a method to life outside of the college and where does it bring us? The amateur principle is no more, no less, than assurance of honesty among men in their play and of unimpaired life for the game itself.

President Thompson, of the Ohio State University, says:

I am clearly of the opinion that none other than a bona fide student should play in intercollegiate athletics. The rule now in force here which requires a year's residence makes the other condition effective. I believe that the essence of intercollegiate sport lies in the fact that students only engage in these exercises. Inasmuch as baseball is a spring game, no student who receives a condition or failure in the first semester would be eligible for the track meet or baseball in the spring. This brings us a somewhat rigid requirement, but certainly eliminates all other than bona fide students.

On the other hand, if we may assume that a student is bona fide I have never been able to see that playing during the summer and earning money for one's education could be regarded as reprehensible. We have at least five hundred students who are earning their way in whole or in part, and practically all of our boys are engaged in some money-earning enterprise during the summer session. Some of them, for example, have operated automobiles for delivery purposes during the summer vacation and others have engaged in enterprises of all sorts and kinds. Here in Ohio we have a number of small baseball leagues, and I am quite sure that some of our students could earn some portion of their education by playing baseball. Our institution has always said that this constituted professionalism and we have stood by the rule on that matter. My own opinion is, however, that the rule fails to recognize that baseball is really a business under the organization of corporations and groups of men who make very reputable dividends.

The enforcement of the rule, on the other hand, has never kept a student out of the game with us, but it has kept some of our students from playing during the summertime. In other words, our rules, as we now have them without the baseball feature, give us bona fide students. The effect of the rule on professionalism is to prohibit students from earning money during the summertime. It has no effect whatever on the bona fide element in the student games. If we permit freshmen to engage in intercollegiate athletics we should have some trouble with alumni paying their expenses in order to have them play football. As it now is a student must be a yearly resident; if he transfers from another college he loses a year. This protects us absolutely, as it seems to me, from the subsidized player. After a man has been through his sophomore year I see no reason why he should not engage in any honorable remunerative employment during the summer; his habits are so fixed by that time that he could not be charged with coming to college simply to engage in athletics. The fact that he earned a little money by playing baseball might make him a better player, and the chances are that he would have the opportunity to play for the reason that he was already a superior player.

Here again, it seems to me, the point of the question is clouded. It is not the individual for whom concern is needed; there doubtless are other ways in which he can earn money. The real issue at stake is the health of the sport and the rights of the student body. The student passes on; the game and its tradition stays.

The subsidized player long since passed from the field of nefarious usefulness, a victim of the one-year residence rule. The question of summer ballplaying for money bears no relationship at all to him. It is solely a question of handing college sport over to professionalism, of wronging the majority of undergraduates who play their games for fun, for the sake of saving the face of the comparative few who play their games for money. For to the great majority sport is not business, but play. It is the reflex action of the serious effort of life; the recreation of the work-a-day world. Boys play in obedience to Nature's command to physical, mental and functional activity. Games are the expressions of the social, competitive, egotistic instincts of man.

The primary impulse in play is pleasure—the pride in a feat skilfully performed; the glow of rivalry fairly met; the satisfaction in triumph honestly earned. The secondary impulse is gain. The first is the amateur spirit; the second, the professional. Thus the world of sport is divided into two comprehensive bodies, those who play for pleasure and those who play for gain.

The reasons for this universal division are obvious. It was to be expected that those attracted to games for gain should come to make a business of their sport, and by a closer devotion to practice and training acquire greater skill than those who maintained their sport for sport's sake. Thus the two classes arose. However the rule makers may conjugate and refine and involve the definition, the basic distinction between the two kinds of athletes is that the one plays for money or its equivalent and the other plays for fun.

Keep that distinction in mind and you will begin to understand the significance and the accuracy of the division. There is nothing undemocratic or unpractical about it. On the contrary, both division and definition are merely forms of self-protection; the same protection you invoke on your farm, in your business—the right to an honest classification, to a square deal. It is the protection that multiplies and distributes trade, and that makes the existence of organized play, as play, possible.

What Is a Professional?

You will agree that play on a fair basis of competition is not possible, as a general proposition, between those who make a business of a game and those to whom it is a diversion from business. Yet because playing games for money ranks rather low among the vocations of man, the disguised professional has since time out of mind sought to enter the ranks of the amateur that he might share the latter's social prestige. And, on the other hand, the disguised amateur has adventured into the professional field because of the money he could make in it. This is not a natural product of the game, but an exhibit of human cupidity. When a game grows so popular as to be a money maker its lure reaches far; and when men play who have a light regard for the qualities which most of us cherish, ideals tumble. That the clean athlete might remain clean, and through him the integrity of the sport be preserved, rules of control, of eligibility became as essential as rules of play; as essential as the rules of banking, as the rules of merchandising, as the rules directing the relationship of man in any of his activities, whether fighting, frolicking or money making.

In play among amateurs the rule of the game is, first of all, that the athlete shall be eligible to the class he seeks to enter; that he shall be what he pretends to be; that he shall play fair with his fellows. If he plays for money he is not what he pretends to be, he is not playing fair, and fair play is the essence of sportsmanship. The objection does not lie in the fact that a boy plays for money. That is a matter of individual preference or personal need. The real objection is that he plays for money and conceals the fact so that he may masquerade as an amateur, thus violating the law and cheating his fellows. It is that he plays for gain as an amateur; that he receives money as an amateur, which as an amateur he should not do and that by so doing he is disqualified as an amateur. It is that he is unfair to his associates who are not playing for money and are accepting him on terms of companionship and athletic equality, which he has forfeited. This is a poor return for the trust of his chums, and it is not a square deal—that is the real point. In addition to not playing fair with his fellows such a boy is introducing into amateur sport the element of gain, which belongs

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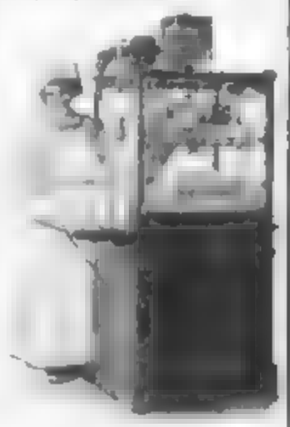

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[illegible] bag bears pictures of the valuable BUTTER-KIST Koldies and trademark that thousands are saving and sending to us for handsome prizes. Brings people back to your store for more BUTTER-KIST—throws trade to other departments.

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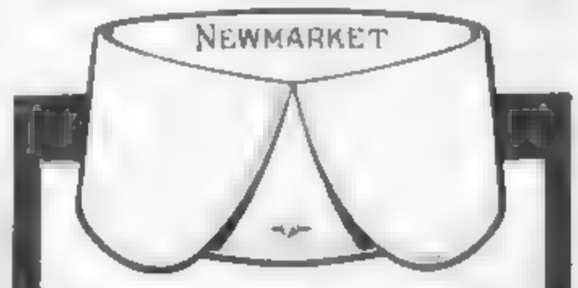

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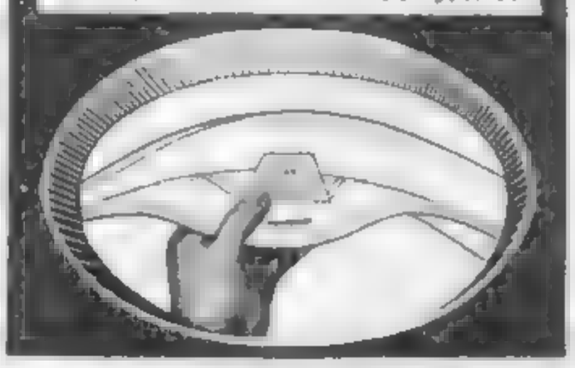

only in the professional game. That is where the integrity of the game comes in.

Now as to the boy himself. No stigma attaches to open play for money in baseball. Honest professionalism is a perfectly respectable way of earning a living. I must add, however, that I consider its bias and its atmosphere, both open and subtle, distinctly prejudicial to adolescent youth. Yet I regard professionalism as an agent for righteousness compared to summer baseball as it is played from Maine to California, because of its lax moral standard. Judge for yourselves, those of you who ask if it is more harmful to earn money by summer baseball than by waiting on the table or by clerking. If there is any value in sport, apart from its healthful incentive to physical activity, it is in its influence on character building; its stimulation to courage, to self-control, to fairness; its cultivation, in a word, of the general qualities of manliness and uprightness. Consider the lesson of summer baseball.

The worth of the school or college boy to the hotel and resort baseball managers depends not merely on his playing skill, but on his amateur standing as well. If the boys were paid openly they would not only be published as professionals, and so lose their right to represent their respective schools, but they would lose their standing even in summer baseball. To be known as baseball hirelings would destroy their peculiar value to the hotel. Their social prestige would be gone; their amateur *cachet* lost. Thus in order outwardly to secure the boy's amateur status for himself and his desirability as a drawing card for the hotel, an elaborate scheme of deception is in operation which may differ in method in different localities, but which is invariably actuated by one common design—the payment of cash or its equivalent.

Tricks of the Amateur's Trade

In some instances the boys are enrolled at the summer hotel as "non-paying guests," where as "entertainers" they are given a taste of ease, very probably foreign to their normal life, and quite as likely demoralizing. When the boy is unusually desirable, either because of his expert baseball or on account of his social attractiveness, he receives, in addition to his board and lodging, a weekly wage that may be as low as ten dollars or as high as fifty. It may indeed be more than fifty, but I never heard of a case where the wage was more than that. This wage is not charged to baseball and is not paid directly into the hands of the player, because such a course would establish too close a connection between sale and purchase for the boy safely to sign the required college affidavit that he has not earned money by his athletic skill. But the conscience-soothing summer baseball code of honor is nothing if not expedient, and trims the letter of the law to meet the hotel and resort demands. The boy "finds" the money, as coming from nowhere and from no one, every Saturday night in his mail; or else it is handed him regularly as "expense" money for travel with the baseball team, or in payment for his services as official entertainer at the hotel! And so he goes back to college in September and without hesitation puts his signature to a sworn declaration that he has not played baseball for money! Do you think objection to this practice is lodged merely on far-fetched theory?

Where teams are maintained in response to the rivalry among resort towns the procedure is similar. Here in the shops or in the offices of local boosters, and for the purpose of hoodwinking the immediate spectators, the college faculties and the amateur world, the boys are given clerical positions with salaries rating according to the inside market value of their baseball. In this case the money is paid direct at the office for clerical service. Where resort teams are not engaged for a full summer service, but are made up by town managers for special occasions only, as opportunity for a match offers, the "amateurs" are paid by the game instead of by the week, three, five, even ten dollars, according to the grade of the player or the fervor of the competition for baseball supremacy between the towns. To accomplish this payment in the coin of the realm and salve that elastic undergraduate virtue peculiar to the summer baseball, and at the same time escape the deadly sin, unforgivable in summer baseball, of being found out, requires imagination—and an asbestos-lined conscience. The wage may not always be juggled through the more usual and accommodating expense item, for very often the boys are living in the vicinity and such excuse is impossible. In such cases the manager loses a five-dollar or other prescribed bill where the player is certain to find it; or after the game he makes one or another of a stock of kindergarten bets which the boy promptly wins. Some men laugh at such practices and think it rather smart in the boy thus to get round the amateur law. There are no doubt also men who would laugh at the cleverness of the lad who could forge a check and "get away with it."

The veriest layman among my readers surely sees by now the point of the objection to summer baseball: the difference, in common or garden morals, between a boy's earning money in the open—by pitching hay, driving an automobile, clerking generally—and having his weekly pay envelope spirited into his possession unknown to his associates and the world in which he moves, because he is not on the square.

"Very well," perhaps you say; "remove the temptation to dishonesty. Give the boys permission openly to play baseball for money."

Taking temptation out of a person's path is not the way to make character either strong or admirable. But we'll let that pass, and stick to the logic and the practicability of such a proposition. The plea most commonly used is that men play summer baseball for pay because they need the money in order that they may continue their way through college.

Probably not over twenty-five per cent, to allow a generous margin, of the boys that play baseball for money apply this money to their support through college. But even granting the full claim, do the baseball squads include all the indigent and deserving students of a college? Are there none that play football or tennis, or who run or row, to whom a little pecuniary aid would be welcome? And why should players of baseball have such extraordinary privilege and exemption? If a university will accept a boy who plays baseball for money, it must also receive the lad among its track men who runs a quarter-mile race for a cash prize during his vacation. Before the high court of amateur sport there is literally no difference in the transgressions of the two boys, and any decision that declares the track man a professional while defending the ballplayer as an amateur is ridiculously illogical and faulty. Of course the ballplayer has no rights, no perquisites, apart from or above those of the amateur in running, rowing and tennis. In passing, I might say that the summer-baseball spirit is looming here and there in tennis where hotel tournaments and manufacturers are especially active, and suggest that the National Association will serve the game best by cutting quickly and to the core.

Dangers Menacing College Sport

So much for the logic of the suggestion. Now for its working out. To permit these boys from all directions and from many schools to play summer baseball for pay will make them professionals. That is undeniable. All the rhetorical sophistry on earth cannot alter the fact that a man who receives cash or its equivalent in return for his athletic service is not an amateur. It will mean handing college baseball over to professionalism; turning a college sport into a college business, so that the institution with the most money among its alumni will secure the best material. Do you doubt it? Study the early days of football. Such practice will literally destroy intercollege games and debase all college athletics.

And how about the great majority of boys at the colleges who are amateurs and who want to remain amateurs, even though they must work their way to a degree? Must they suffer the taint of professionalism, have their games spoiled, because a mere handful among them cannot keep straight and the faculty wavers between attacking the diseased and segregating them for the safety of the student body?

Take, for instance, two of our largest American universities—one in the East and one in the West—each with approximately five thousand students. Probably ten per cent play baseball, and of those one thousand very likely not over a score have held engagements on summer-resort nines; perhaps not so many. I have no precise figures, but am merely striking the usual average. Are the one thousand to be denied their clean ideals because the score have none?

And is the health of the play of five thousand to be in jeopardy because a dozen of their number make a profession of their need?

The jingle of the shilling is fatal to the amateur and to his sport. Do you know the sorry stories of bicycle racing and of amateur boxing? It is the same history that summer baseball has now entered upon. When the bicycle was the rage of the land amateur racing developed a sporting furor beyond any known to this country before or since. Every athletic meet, every rink and every country fair added a bicycle event to its program; and every one wanted an amateur star. The game paid! Enter here simultaneously the athletic impresario and covert payment of the amateur after the manner of summer baseball. Exit amateur racing and the amateur. The Amateur Athletic Union, which was the governing body at that time, failing strength successfully to combat these insidious overtures, scandal took possession of the game, throttled it, ruined it beyond recovery and finally killed it. The same thing happened in the case of amateur boxing. So runs the familiar story wherever the money motive is permitted to enter into amateur sport; and college baseball will go the same way if it is not rescued. It can be rescued of course. How bootless to contend that because a rule is easy to break, and is broken for lack of adequate policing, that it should be abolished.

It is customary to visit the blame for a boy's athletic defections upon the boy himself. I protest against saddling the responsibility upon the lad for the composite sins of his father, his athletic coach and the faculty of the school he attends. Twenty-five years of intimacy with school and college athletics convinces me that the average boy plays fair naturally. The boy plays summer baseball in most instances because he is without ideals; and he is without ideals because his father has neglected to implant them, or to follow his after-school-hours life with either an intelligent or a sympathetic eye. Naturally boys feel the money-making impulse. They hear little else at home, on the street, even at school see it, feel it, and come rationally enough to prostrate themselves before it like unto their elders.

They learn to look upon the making of money as the only success worth the seeking in this twentieth century. Hence the frenzy to win. Hence the contempt for whatever does not pay in money.

Trickery and Strategy

And yet, as I say, the desire to win is not this early so strong in the boy that if left to himself he is willing to cheat to achieve a victory. He cheats because he has been taught that to beat the rules is a legitimate part of the game, as well as a visible and compelling sign of his cleverness. You can take my word for it that the temper of the team represents the temper of its coach. Boys play "dirty" ball because the coach has taught them, urged them to do so. I make this statement with deliberation and challenge denial. I have seen it, heard it over and again in baseball, in football, on the fields of many different colleges in the East and in the West, and more in the East than in the West. It is but another expression of the beating-the-rules spirit; the substitution of abhorrent trickery for legitimate strategy; the introduction of a smartness that is not smartness at all, but dishonesty.

Nor is the professional coach the only one responsible. Not the least vitiating influence in college sport is that rampant, blinded alumnus who comes back to his college, ostensibly to aid and to cheer his team, but really to sing pæans to the god of success; to beseech desperate endeavor; to implore a victory from these immature, impressionable youths. He is like unto a brainstorm in the athletic council chamber, and is sponsor to the fury to win that is back of the dirty and cheating play. Likewise he is the discordant element in the legislative hall, for his one thought is not how a proposed measure will work for the good of the game, but how will it affect "our chances of success" next year. He is the type that dominated the old football rules committee and for so long kept the bad features in that game.

But in the final analysis the responsibility for cheating, for dirty play in baseball, in football, for the toleration of summer baseball, rests with the faculty of the school and college. There has never been a time within my recollection when the faculty could not cut out among its students any athletic ill of which it disapproved. Its word is final. Its action is the law. And if all the faculties were in agreement summer baseball or any other ill could not exist. Why faculties do not so agree when the evil is so pernicious and the boys' well-being so precious is partly because, strange enough, they lack interest, and opinion among their alumni is not united or compelling. Also, though they have a very real anxiety for the future of the sport, they hesitate to adopt the drastic course necessary to a cure.

It is difficult for the lone faculty with its face set to the front. If college sport is to be free of professionalism and deceit the rules must be revised so as to throw the burden of proof upon the suspected amateur. Certainly there must be no compromise; that but leads to subterfuge.

Too much is written and talked about the evils of professionalism and too little about plain common honesty. The average undergraduate hears no practical, simple argument that appeals to his sense of fairness. He is enmeshed in a maze of rules, bombarded by a fusillade of questions, and signed, sealed and delivered in a document little short of insulting with its intimation of fraudulent intent. He comes to look upon the amateur law as merely another school discipline—onerous but not vital; to class its restrictions with other faculty "don'ts." And the conduct of the faculty encourages him in his attitude.

Yes, this summer baseball game seems like "easy money" at first glance, but what does it look like on thorough scrutiny? Don't you think it rather costly to the boy in time and association and self-respect?

Easy Money That Comes High

As a profession baseball has nothing permanent to offer. Its salaries are nowhere near the mark set by excited newspaper reporters; they average no more than the same intelligence and devotion brings in real business. Baseball is not a help to getting on in the world. Read what Dave Fultz says: "Other than the opportunities afforded for self-discipline, it may be said with little reservation that the only thing to be gained from professional baseball by any player is the money which he receives. It is true that some players, through this medium, are able to work into club managerships, but as a stepping stone to any other business or profession baseball is useless." You see, it is not good enough as a trade, and the associations are apt, unless the boy is of exceptionally strong character or is unusually safeguarded, to work him lasting injury. As Dean Briggs, Harvard's apostle of clean sport, has said in the course of his forceful opposition to the association of college boys with professionals: "Young people are inclined to get their standards of manners and ethics where they get their standards of skill."

The point I wish to emphasize for the boy himself is that he is paying too much for his whistle. The fact that I want to bring home to the father and the faculty is that in permitting summer baseball they are giving rein to an influence that will have a vicious effect on the boy's character during the most sensitive stage of its formative period.

We must imbue our boys with the amateur spirit, the sportsman's spirit, which plays fair and hard and for no other reward than the joy of the contest itself; which does not permit the use of gang hooks for fish, or jack lights on deer, or the killing of birds out of season or beyond a reasonable number. The square deal—that is it—for man and the wild life of stream and forest and plain. That is what we mean by the term "sportsman."

And we must keep our sport clean, for we need it and it must stay. It is the only sterner training boys are receiving for the work-a-day world, and it cannot stay if it is dishonored.

Sport is first aid to the development of character and the toughening of moral fiber; that is its worth in these soft days of increasing luxury. Camping, hunting, fishing, athletics, the Boy Scouts, all tend to put health and truth and pluck into the boy. Shall not the school and college faculty do their share with more apparent appreciation of their responsibility and with greater valor? Let us drive the skulking amateur into the open!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Caspar Whitney on the subject of Summer Baseball

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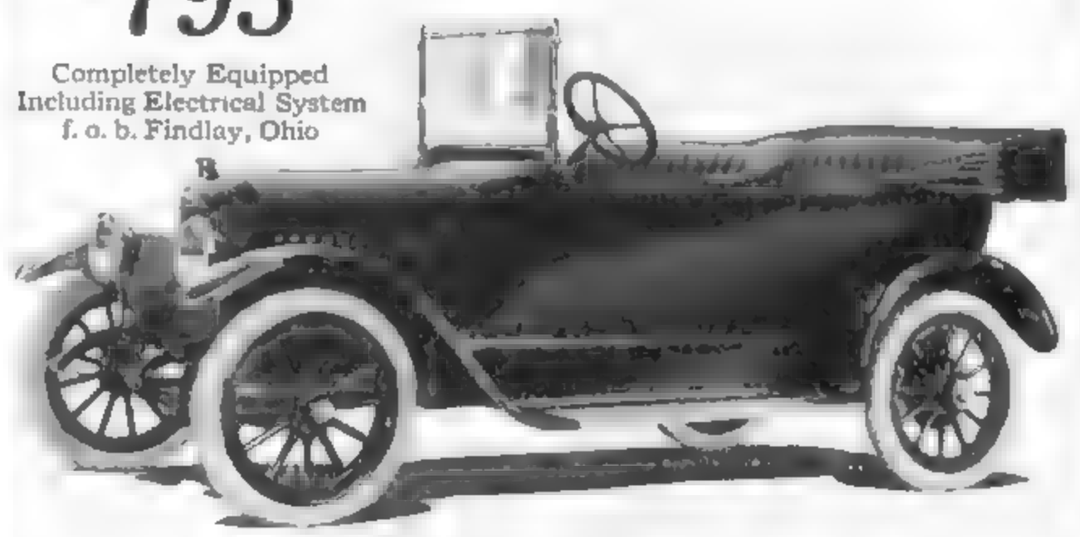

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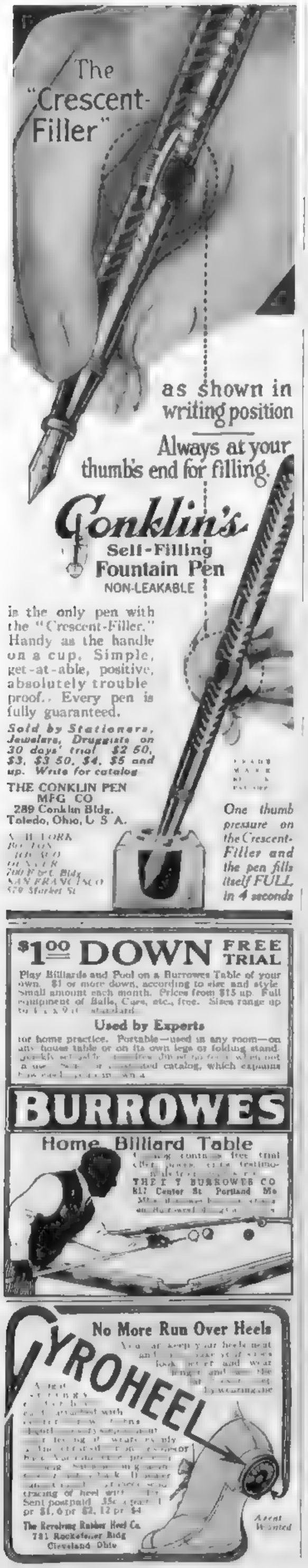
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ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

(Concluded from Page 15)

accountability for expenditures, and, as an instrument for fixing responsibility for a definite constructive plan of meeting them, a budget ought to come from the head of the Administration.

Among the first pieces of systematic work undertaken and the most important contributions to the study of our political system by the commission, is its report on The Need for a National Budget, which was sent to Congress, with a special message of approval, on June 27, 1912. The view expressed in this message was that, though the Constitution had given to Congress the power to control the purse, it was made the duty of the President to submit to Congress a statement of receipts and expenditures, and to "recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

This, it was urged, definitely laid the foundation for the submission to Congress by the President of a budget, for which the President should assume responsibility as the head of the Administration. It was pointed out that ours was the only great nation which was doing business without a budget; that a budget was necessary as a means of getting before the country and Congress a well-considered plan or program to be financed; that, in submitting such a program, the spirit of the Constitution would require that the President also submit definite recommendations. The cooperation of Congress was asked in order to make a budget plan effective.

The Need of a Budget

On July 10, 1912, I sent to members of the Cabinet and to heads of independent establishments a request that they prepare for and send to Congress estimates in such form as was required by law, and that they also prepare for the President information in the form suggested by the commission's report on the budget. On August twenty-fourth Congress passed an act making appropriations for the legislative, executive and judicial expenses of the Government for the year 1913; and in this act was injected, as a rider, the following:

"That, until otherwise provided by law, the regular annual estimates of appropriations for expenses of the Government of the United States shall be prepared and submitted to Congress, by those charged with the duty of such preparation and submission, only in the form and at the time now required by law, *and in no other form and at no other time.*"

This language was injected in a revised draft of an appropriation bill that had already been delayed nearly two months after the beginning of the fiscal year. Commenting on the reasons for injecting the clause, the Democratic chairman of the Committee on Appropriations stated, on the floor of the House of Representatives:

"It was believed . . . that it would not be wise for Congress to abdicate, even by implication, its prerogative in this matter. A message from the President had already laid before Congress a very full and luminous exposition of the proposed 'national budget.' . . . It was not deemed wise or provident to have . . . the time and energies of large numbers of the most capable persons in the several branches of the public service diverted to transforming the entire estimates for the next fiscal year into this new and unauthorized plan of a so-called national budget, to the neglect of their ordinary and pressing duties."

I regarded this rider as an unconstitutional attempt to limit my power and duty to submit to Congress from time to time information on the state of the Union, and to recommend to its consideration such measures as I should judge necessary and expedient; and I decided to ignore it. Of course it showed plainly the impatience of the Democratic House with the commission's plans of reform and its opposition to them; but that I knew without such a formal declaration.

The heads of various administrative divisions of the Government, who were called on to help the commission prepare a budget according to its plan, were hesitating to comply with the request because of this attempted inhibition. On September 19, 1912, I addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, and to other members of the Cabinet, on the subject, in which I pointed out the lack of power in Congress to abridge my constitutional functions in this way. I added:

"I do not question the constitutional right of Congress to prescribe the manner in which reports of expenditures and estimates shall be submitted to it by Department officers. I do question the practical wisdom of continuing to operate the Government under ninety different statutes passed at ninety different times, which prescribe two hundred different forms of preparing and submitting financial data to Congress and the public—data which, when prepared, have no element of uniformity or standard, and cannot be used to present to Congress or to the people an accurate picture of activities pertaining to any one subject for the Government as a whole. I do question both the practicability and the fairmindedness of measures which require heads of bureaus and offices to report what is conceived by them to be their respective needs for the ensuing year. Without adequate provision made for Executive review and revision, it is impracticable to expect anything other than grossly inflated estimates. Though by such cursory review as could be given I have succeeded each year in reducing these initial estimates millions of dollars, it is not just to make the President, in any but a slight degree, responsible for such estimates when required to be submitted to Congress in the manner at present prescribed.

". . . Until some provision is made, needs of highly technical and widely varied public service can only be properly prepared by those who must handle the details of business. Until some provision is made for laying before Congress a well-considered administrative program as a basis for legislative action—one for which the Executive must assume responsibility—the country cannot expect anything more than haphazard and wasteful management of public affairs. Such a program is necessary to the location of responsibility for inefficiency and waste."

I, therefore, directed the heads to comply with my original directions. Accordingly, an elaborate budget, prepared with great labor on the lines suggested by the commission, was submitted to Congress in an extended message. Of course it was entirely ignored; but I venture to hope that it may sometime prove useful.

The English System

There is greater difficulty in securing the economical and constructive conduct of the financial affairs of the Government with the executive and legislative branches entirely separate than where the leadership of both branches is united, as it is in England, in the Premier and the Cabinet. In England the budget is presented in Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer after it has been approved by the Cabinet, and the Chancellor explains and justifies the expenditures to be made, and details the tax legislation necessary to provide the funds with which to meet the expenditures. The majority members of Parliament sustain the budget and pass it.

With us, we might easily provide machinery for increasing the responsibility of the Executive Administration in the preparation and presentation of an intelligible budget. Congress could provide that the heads of Departments could be permitted to take part in the discussions in the House, to introduce bills, to act as nonvoting members of the proper committees, to answer questions, and to do everything which a member of the House can do, except to vote. Congress confers just such powers on delegates from Territories. It would be entirely practical for the Secretary of the Treasury to present to the House of Representatives a properly constructed budget agreed on by the President and his Cabinet. He could perform exactly the functions that the Chancellor of the Exchequer does on the floor of Parliament.

Congress, of course, would not be bound to adopt the budget; but, with the presence, on the floor, of the heads of Departments who prepared it, and with a proper analysis of the expenditures and the receipts, Congress would be given an opportunity to know what each function and activity of the Government costs, and the comparative economy of each Department in performing such functions; and the public would know, when Congress changed the budget, where the responsibility lay for the changes and the real effect of those changes. This is the great object of a budget.

Not only do we not have a responsible Government, presenting a budget with a logical analysis of expenditures by function and with opportunity for intelligent comparison of cost in Departments, but we do not even have responsible leadership in either house with reference to the total expenditures of the Government. Appropriations are made under a system of committee organization that makes impossible the location of responsibility for acts authorizing the expenditure of over one thousand million dollars.

There is no one committee that has control of all the appropriation bills. The Army Bill, the Naval Bill, the Post Office Bill, the Pension Bill, the Diplomatic and Consular Bill and the Indian Bill are not prepared by the general appropriation committee, but each is prepared and reported by a different committee. These bills cover more than half of the sums voted by Congress, while the general appropriation committee attends to the rest. Could anything be better calculated unduly to increase appropriations than this lack of concentrated power and responsibility?

Concentrated Authority

It is a standing order in the House of Commons, and has been since 1713, that no supply bill will be considered except upon the recommendation of the Crown. Another order forbids an increase in a supply bill without such a recommendation. Of course, the Crown is the Government leading the majority of the House and supported by it, and is not the Executive as we know it. But such rules do concentrate power and responsibility for expenditures on one head. I can readily understand that a suggestion of limitation of the power of Congress to appropriate, by which it could not increase appropriations beyond a budget submitted by the Executive, would be received with derision; and yet bitter experience may ultimately lead to the adoption of some restriction, at least in the state governments.

The practical difficulty of limiting the legislative power of the states in the matter of appropriations is not so great, as shown by the power already conferred in a number of constitutions on the governor to veto items in legislative appropriation bills. I should think the coming New York Constitutional Convention might very well consider the question whether the governor should not be given more constructive leadership in the matter of expenditure and revenue.

Indeed, I observe a disposition on the part of a number of delegates-elect likely to be influential in the Constitutional Convention in New York to bring the executive closer to the legislative branch, and to confer more power on the executive—especially in the matter of financial legislation. Such experiments are bound to be most useful in their influence on our national problem.

In our expenditures, national and state, we are much nearer the limit of the tax-producing capacity of the people than we ever were before, and our legislative bodies are showing no disposition to call a halt in this matter. There is bound to be a day of reckoning. Ought not Congress to be preparing for it?

I am not insisting that the suggestions of the Commission on Economy and Efficiency are perfect; but the work it has done has pointed the way, and has furnished a broad foundation on which great progress can properly be made. No effort to secure economy and efficiency in the administration of our National Government that does not begin with another commission of experts, and with the use of the material already prepared, which I have inadequately described, can be fairly regarded as sincere.

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TOUR NO. 2

(Continued from Page 18)

at in a baroom & the only ones that stuck with me was the 2 profs. I felt pretty rotten & I asked the profs. would they drink a bottle of wine with me & they was willing but we dident stop at no 1 bottle but had sevrul & they let me lap up the most of it & then like a rummy I went & got all my money accept $50.00 & got in the big game & I never played in such luck in my life. right off the reel I have 3 aces to go and the pots opend a head of me & stayed with & then I tilts it & the 2 thats in stands the raze & we draw cards & the guy a head of me catches 2 trays to a pare of them & him standing a raze on 2 trays. I fill up & we go to it & it costs me some thing like $32.00. If this guy had of had any lisence in the pot I wouldent of gave a dam. I anteed a way a bout 20 bucks then with out getting nothing & then finely I picks up a doose full & all they was out against it was a 6 full & 4 5 spots & finely we begin playing roodels & I got 1 big hand a ace high flush & bumped in to another 6 full & they cleaned me out of what I had with me a bout $185.00 & I was going back to the state room & get the $50.00 but prof. Baker wouldent let me. Of corse I got my letter of creddit but I cant get nothing on that till we land & Minnies got a roll on her but I couldent get it off her with out a shot gun. the servunts on this here boat wont buy no french auto.mobiles with what I give them.

well we went up on the deck after I was cleaned prof. Baker & I & prof. Hunter & it had turned off cold & prof. Hunter says they was a storm comeing up & it looked like it was going to be ruff & the boat was beggining to stagger all ready before we went to bed but it wasent nothing then to what it was when we got up in the morning only I dident get up & I only got up just a little wile a go after being in my birth since the night before last. Ed. we had some storm and the capt. says it was the worst he seen in 20 yrs. of going back & 4th. acrost the ocean & back. They was 2 or 3 times when the smoke stacks was down in the water where the keels suposed to be & the keel was up where the smoke stacks is genally at. The capt. add mited that he dident know weather we was up or down or headed for bremen or cedar lake. Orders was gave that no pgrs. was to be aloud on the deck but they dident half to give no orders like that because they wasent no body could of stayed there un less they was naled down. Do you remmember that coster I & you & Kate & Minnie rode on out to forest pk. well Ed. that was as smoth as mich. av. come paired with this here boat. I have road in taxi cabs & seenick railroads that was pretty ruff rideing but I could lay down & go to sleep in 1 of them after what I went threw.

I dont know wich was sicker I or Minnie but I guess I was because they couldent of been no body sicker then me & still be a live & they was sevrul times when I would of gave a man a dollar to shoot me threw the tempul. I bet if they was 1 of them bbls. with the male in throwed over bord yest. it rolled all the way to N.Y. city with out no boat picking it up. I use to get pretty bad when we was kids & laped up them manhattan cock tails but nothing like this & onct or twict I was sick going over to st. Joe but if I had of been that sick yest. I would of thot I was in the best of helth. I fell out of the birth 3 times & the 3d. time I just layed there on to the floor and rolled a round because that wasent as bad as rolling a round in the birth for a while & then geting bumped on to the floor out of the birth. 1 of the waiters come in & picked me up some time last night & it was geting commer then & so I got a little sleep but I feel rotten yet & I dont half to go in to no jimnasum now because they aint nothing left on me to work off. Minnies still in her birth & I asked her a wile a go when was she going to get up & she says never but she will get over that just like I done.

Well Ed. the boat has went out of its corse and the capt. says he knows where hes at but how do we know if he knows or dont know & he says we will be in bremen on the 1 of Aug. late that day & I hope we will before an other 1 of them storms comes up & if we ever do get to bremen I will stay there or in europe till they build a bridge over the ocean because I wont take no more chances on a boat after what I went threw. In stead of stringing a man up for murder they should ought to put him on 1 of these here boats & make him ride acrost the ocean & back till he couldent stand it no more & I guess a bout 2 trips like this here would finnish him. what I cant figure is why they give you all them swell meals & they must know all the wile that there going to be waisted.

Well Ed. I lost my repatashon & I lost my money & I lost evry thing else & that girl that told my fortun & says I was going to have nothing but good luck was some fortun teller was she not & I got a nosion to ask her for my $.50 back only I guess she wouldent speak to me now.

Your Bro.
Larry M. Burns.

on the prinzessin Katrina.
July 31.1914.

DEAR BRO. ED. The weather is grand and we are haveing grand weather and are geting a long grand & you wouldent never guess that they had been a storm to see the ocean now because its just as smoth as grand blvd. I & Minnie is both o k again and the both of us is feeling o k & it dont hardly seem posable that just a little wile a go I was pretty near deth & dident care weather I got well or not & the sooner I dide the better. prof. Baker says that when a mans sea sick he is a frade at 1st. that he is going to die & after words he is a frade he isent. & thats pretty good & just hits the nale on the head 1st. a mans a frade he is going to die and after words is a frade he isent. prof. Baker was kiding me this a m & come up to me & says I want you should give me some addvise dr. Burns what is the best thing a man can do when he is sea sick & I says I can tell you the best thing I done & you dont half to go to no dr. to lern how. prof. Baker says he wasent a bit sick all threw the storm but after words I asked the capt. if he knowed of any body on the boat that wasent sick & he says no even the boat it self lost its cargo. our party havent all been able to set down to the table since the night I got in wrong but I & the 3 girls is friends again so the only people thats mad at me yet is mr. & mrs. Chambers & of corse Minnie but she aint mad at me no more for geting in wrong but now she is mad at me because shes been sick & to hear her tell it you would think it was my falt & it was me that was ruff & not the ocean. but she will be better when we get to bremen & we will get there sure tommorow because I was asking the capt. a bout it & he says we will get there sure tommorow because they aint no more storms in sight but its going to be grand weather & they aint nothing can stop us from going right a long in to bremen. I am certunly anxius to get there & I guess I had enough rotten luck & cant have no more & the girl that told my fortun says she ment that all that good luck was just going to comense now in sted of 3 or 4 days a go. & now that wear pretty near there I can realy say its been a grand trip & I wouldent of missed it for nothing in the world & I am glad I fixed it to come & let Minnie come a long with me though she says I wouldent never of came if it wasent for she makeing me & of corse clames all the credit but I all ways wanted to make this trip & if she only knowed it I was thinking a bout comeing before she ever said a word. & I feel that I am pretty lucky to have the money & make a trip like this & I feel sorry for people that has to stick a round home all the wile & dont never see nothing. I dont wonder that people goe nuts a bout travveling acrost the ocean & a trip like this makes michigan city & benton harbor & them places look pretty sick.

I will drop you a card from bremen or may be wait till we get to Germany & drop you a card from there because I know it must be pretty slow for you to be shut up in Det. & me haveing this big time.

Your Bro.
L. M. Burns.

on the prinzessin Katrina.
Aug. 1.19.14.

DEAR BRO. ED. This is a good buy letter Ed. & I dont know weather you will rec. it or not. If you rec. this letter you will know long before you rec. it whats came off & probly you all ready know it that theys a war bet. germany & England & france & russia and pretty near all the countrys in europe accept norway & ejypt. The news was gave out on the boat this a m but prof. Baker says the boat got a wire leat tel. a bout it yest. or even before that but was keeping it a secrit & if they had give it

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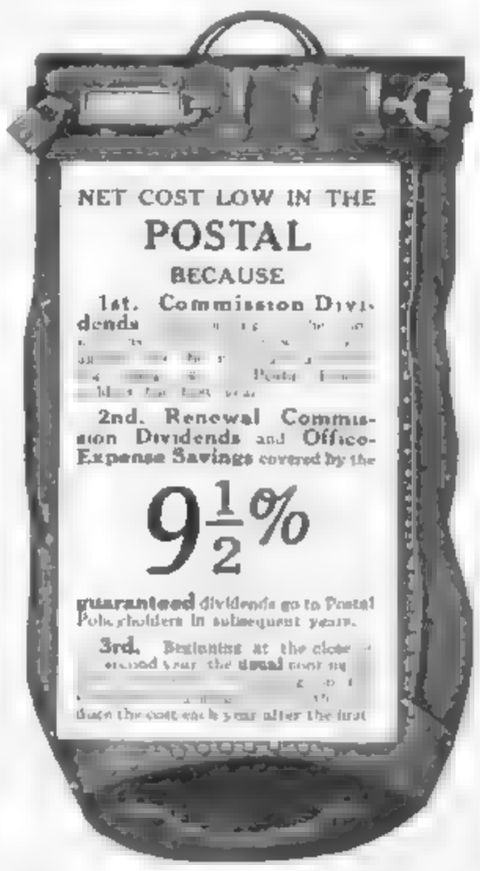

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A sample 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and 20 DAYS' TRIAL.

Write at once for our large free catalog showing our complete line of bicycles and sundries at prices never made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our *low prices* and *remarkable terms*.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys to ride and exhibit sample bicycle furnished by us. Do Business *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

out when they got it I would of made them run in to England or Ireland and let me off of the boat but now there going to try & run a head to bremen & what chance have I got when them dutch gets a hold of me because prof. Baker says theys nothing but dutch in bremen & if a man cant talk no dutch or prove that hes a dutch man they will murder him a live. & if we dont get to bremen before the England or france navey gets us we aint got no chance neither because they will see the dutch name on the boat & blow us up before asking us who are we. prof. Baker says the capt. told him it was pretty near a cinch that we would get to bremen o k & he says I should ought to be great full that my wifes a dutch man because they wont do nothing to her & she will be o k wile the men on the boat thats got wifes that isent dutch will be murdered both them & there wife. I says what will Minnie do all a lone a mist the dutch men with out no husband to look after her & he says a pretty girl like she wont have no trouble because 1 of the dutch army offusers will fall for her & probly want to get marred to her or may be the zar him self will fall for her & she will live in a palice. prof. Baker says I would be o k if I could talk dutch & he tried to lern me how but I am to nervus & cant lern nothing & all the rest of them in our party can talk dutch accept I & mr. & mrs. chambers & so us 3 will be the ones they get & even if they dont kill us right a way but stick us in jale I will half to be lockd up with them & they aint no good & never was.

Ed. I am to nervus to write & I am just writeing to tell you whats came off & if 1 of these dutch men gets Minnie I want you to have the place Ed. & if any body makes a fus a bout it show them this letter & I dont want none of Minnies people to get a hold of it after what shes pulled off. I know now that the old man was right when he says I shouldent of never mixed up with the dutch. but its to late & what can I do. Minnies going to get rid of me just like she wanted to & the reason she done it this way in sted of sticking a knife in my back is because they cant never prove this on her. & prof. Baker says that any body with sence could of saw this comeing & Minnie knowed it before we left home & probly some of them dutch friends of hern tiped her off. your lucky Ed. & if I was to do it over again I would marry some old stiff with out no looks & it wouldent be no dutch man neither.

I been up on the deck since I begin this letter to see was they a boat comeing after us but they is none & evry body says its a cinch we will get to bremen. remmember Ed. I want you to have the place & an other thing I want you to do is to tell this hole thing to pres. Wilson & show him this letter if you half to go clear to Wash. & see that he gets these dutch for what they done to me. I am to nervus to write Ed. but I want you to have the place & dont let Minnies folks get a hold of it & take it your self Ed. you & Kate & do the best you can with it. Its a good thing now that you tended bar all them yrs. at callighans. If Louis Shaffer says any thing to you brake him in 2 & tell him what you think of he & his famly the hole kit & caboodel of them.

I been up on deck again & the capt. told prof. Baker we would be in bremen in 4 hours & prof. Baker says he will male this letter for me & look you up when he gets back. some day he will be back in the good old US but I wont never be Ed. & I wont never see you again & I wont even be burred in the semmitery where I payed for the lot & may be not burred at all but eat up by the croes. Minnies got the st. room door locked & wont let me in but I seen her since the news come & I told her what I think of her. She busted out crying & may be shes a little sorry now but what good is that now & why did she do it & why did she in sisst on us comeing & make me come when some thing told me I should stay home or go to cedar lake & why did I ever make that trip to french lick last winter or why wasent I sattisfide to marry a plane irish girl like you & leave the dutch to the dutch.

I am to nervus to write & I just want to tell you the place is yours & you wont never see Minnie again because even if the zar or some other dutch man dont grab her she will be a shamed to look you in the face. & good buy Ed. & god bless you & the same to Kate. from your Bro.

Lawrence Martin Burns.

p s prof. Baker says he will do all he can to save me but what chance has he got. If its comeing its comeing & I been a good man Ed. but I dident have no sence.

Exciting News For Girls

appears each month in the pages of THE SWASTIKA, a live little magazine published by The Girls' Club of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. This famous Club is the largest women's club in the world, and is composed entirely of girls and women, banded together "With One Idea: To Make Money." Any girl in America may join.

There are no fees or dues. The special offers made from time to time to the members, the lists of new salary-earners and of winners of the gold-and-diamond Swastika pins and other Club gifts, are printed monthly in THE SWASTIKA, together with chatty correspondence from members and interesting accounts of the ways in which energetic girls, inspired and aided by the Club, have succeeded in earning money by their own efforts. No girl can read THE SWASTIKA without tingling with ambition.

THE SWASTIKA is sent free each month to every member of The Girls' Club. A copy of the March number will be sent to any girl or woman requesting it. Full information regarding the Club and its plan of work and payment will also be sent, as well as a little book fresh from the press, entitled GIRLS WHO STUCK TO IT. Remember there's no expense to you—simply address a card of inquiry to

The Girls' Club

The Ladies' Home Journal

Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

"Bull" Durham, the Smoke of Hospitality

At fashionable house-parties, gay week-end gatherings, wherever smart American men assemble for recreation, mellow "Bull" Durham tobacco adds to their enjoyment. It is correct, up-to-date, notably stylish to "roll your own" cigarettes with "Bull" Durham—stamps you as a smoker of experience—and that delicate, distinctive "Bull" Durham fragrance is always very agreeable to the ladies of the party.

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"Bull" Durham is unique among the world's high-class smoking tobaccos—and has been for generations. Millions of smokers find, in the fresh cigarettes they fashion to their own liking from this deliciously mild, fragrant tobacco, supreme enjoyment and satisfaction obtainable in no other way.

Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack

Roll a cigarette with "Bull" Durham today. Learn that original, exquisite aroma—the refreshing smoothness and mellowness—the irresistible appeal of this world-famous tobacco.

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free*, to any address in U.S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N.C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

GRAY & DAVIS

STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM

A Remarkable Advance In Electrical Equipment

A GRAY & DAVIS dynamo and starting motor of the 1915 type are shown at the bottom of this page.

The system as installed in different makes of cars varies somewhat to meet different specifications—but all installations are patterned after this general type.

The units shown have a magnet-shaped frame. This innovation in frame construction gives the following distinct advantages over other forms of construction:

(1) The frame is more rugged and will stand the most severe service.

(2) It is more compact.

(3) Magnetic leakage from the armature is avoided, thus conserving the full power developed.

(4) Bearings are mounted in accurate alignment.

(5) Field pieces are absolutely true.

(6) The number of parts is materially reduced.

Another notable feature of our 1915 type is its *ready accessibility*. By unscrewing the side plates, the interior is open for inspection or adjustment.

Our 6-volt battery means a *genuine saving in weight*. We require but a 3-cell battery, the same as that used for ignition.

Furthermore, the Gray & Davis dynamo and starting motor are designed to *conserve the life and strength of the battery*—a most important factor in the consideration of any electric system.

Always specify Gray & Davis lamps with the system. In this way you will secure combined excellence in starting and lighting.

We will be glad to supply complete data on request. Any detailed questions will be fully answered by special letter.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., Boston, Mass.

The regulator-cutout, integral with dynamo, regulates dynamo so that battery receives the required amount of current and controls opening and closing of dynamo circuit.

The starting motor engages positively, quietly and smoothly. Neither flywheel nor pinion gear teeth can be injured as motor does not spin until engaged.

I Can't Stop Loving You Now
WORDS BY BERT KALMAR and EDGAR LESLIE
MUSIC BY TED SNYDER
TRADE MARK
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You know the girl this song was written about!

This catchy air of Ted Snyder's will make as big a hit with you as it is now [illegible] Broadway. Your piano player is this big song [illegible]

NEW POPULAR SONG HITS

"He's a Rag Picker"
"Love Me or Leave Me Alone"
"Nighttime Down in Dixie Land"
"Back to the Carolina You Love"

BIG INSTRUMENTAL HITS

"Rockaway Hunt" Fox Trot
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A Fortune to the Inventor

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OPUS 43, NUMBER 6

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Where were you last night?" she inquired.

The guilty Leopold grew scarlet.

That restored her courage. He was the old Scarecrow when he blushed—not the wonderful though mad being who turned a piano into a choir of heavenly voices. She came part way from behind the table.

"Why have you been coming here?" she demanded.

Leopold gazed at her helplessly.

"Muzeek lezzons," he offered weakly.

Miss Hicks laughed him to scorn. She withdrew altogether from the protection of the table and confronted him.

"Music lessons—your grandmother!" she said. "I was at Carnegie Hall last night. Now, why have you been coming here?"

Leopold met her level glance and quailed to his marrow before it. He could deceive her no longer! Where was he to find words to tell her? It would have been a terrifying task in warm Hungarian. In his limping, contemptible English it was sacrilege to think of it. He looked in dumb hopelessness about the poor, dear and now familiar room. He was about to be swept out of it forever. His eyes came at last to the piano. They widened slowly.

"Seet down!" he said with an imploring gesture.

She did so, wondering. Leopold sank to the piano bench and gathered a great sheaf of golden notes in his hands.

Outside, the plumber's washing danced in the cold March wind. Over the court wall Miss Hicks could see a bare and lonely tree. Its forlorn background was a wind-swept tenement house.

She had one desolate glimpse of all this then it was gone. . . . Rich meadows, velvet green, stretched on and on before her. Her nostrils were filled with the breath of new born violets. Brooks laughed. Birds sang. Butterflies flashed in the sunlight. A million lovers met and clung and kissed for Leopold had called on the magic of the Scandinavian gentleman.

Miss Hicks was stirred by nameless longings, sweet beyond words or thought. They made her heart flutter and surge. They filled her throat and eyes.

And now the sun went down and a yellow moon hung above breathless trees. . . . Leopold had done it. Technically he was improvising on the theme of Opus 43, Number 6.

In reality he took Miss Hicks by the hand and led her to a moonlit glade. Then he whispered—whispered to her, while nightingales sang. He was no longer funny. . . . He was dear beyond all earthly things—her own! Her very own!

Suddenly black terror seized her—he was leaving—he was gone! . . . She looked up to see him standing by the piano, back in her own room.

"'Zat, deer von," he said, "eez vy I kom!"

Miss Hicks raised one hand to her throat—tiny hammers were beating there. Her eyes were no longer frank and boyish. They had become deep pools of mystery.

"I'm—glad—you—came!" she breathed and flushed into a pink glory.

Leopold discovered that his arms could do more than sweep from end to end of the keyboard.

Getting a Contract

SNOWY BAKER, the Australian boxing promoter, brought with him to this country a tale of Sam McVey, the black pugilist, who has lately been pursuing his trade on the other side of the world.

After McVey had cleaned up a good-sized amount of money in Sydney he bought the most gorgeous motor car that had ever been seen in those parts. Its body was purple, trimmed with broad gold stripes, and it was upholstered in shiny black leather. One day the owner of the car arrived at Baker's office afoot.

"Where's the new buzz wagon, Sam?" inquired Baker.

"Ise gittin' it visualized," said McVey.

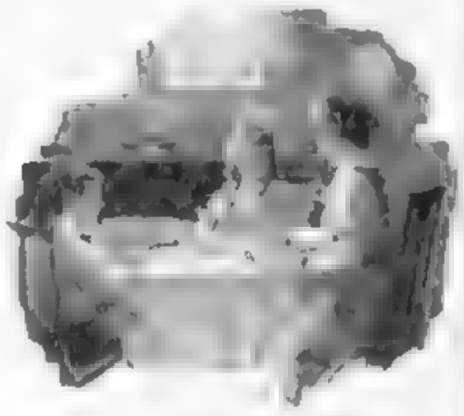
"What do you mean—visualized?"

"Jes' visualized, that's all," said McVey. "De way dat car wuz trimmed it wuzn't doin' me no good at all. Ever'time I rode fru de streets de folks sez: 'Look at dat fine car! Funny dey ain't nobody ridin' in it!' Ise havin' dat linin' changed to snow white!"

At Noon Today

Countless thousands will lunch on Van Camp's Pork and Beans. All over America, in restaurants and homes, they will meet to enjoy this dish.

A few years ago it was Home Baked Beans—the kind our mothers baked. Now it's the new-style—Beans mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken, with a zestful sauce baked in.



This new dish is our chefs' creation. They have spent 20 years in perfecting it. And nowhere today is a dish like Van Camp's baked outside these model kitchens.

VAN CAMP'S

PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

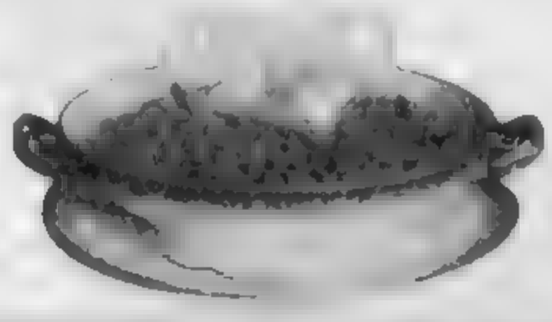
10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

The time is past for home-baked beans. It took too long to prepare them. Some were hard, some crisp, some mushy. All were under-baked.

We have found that modern steam ovens are essential to right baking. Even big hotels with their chefs and facilities buy baked beans from us.

These kitchens largely brought that change about—our methods, recipes and chefs. Van Camp's revealed how good baked beans can be. Let them show you—that is all we ask. A single meal will win you.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



"From the sublime

(Well, you don't want to overfeed yourself

When you want to hear Grand Opera nothing else will do at all. And what a wealth of grand opera there is for you to choose from. Even if the instrument you own is *not* a Columbia, all Columbia Records will play perfectly on your machine, no matter what make it is—don't let anyone tell you that you must go without the exclusive Columbia Records of the world's greatest artists, who can be heard only on Columbia Records.

Exclusive Columbia Records by Bonci, the world's most artistic singer; Emmy Destinn, the great dramatic soprano; Zenatello, famous Italian tenor; David Bispham, America's foremost baritone; Olive Fremstad, première Metropolitan soprano; Lina Cavalieri, the delightful; Mary Garden, greatest exponent of modern French Opera; Slezak, celebrated tenor; Constantino, the great Spanish tenor, and a hundred more—in the selections you like best from the best-liked operas.

And when you are in the mood for a great overture or symphony, you cannot imagine a more magnificent composition than Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, or the beautiful Leonore Overture, No. 3, by Beethoven, or the impressive Lohengrin by Wagner; or Suppé's marvellous descriptive overture, Light Cavalry—played faultlessly by the wonderful Columbia orchestra. And in the field of great orchestral selections, you will be delighted with the gracious melodies of Weber's Invitation to the Dance, recorded under the baton of Felix Weingartner, the World-Renowned Conductor.

Or, if you feel receptive to the wonderful piano playing of the world's greatest artists, you will find delight in the wizardry of Josef Hofmann, playing Chopin's Polonaise in A Major and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice; or in listening to the dazzling technique of Leopold Godowsky, as he plays Liszt's beautiful Campanella and the beloved Nocturne in E flat by Chopin.

Or if some great violinist like Ysaye appeals to you, you can listen to any one of a dozen or more of the compositions he has made famous on the concert platform, from the Rondino by Vieuxtemps to Die Meistersinger by Wagner, and Schubert's Ave Maria wonderful recordings in themselves and characteristic of every Columbia Record made by this supreme master of tone. And you can hear Ysaye *only* on Columbia Records, but they will play on *your* machine even if it isn't a Columbia.

In every class of instrumental music this same Columbia exclusiveness and supremacy hold good. Beautiful trios of harp, flute and violin, and every other conceivable combination of melodious instruments—quartets, duets, ensembles of brass, wind and string, in scores of perfect recordings in classical and popular music—are at your command on Columbia Records

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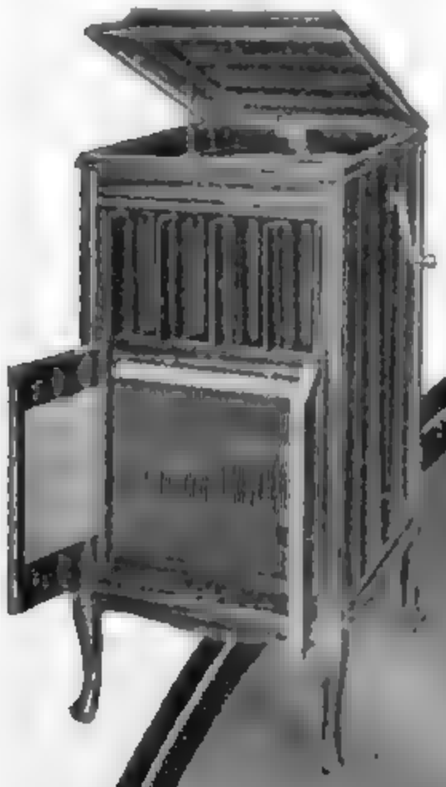


Columbia Grafonola Leader $85 (easy terms)

Whether YOUR machine is a Columbia Grafonola or not—it plays Columbia Records. New Columbia Records—65 cents double—on sale everywhere the 20th of every month.

to the ridiculous"

in any one class of amusement, do you?)

And if you feel like dancing—if you are all ready to move back the furniture for whisking feet to do the Fox-Trot, the One-Step, the Hesitation or the Maxixe—you need Columbia Dance Records by all means. Columbia Dance Records are supreme in this class of music—ideal alike for those who dance from the sheer joy of dancing and for the instructor.

The most famous dancers of the day, the favorite teachers of society, endorse Columbia Dance Records as best—best in rhythm, in correctness of tempo, and, beyond compare, in the selection of the music itself. Have your Columbia dealer play a few selections from the latest recordings—representative of all Columbia Dance Records—Meadowbrook Fox-Trot, Soup to Nuts, Moonglide Waltz, Maurice Glide and Reuben Fox-Trot. They'll give you a good idea of why Vernon Castle himself has said they are best, and why Joan Sawyer dances to them.

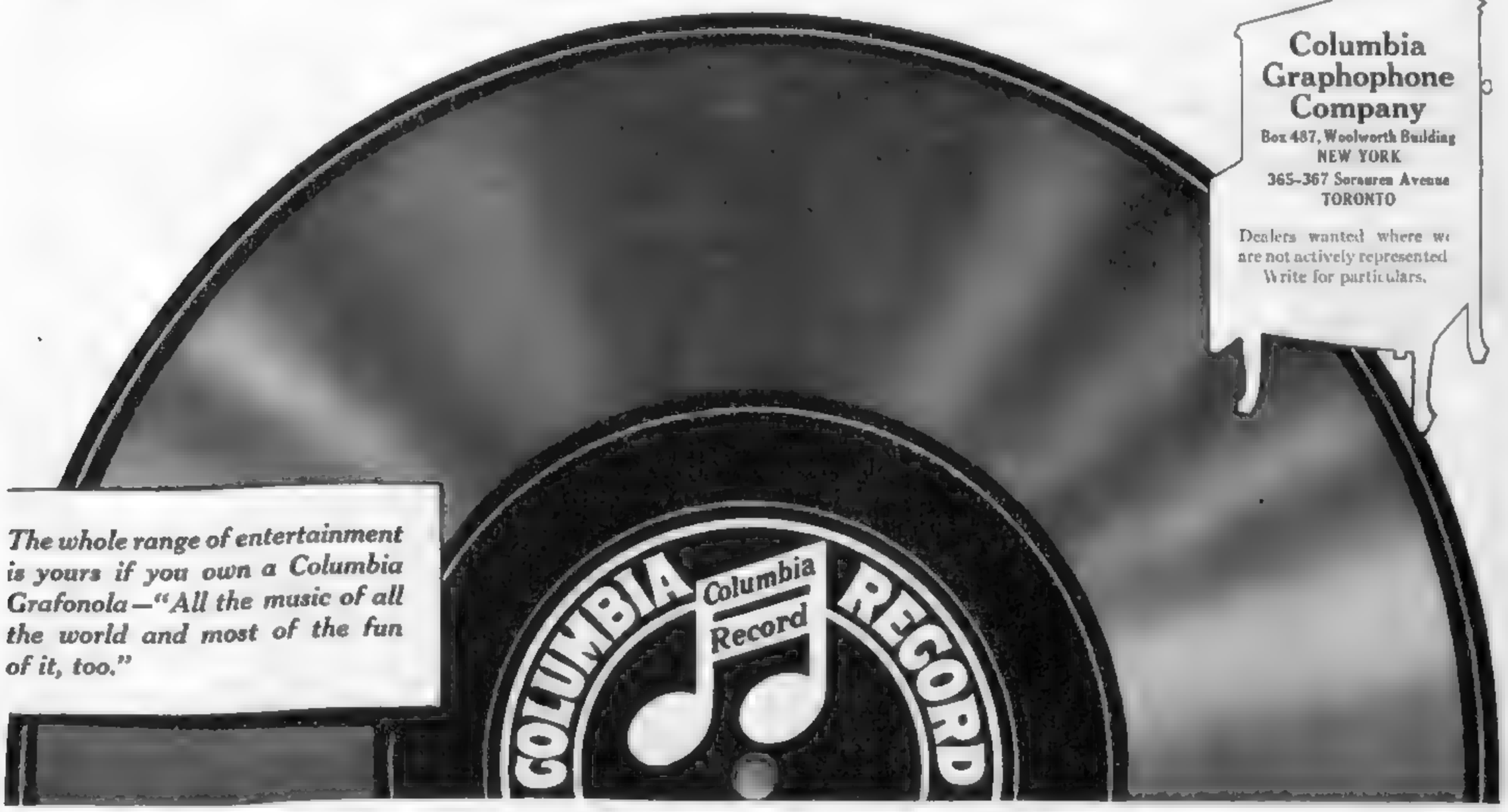
Yes, and if nothing but rag-time will fill the bill, you've got a treat coming to you in Columbia Records. Whether it's the rag-time of cracker jack instrumentalists, perhaps a smashing syncopation on the banjo, or a rag on the piano and violin played by the Jockers Brothers—or whether it's the alliterative syncopation of Al Jolson singing Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers—you get rag-time sung and played as it should be, when you listen to the rag recordings on Columbia Records.

Or perhaps a smashing, rollicking march by a brass band would be in order. If you want to be right up to the minute, try to keep your feet still as the martial strains of Tipperary come forth; or listen to any one of a hundred others, all played by a full military band, and each one filled with the clarion of brass and the tramp of the men of war.

Or, when you just want someone to entertain you—even if it means an undignified but care-free snicker, you are sure of a thousand and one laughs on the exceptional comedy monologue Columbia Records. Cohen at the Telephone—that's just one, and it's a long ways from Grand Opera—yes, but there's a laugh in every word and every word is pure, unadulterated fun. This is just one of hundreds of "laugh producers" to be found on Columbia Records—your Columbia dealer will play one or a couple of dozen of them whenever you wish.

And don't forget—that when you play Columbia Records on your machine—whether it's a Columbia Grafonola or whether it's some other instrument, and whatever the class or character of the selections—you have at your command "All the music of all the world and most of the fun of it, too."

Every class of music on Columbia Records, 65 cents and up



Columbia Graphophone Company

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Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars.

The whole range of entertainment is yours if you own a Columbia Grafonola—"All the music of all the world and most of the fun of it, too."

EGYPTIENNE

"STRAIGHTS"

CIGARETTES

Made of *100% Pure Turkish Tobacco*, yet selling at 10 for 10c, "STRAIGHTS" are the big, controlling factor in the Turkish cigarette business in America today. Many brands of equal or higher price cannot compete with "STRAIGHTS" in Quality.

That is why thousands of men who formerly smoked higher priced Turkish Cigarettes now smoke "STRAIGHTS." They cost more to manufacture, cost the dealer more, than other 10c Turkish brands—but cost you the same. Their exquisite mildness, richness and mellowness compare favorably with the *very highest priced* Turkish cigarettes. Have you tried "STRAIGHTS"?

10 for 10c

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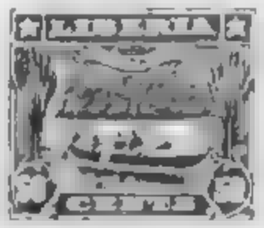


YOU can add many rare and valuable stamps to your collection *without spending a cent.*

If you are a beginner, you can obtain in a short time a splendid collection,—even finer than those of your friends who have saved stamps for years.

Write us a letter to-day and ask us about our plan.

Box 742, Sales Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOCIETY ON TOAST

(Continued from Page 11)

found to be fallacious—one new rival adopted the policy of printing nothing that could offend even the most sensitive soul.

It was not long before papers of one type or the other sprouted into being all over the country; and eventually first the more sensational and later even the conservative daily papers inaugurated columns of society review in their Sunday editions. For the most part these were written in the first person, and in the same intimate style as that used by the weeklies. My own home paper was among the last to fall into line, and I was called on to provide the copy. In character, of course, it was quite different from my paragraphic writing for the Wasp; yet the style was much the same and my old faculty of evolving much out of little aided me in making this new feature to a degree readable.

Since that time, during my years of slavery to this most thankless and demoralizing of games, I have served in the capacity of society editor in the West as well as on other papers in the East; and I have met many who held down similar positions. But, beyond the fact that photographs are now in universal demand for the illustration of the society pages, there has been little change in method and treatment from the later period of my home experience.

As in every branch of news-gathering, the specialist must of necessity have a broad acquaintance with persons in his particular field. Many of the society editors I have known possessed a more or less close affiliation with the smart set. Some had inherited this—others had gained it by marriage.

Others, still, were once active in society themselves, members of swagger clubs, well-to-do idlers who, having dissipated their inheritance, had turned to society reporting and editing for a livelihood.

In nearly all offices in the larger cities today the editor is provided with one or more assistants who do the bulk of the detail work—that is to say, they get lists of guests, they get descriptions of gowns, they copy the cards on wedding presents, and they chase photographs. Nevertheless the society editor's own position is no sinecure. It is for him to keep track of coming events; and he must always be on the *qui vive*, as must every other working editor, lest he be beaten by his rivals.

Engagements in High Life

Many announcements are sent to all the newspapers; but there are still many, especially those of the older and staider set, which are not. Some of the editors make a point of keeping in touch with the stationers and engravers that have a smart patronage, to learn what invitations are in course of preparation. Engagements of marriage are a perpetual nightmare to the society editor, especially in these days of sensational personal journalism, when on a mere hint any one of the yellows will rush into print with an announcement.

The fact that nine times out of ten the principals and their families make vigorous denial is small consolation for the society editor who has been beaten. To deny until probably six weeks or a month before the wedding day, when the engagement is officially announced, has long been the rule of the fashionable world, though relatives and friends of the intending pair have known for the better part of a season the engagement's existence.

The obituary of the society man or woman is another matter that tries the society editor's soul—but in a different fashion. In these times of reckless motor driving and fatal accidents there is no telling when he may be called on to furnish the life story and family tree of some unfortunate who has been hurled to death from a wrecked car.

Biographical works of reference seldom contain any mention of those whose sole claim to prominence is inherited fortune, and the city editor looks to the society editor to make good the omission. At any hour of the day or night he is thus liable to be called on to dig up an obituary from his inner consciousness or hunt up some kinsman or friend of the victim who can supply it. Unless he is found and complies the paper must suffer the humiliation of imputed ignorance, for which the individual blame falls on the society editor.

Much of the work of the society editor and his assistants is, as I have indicated, purely mechanical; yet there are times when the little group is at its wit's end to secure what is regarded in the office as an imperative necessity. On some of the more conscienceless journals success is not infrequently attained by means which, spoken mildly, are the reverse of honorable. As an example of the lengths to which the employees of such papers are encouraged to go, I give the experience of a young woman who came to me from one of the greater metropolitan dailies—a clever, energetic girl, gifted, as will be seen, with an almost infinite capacity of resource.

A Young Girl's Trickery

No little sensation had been made over the recently announced engagement of a gentleman of high social standing to marry the head of a school. The society editor had planned a Sunday special of a somewhat intimate nature concerning the implied *mésalliance*, and particularly desired to illuminate the page with portraits of the prospective bride and bridegroom. That of the latter, as I remember, had been secured without much difficulty; but every effort to get a photograph of the bride had failed dismally. The task was at length assigned to the young woman assistant, and she set out on the quest determined to succeed, no matter at what cost.

She went directly to the school, representing herself as the elder sister of an intending pupil, desirous of particulars. As such she was shown over the building, made acquainted with every detail of the curriculum, given the terms, provided with unimpeachable references—and so on—with all of which she pretended to be vastly pleased.

As she was about leaving, however, a matter occurred to her that she had nearly forgotten: Her mother—they were supposed to be Western people—had impressed on her a condition that must be met before she would intrust her child to the care of any Eastern school. She must see the head of the institution. As the mother could not come East and as she could not expect the principal to go West, there was but one way to arrange the matter—the caller must have a photograph to send. The scheme, it cannot but be admitted, was ingenious in conception and excellently worked out; but it failed, nevertheless. There was no such thing as a photograph to be had.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the resourceful young newspaper woman again put on her thinking cap. It was out of all reason to believe that the prospective bridegroom had no likeness of his sweetheart. The chances, indeed, were that he had several; but the question was: How to get one of them.

Inspiration always answers our wishes if we wish hard enough—and she was wishing very hard. Therefore an idea presented itself. She took a train for the suburb in which the gentleman resided and promptly presented herself at the door of his residence. She knew that his sister was keeping house for him. She asked for the sister and, on her appearance, spun a pleasing little story. She was no longer a vicarious applicant for entrance to the school. She was now a senior class pupil.

More than that, she was in herself a committee representing all the pupils; and those pupils were most anxious to present, as a wedding gift to their beloved teacher's bridegroom, a miniature of his bride, executed by a master hand and framed in diamond-studded gold. But, alas!—and a gulp suggested threatening tears—the girls had found it impossible to secure a photograph to give to the artist. Could she not—oh! would she not—please—assist them?

The future bridegroom's sister was delighted with the idea. She was sure her brother would be pleased beyond words by this sweet, delicate thought of his loved one's pupils. "Oh, but he must not know!" exclaimed the caller. "We wish to keep it a secret until he sees it." His sister was sorry, but that would be impossible. He had but one photograph. He kept it ever before him on his desk and he would be sure to miss it.

Therefore there was but one way—he must be taken into their confidence. This dear girl must stay to luncheon—he would be at home for that—and then she could tell him herself. His sister knew that for such a purpose he would gladly part with the treasured likeness.

The girl stayed, of course; and, equally of course, she went away with the photograph clutched tightly in her gloved hand. Her paper regarded it as a capital bit of enterprise, and her salary was raised from twelve to fourteen dollars a week.

At about the beginning of my fourth year of correspondence for the Wasp I received a telegram one afternoon from the owner, asking me to come to New York on the following day to discuss a matter of mutual interest. At first glance the message alarmed me. I feared I had fallen into another serious error; but, running back over my work of the last few weeks, I could think of no reason for trepidation. Nevertheless I was naturally curious as to the subject demanding discussion.

Several times during my connection with the paper I had visited the office and had met the owner on those occasions. Since my last visit, however, there had been a change of editors. I had never seen the new incumbent, though I had had more or less correspondence with him; and I was a good deal impressed by his work.

When I first visited the Wasp office it was located in a tiny box of a room; but it had now moved into better offices. The owner received me in one corner of the business office, where, with our chairs close together, he talked volubly about his paper for a full hour without once mentioning the reason for his telegram. Meanwhile my attention roved frequently to those who came and went.

New York at that time held a certain glamour for me and I remember to have been particularly interested in the type of person who could have business with a paper of this character. Each caller was received by the only other occupant of the office, a young woman stenographer who handled them in businesslike fashion, without once appealing to the talkative publisher for assistance.

One of these especially struck me. He was short, with a narrow, compressed body and an enormous head – the brow bulging, the eyes abnormally bright, and the hair long and unkempt. He reminded me strongly of pictures of Edgar Allan Poe. I fancied he had some poems in his pocket and in seeking the editor had got into the business office by mistake.

A Day at Headquarters

"Come now," suggested the owner rising at the end of the hour and starting toward the door, "I'll take you over to the editorial department and introduce you to my editor. You've never met him, I believe."

We went over—and I nearly dropped from the shock! My picture of the young, natty, smart-appearing man-about-town was shattered to atoms. Behind the only desk in the room sat Edgar Allan Poe!

I learned later, when the owner took me out to dinner and finally deigned to broach the matter of mutual interest, that, though his editor, to use his own phrasing, "had no equal as a juggler of words," and had really always done the bulk of the writing on the paper, he was not satisfied with him in some other respects.

"I had you come over here today because I wanted to know whether you would consider a proposition to take his place," said the owner.

I think I gasped. I know the lights in the restaurant caracoled dizzily. The buzz of conversation about me and the music of the orchestra mingled in a discordant roar. I—I, a modest reporter—certainly I was little more—on a provincial daily had been asked to accept the editorship of this clever paper!

When I recovered from my daze the loquacious publisher was still talking. He was telling me that his paper had had no correspondence from anywhere that began to equal mine; that I had not only sent the livest paragraphs but that I had admirably adapted my writing to the style of his publication. I would fit into the editorship, he was sure, as a hand fits into a glove.

He was aware that living in New York was almost twice as expensive as living in my home city. He would therefore consider that in naming a salary; and, to assist him to that end, he desired me to tell him just what my work then paid me.

Newspaper work in those days was not so well paid for as now. My weekly envelope on the home daily contained, each Friday, two ten-dollar bills. My out-of-town correspondence netted me as much more. And for that total of forty dollars I worked hard and incessantly.

"I will pay you seventy dollars a week," said the Wasp's owner. And, as if to impress me with his ability to make good, he at that moment drew from his pocket a roll of banknotes measuring all of three inches in diameter, and skinned off a fifty to be changed in settlement for the dinner.

Naturally I was greatly flattered; but there were two things that kept me from making an immediate decision to accept. I doubted my capacity. New York was virtually a strange city to me; and its society, except what I had gathered from the columns of the Wasp, was a closed book. That was the first reason. The second was that I still detested society work. However, I promised him to think the matter over. Meanwhile if he could find some one else to fill the bill I should be just as well pleased. And I returned home wondering and debating. Had I been a fool not to snap at the chance? Or was I wise beyond my knowing?

Shackled to Society Journalism

The more I thought over the question, the more it seemed to me that I should have seized the opportunity. It would mean broadening if nothing else. What I did not know about the field I could learn. And then there was another big consideration: I had always wanted to laugh at society. The most obnoxious part of my present work was that it meant truckling to a set that was inherently unworthy. On the Wasp I could lampoon it; I could sharpen the sting and add to the poison.

One week after another slipped by, however, and I heard nothing from my friend the owner. Then I seemed to detect a new hand at work on the leading features of the paper; and I concluded the position had been offered to some one else.

It was midwinter when I had that interview. Spring had now arrived, and in the interim there had been no communication whatever from the Wasp aside from the checks each month for my work, which, of course, I continued without interruption. Then, one April morning, I found a telegram on my desk. It was signed by the Wasp's owner.

"Can you come here on Wednesday prepared to join the staff?" it asked. "Salary will be the figure promised. Answer immediately."

Again it was unexpected and again I deliberated. I held the inquiry for an hour before sending an answer. An altogether new phase of the situation presented itself—one that I had hardly considered at all before. To accept meant leaving home and friends. It meant the uprooting of old associations that had grown very dear.

It seemed to mean, too, the tightening of the shackles of this society specialty on me—the specialty I never chose and from which it seemed I was never to escape. At that, a fresh thought intervened: If I accepted and failed I should be free! I could find work elsewhere in another line.

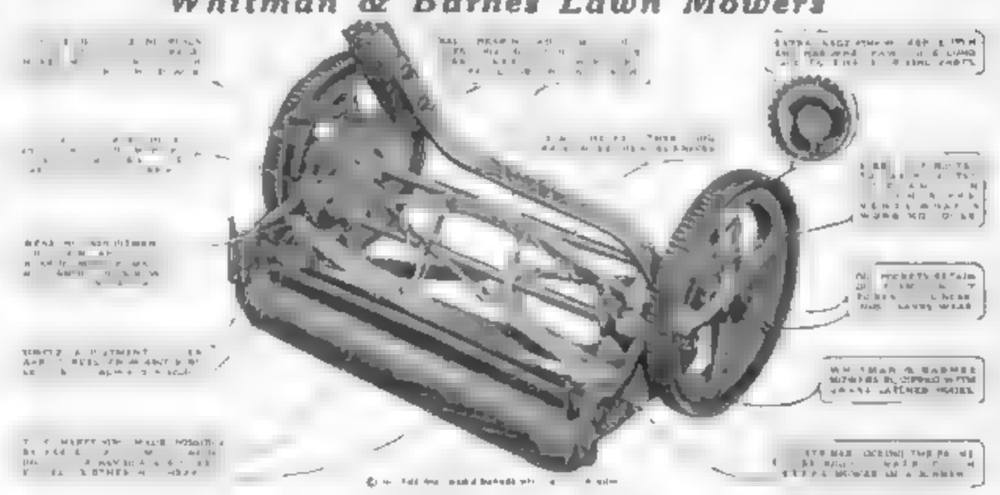
I dispatched an affirmative answer. I handed in my resignation to the managing editor of the daily. I said good-by to home and friends. At an early hour on Wednesday morning I was on a train bound for New York.

Mosquito Catchers

KEEP a duck and so avoid mosquitoes is the lesson of some experiments conducted by the Pennsylvania Commissioner of Health. Mosquitoes breed in stagnant or quiet water, and the duck will greedily gobble the mosquito pupæ and larvæ.

For breeding grounds some kinds of mosquitoes prefer the stagnant water in a clogged eaves trough or a tin can in the back yard; and, of course, the duck cannot be expected to attend to that breed. The duck, however, will attend to all the baby mosquitoes that appear in any pool of water near the house, which otherwise would make themselves a nuisance round the house. The experiments consisted of building two pools—one for ducks and one for fish—and finding out in which pond the mosquitoes would breed. Goldfish did not seem to interfere with the mosquito households at all in their pond, but twenty mallard ducks kept their pool free. Later, ten of the ducks were placed in the fishpond; and they cleaned up the swarms of pupæ and larvæ in a few hours. Other experimenters have found that some kinds of fish will eat the baby mosquitoes, so that fish have been recommended as a protection; but this test gives complete assurance that the mallard duck will do the work.

Superior Points in Construction of Whitman & Barnes Lawn Mowers



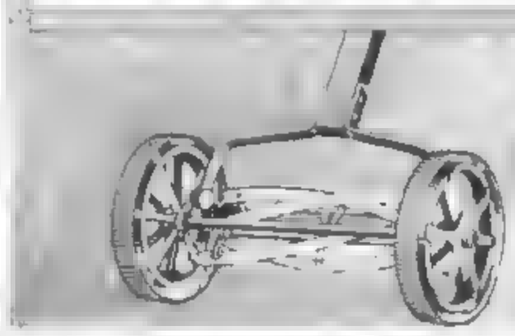
Ask Your Dealer

or write us for FREE interesting booklet telling how to select a lawn mower best suited to your needs.

The Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Company, General Office, Akron, O.

Established 1854

FACTORIES: Chicago, Akron, O., St. Catharines, Ont. New York Office and Store, 64 Reade St. Canadian Office, St. Catharines, Ont. European Office, 149 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C. Export Sales Office—A. J. Barnes, Mgr., 90 West St., New York



Heat Bill Only $20.25 For 10 Rooms

½ to ⅔ Saving Guaranteed

HERE'S a big house in cold Illinois. 10 rooms, exposed on all sides. The kind that's usually hard to heat. Yet read the letter. We have thousands of others like it from Underfeed users telling of warmer, cozier homes, and a saving in fuel bills of from *one-half to two-thirds.*

Carbondale, Ill., March 11, 1914.
Gentlemen: I have used one of your Underfeeds three winters and am highly pleased with it. From the day my furnace was installed in October to the 20th day of March my coal bill was $20.25. I have a ten-room residence and the entire building was heated all thru the winter. We are not bothered with dust, gas nor smoke.
Yours truly, (Signed) W. J. Brown.

And 30,000 other Underfeed users are equally enthusiastic over the greatly reduced fuel expense the better, cleaner heat; the small amount of care and attention required

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ⅓ to ⅔

In the Williamson Underfeed, the live body of fire is always on top [illegible] radiating surfaces [illegible] fire. No smoke, no gas, no dirt. All these are consumed, giving more heat. Every bit of coal burnt to a clean white ash. Clinkers virtually unknown. And this year sees the [illegible] brought to a still higher degree of perfection in the New-Feed UNDERFEED. No stooping to feed in coal or shake down ashes.

Cut-Out View of Furnace

Showing how live coals are always on top. This is the candle principle. A candle gives a clean, smokeless flame only when flame is at top. Turn a lighted candle upside down and see the difference.

Burns Any Size of Coal

No special coal is prescribed for the Williamson New-Feed UNDERFEED. Any size can be used [illegible]

50 Per Cent Saving Guaranteed

We guarantee a saving [illegible] specified on bids [illegible] operated as here [illegible] reflects this great saving

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
(Formerly The Peck-Williamson Co.)
61 Fifth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

DEALERS! Let us tell you about the New-Feed UNDERFEED and our 1915 proposition. Both are winners.

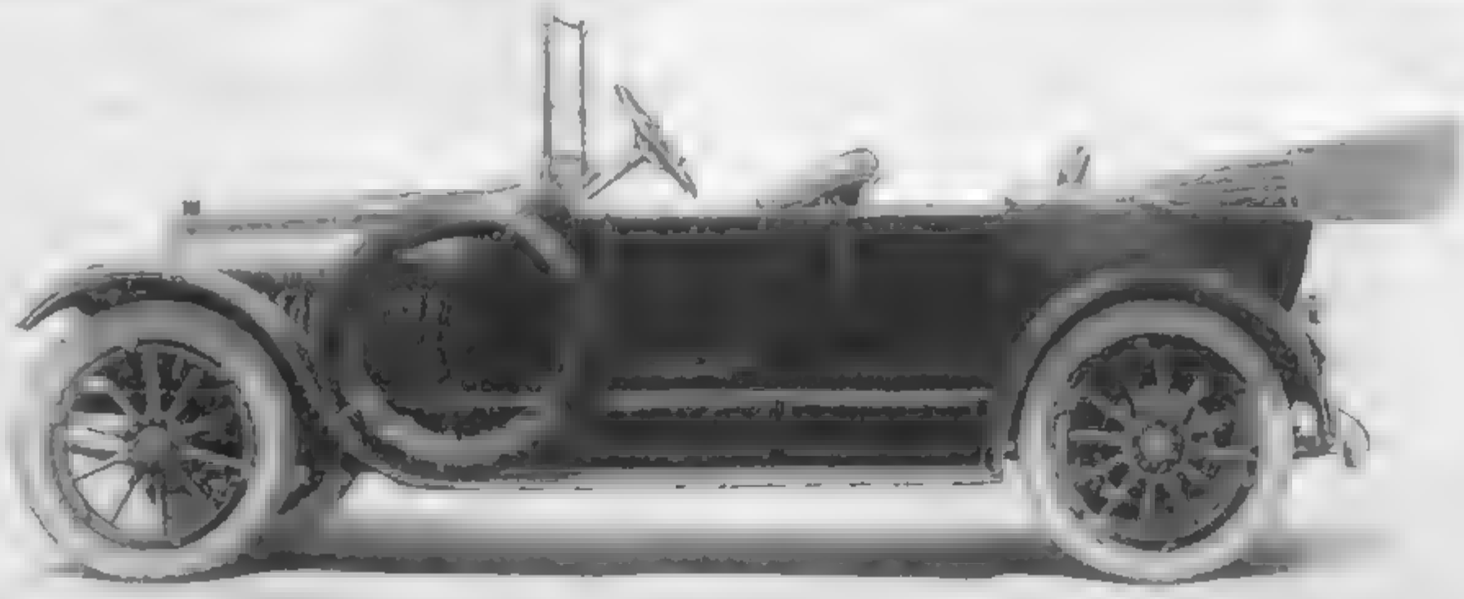
THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
61 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ⅓ to ⅔ with a Williamson New-Feed.
Warm Air____Steam or Hot Water
(Mark X after System interested in)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

My Dealer's Name is_____



Hudson Is My Ideal Car

John Dunley A Brown Hurley L. E. Mann

10,000 Owners Endorse It

After Tests for Two Seasons, in 43 Countries, on Some 25 Million Miles of Road

Once the HUDSON Six-40 stood alone, the pioneer in lightness and economy applied to a 7-passenger Six.

It introduced a hundred innovations. All of them were wanted. Every man realized that their fulfillment would change the whole aspect of motoring.

But radical advances are always subject to question. New things must be proved. Every new type, even though Howard E. Coffin designs it, must run the gantlet of cynicism and attack. And here was a type which proposed, for one thing, to save 1000 pounds in weight.

Now the Pattern Car

Now this HUDSON Six-40, in its second season, is the pattern car of the day. It is the most-copied car in America. What it stands for has become the almost universal aim.

It has made the Six triumphant by removing the handicaps of price and weight, of fuel and upkeep cost. Most of the leading new models this season are in this Light Six class. There are 26 altogether.

Their makers are starting where HUDSON designers started four years ago. The ideals we propounded, the betterments we demonstrated, have become the accepted standards. This is the second time that a new HUDSON model has revolutionized the practice of the times.

We've Four Years' Start And 10,000 Endorsers

But we have been working four years on this car. We started two years before the first model came out.

We had Howard E. Coffin as chief of designing, and the foremost engineering corps in America worked with him. There were countless problems to solve, a thousand details to perfect. We had the time and the men to do it.

Now 10,000 Six-40's are running—5000 first-year models, 5000 of this. They are running in 43 countries. Together they have covered, probably, 25,000,000 miles.

The HUDSON Six-40 is an attained success. These cars for two seasons, meeting every condition, have answered all questions about it. When we state to you now that this car is right there are ten thousand men to confirm it. And that is true of no other Light Six.

Consult Your Neighbors

Wherever you are there are HUDSON Six-40's. There are men who have tried them out. Consult them. They will tell you that this is their ideal car, and offer their records to prove it.

That verdict, ten thousand times repeated, is bound to be your verdict, after equal tests. You can see today that in beauty and luxury, in lightness and equipment, this car has no rival in its field. And time will show you that it has none in staunchness, service and economy.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price, $2100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Four other styles of bodies.

Hudson dealer service is ideal. It includes periodic inspection. And 800 of these service stations welcome HUDSON owners everywhere.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

HUDSON SIX-40 $1550

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 21)

At three o'clock the host announced from the telephone: "Vane-Basingwell has just started from the Floud house." The guests thrilled and hushed the careless chatter of new arrivals. Belknap-Jackson remained heroically at the telephone, having demanded to be put through to the hotel. He was flushed with excitement. A score of minutes later he announced with an effort to control his voice: "They have left the hotel—they are on the way."

The guests stiffened in their seats. Some of them nervously and for no apparent reason exchanged chairs with others. Some late arrivals bustled in and were immediately awed to the same electric silence of waiting. Belknap-Jackson placed the sherry decanter where the vodka bottle had been and the vodka bottle where the sherry decanter had been. "The effect is better," he remarked, and went to stand where he could view the driveway. The moments passed.

At such crises, which I need not say have been plentiful in my life, I have always known that I possessed an immense reserve of coolness. Seldom have I ever been so much as slightly flustered. Now I was calmness itself, and the knowledge brought me no little satisfaction as I noted the rather painful distraction of our host. The moments passed—long, heavy, silent moments. Our host ascended trippingly to an upper floor whence he could see farther down the drive. The guests held themselves in smiling readiness. Our host descended and again took up his post at a lower window.

The moments passed—stilled, leaden moments. The silence had become intolerable. Our host jiggled on his feet. Some of the quicker-minded guests made a pretense of little conversational flurries.

"That second movement . . . Oh, exquisitely rendered! . . . No one has ever read Chopin so divinely. . . . How his family must idolize him! . . . They say . . . That exquisite concerto! . . . Hasn't he the most stunning hair? . . . Those staccato passages left me actually limp . . . I'm starting Myrtle in Tuesday to take lessons of Professor Gluckstein. She wants to take stenography, but I tell her . . . Did you think the preludes were just the tiniest bit idealized? . . . I always say if one has one's music and one's books, of course . . ."

Such were the hushed, tentative fragments I caught.

The moments passed. Belknap-Jackson went to the telephone:

"What? But they're not here! Very strange. They should have been here half an hour ago. Send some one—yes, at once."

In the ensuing silence he repaired to the buffet and drank a glass of vodka. Quite distraught he was. The moments passed. Again several guests exchanged seats with other guests. It seemed to be a device for relieving the strain. Once more there were scattering efforts at normal talk.

"Myrtle is a strange girl—a creature of moods I call her. She wanted to act in the moving pictures until papa bought the car. And she knows every one of the new tango steps, but I tell her a few lessons in cooking wouldn't . . . Beryl Mae is just the same puzzling child: one thing one day, another thing the next; a mere bundle of nerves, and so sensitive if you say the least little thing to her. . . . If we could only get Ling Wong back—this Jap boy is always threatening to leave if the men don't get up to breakfast on time, or if Gertie makes fudge in his kitchen of an afternoon. . . . Our boy sends all his wages to his uncle in China, but I simply can't get him to say 'Dinner is served.' He just slides in and says, 'All right, you come!' It's very annoying, but I always tell the family to remember what a time we had with the Swede . . ."

I mean to say things were rapidly becoming impossible. The moments passed. Belknap-Jackson again telephoned.

"You did send a man after them? Send some one after *him*, then. Yes, at once."

He poured himself another peg of the vodka. Silence fell again. The waiting was terrific. We had endured an hour of it, and but little more was possible to any sensitive human organism. All at once, as if the very last possible moment of silence had passed, the conversation broke loudly and generally:

"And did you notice that slimpsy thing she wore last night? Indecent, if you ask me, with not a petticoat under it, I'll be bound! . . . Always wears shoes twice too small for her. . . . What men can see in her . . . How they can endure that perpetual smirk!"

They were at last discussing the Klondike woman, and whatever had befallen our guest of honor I knew that those present would never regain their first awe of the occasion. It was now unrestrained gabble. The second hour passed quickly enough, the latter half of it being enlivened by the buffet collation, which elicited many compliments upon my ingenuity and good taste. Quite almost every guest partook of a glass of the vodka.

They chattered of everything but music, I dare say it being thought graceful to ignore the afternoon's disaster. Belknap-Jackson had sunk into a mood of sullen desperation. He drained the vodka bottle. Perhaps the liquor brought him something of the chill Russian fatalism. He was dignified but sodden, with a depression that seemed to blow from the bleak Siberian steppes. His wife was already receiving the adieux of their guests. She was smoldering ominously, uncertain where the blame lay, but certain there was blame—criminal blame. I could read as much in her narrowed eyes as she tried for aplomb with her guests.

My own leave I took unobtrusively. I knew our strangely missing guest was to depart by the six-two train, and I strolled toward the station. A block away I halted, waiting. It had been a time of waiting. The moments passed. I heard the whistle of the approaching train. At the same moment I was startled by the approach of a team which I took to be running away.

I saw it was the carriage of the Pierce chap and that he was driving with the most abandoned recklessness. His passengers were the Honorable George, Cousin Egbert and our missing guest. The great artist as they passed me seemed to feel a vast delight in his wild ride. He was cheering on the driver. He waved his arms and himself shouted to the maddened horses. The carriage drew up to the station with the train and the three descended.

The artist hurriedly shook hands in the warmest manner with his companions, including the Pierce chap, who had driven them. He beckoned to his secretary, who was waiting with his bags. He mounted the steps of the coach and as the train pulled out he waved frantically to the three. He kissed his hand to them, looking far out as the train gathered momentum. Again and again he kissed his hand to the hat-waving trio.

It was too much. The strain of the afternoon had told even upon my own iron nerves. I felt unequal at that moment to the simplest inquiry and plainly the situation was not one to attack in haste. I mean to say it was too pregnant with meaning. I withdrew rapidly from the scene, feeling the need for rest and silence.

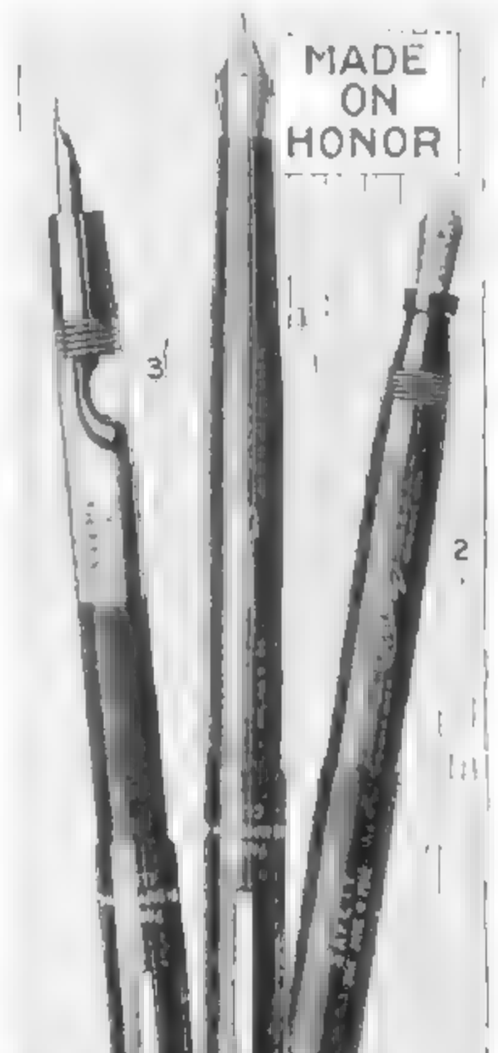
As I walked I meditated profoundly.

XVI

FROM the innocent lips of Cousin Egbert the following morning there fell a tale of such cold-blooded depravity that I found myself with difficulty giving it credit. At ten o'clock, while I still mused pensively over the events of the previous day, he entered the Grill in search of breakfast, as had lately become his habit. I greeted him with perceptible restraint, not knowing what guilt might be his, but his manner to me was so unconsciously genial that I at once acquitted him of any complicity in whatever base doings had been forward. He took his accustomed seat with a pleasant word to me. I waited.

"Feeling a mite off this morning," he began, "account of a lot of truck I et yesterday. I guess I'll just take something kind of dainty. Tell Clarice to cook me up a nice little steak with plenty of fat on it, and some fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee and a few waffles to come. The judge he wouldn't get up yet. He looked kind of mottled and anguished, but I guess he'll pull round all right. I had the chink take him up about a gallon of strong tea. Say, listen here: the judge ain't so awful much of a stayer, is he?"

Burning with curiosity I was to learn what he could tell me of the day before, yet I controlled myself to the calmest of leisurely questioning in order not to alarm him. It was too plain that he had no



THE PEN WITH A GOOD DISPOSITION

WORKS cheerfully and smoothly without a leak—the *Lucky Curve* applies nature's law of capillary attraction and keeps the ink feed clear of ink.

Geo. S. Parker

The new Parker Self-Filler—No. 1—the pen with the invisible self-filling device. Fills in two seconds after you press the button. $2.50 up.

The Jack-Knife Safety—No. 1—Upside down or right side up, it can't leak. $2.50 up

Parker Transparent Pen—No. 1—You can look right through the barrel, see inner workings and tell in advance when a refill is needed. $3.50 up.

Parker Made on Honor Pens, sold by 15,000 courteous, obliging dealers.

PARKER PEN CO., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT
FOUNTAIN PEN

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

For shoe soles, one.

But a cow's hide, being too thick and stiff for upholstery, is split into at least three sheets, only the top one of which is natural leather. The lower, fleshy splits, after being coated and embossed to look like leather, and which make up 75% of all so-called leather upholstery, are really artificial leather of quality inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOTOR QUALITY
For Automobiles

CRAFTSMAN QUALITY
For Furniture

Guaranteed Superior to Coated Splits

America's leading automobile manufacturers have adopted Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstery in place of coated splits. America's leading furniture manufacturer says: "The cheap split leathers should be entirely eliminated in furniture manufacturing." He uses first-grade leather and Fabrikoid.

Specify for automobile upholstering, Motor Quality Fabrikoid, and for tops and curtains, Rayntite Fabrikoid, guaranteed one year. Specify Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid on new furniture and for re-covering. Its appearance and service will please you.

Small Sample Free, or a piece 18 x 25 inches postpaid, 50c.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

Canadian Branch, Toronto, Ontario

Du Pont Fabrikoid Co., 521 Broadway, New York. Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Turton & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg, and most upholstery dealers.

The Telephone Unites the Nation

AT this time, our country looms large on the world horizon as an example of the popular faith in the underlying principles of the republic.

We are truly one people in all that the forefathers, in their most exalted moments, meant by that phrase.

In making us a homogeneous people, the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone have been important factors. They have facilitated communication and intervisiting, bringing us closer together, giving us a better understanding and promoting more intimate relations.

The telephone has played its part as the situation has required. That it should have been planned for its present usefulness is as wonderful as that the vision of the forefathers should have beheld the nation as it is today.

At first, the telephone was the voice of the community. As the population increased and its interests grew more varied, the larger task of the telephone was to connect the communities and keep all the people in touch, regardless of local conditions or distance.

The need that the service should be universal was just as great as that there should be a common language. This need defined the duty of the Bell System.

Inspired by this need and repeatedly aided by new inventions and improvements, the Bell System has become the welder of the nation.

It has made the continent a community.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

A real guarantee on roofing!

A useless risk is to buy roofing not guaranteed by a responsible concern. When you buy our roofing you get the written guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers

Roofings, like most people, prove their worth by the test of time

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed

Roofing

Ask your dealer for products made by us—they bear our name

Asphalt Roofings
(All grades and prices)
Slate Surfaced Shingles
Asphalt Felts
Deadening Felts
Tarred Felts
Building Papers

1-ply guaranteed 5 years
2-ply guaranteed 10 years
3-ply guaranteed 15 years

Insulating Papers
Wall Boards
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realization of what had occurred. It was always the way with him, I had noticed. Events the most momentous might culminate furiously about his head, but he never knew that anything had happened.

"The Honorable George," I began, "was with you yesterday? Perhaps he ate something he shouldn't."

"He did, he did; he done it repeatedly. He et pretty near as much of that sauerkraut and frankfurters as the piano guy himself did; and that's some tribute, believe me, Bill! Some tribute!"

"The piano guy?" I murmured quite casually.

"And say, listen here, that guy is all right if anybody should ask you. You talk about your mixers!"

This was a bit puzzling, for of course I had never talked about my mixers. I shouldn't a bit know how to go on. I ventured another query:

"Where was it this mixing and that sort of thing took place?"

"Why, up at Mis' Kenner's, where we was having a little party: frankfurters and sauerkraut and beer—— My stars! but that steak looks good. I'm feeling better already." His food was before him and he attacked it with no end of spirit.

"Tell me quite all about it," I suggested, and after a moment's hurried devotion to the steak he slowed up a bit to talk.

"Well, listen here, now. The judge says to me when Eddie Pierce comes, 'Sour-Dough,' he says, 'look in at Mrs. Kenner's this afternoon if you got nothing else on; I fancy it will repay you.' Just like that. 'Well,' I says, 'all right, Judge, I fancy I will. I fancy I ain't got anything else on,' I says. 'And I'm always glad to go there,' I says; because no matter what they're always saying about this here Bohemian stuff, Kate Kenner is one good scout, take it from me. So in a little while I slicked up some and went on round to her house. Then hitched outside I seen Eddie Pierce's hack, and I says, 'My lands! that's a funny thing,' I says. 'I thought the judge was going to haul this here piano guy out to the Jackson place where he could while away the tejum, like Jackson had said—and now it looks as if they was here. Or mebbe it's just Eddie himself that has fancied to look in, not having anything else on.'

"Well, so anyway I go up on the stoop and knock and when I get in the parlor there the piano guy is and the judge and Eddie Pierce too, Eddie helping the Jap round with frankfurters and sauerkraut and beer and one thing and another.

"Besides them was about a dozen of Mis' Kenner's own particular friends, all of 'em good scouts, let me tell you, and everybody was laughing and gassing back and forth and cutting up and having a good time all round. Well, so as soon as they seen me everybody says, 'Oh, here comes Sour-Dough—good old Sour-Dough!' and all like that, and they introduced me to the piano guy, who gets up to shake hands with me and spills his beer off the chair arm on to the wife of Eddie Fosdick in the Farmers and Merchants' National, and so I sat down and et with 'em and had a few steins of beer, and everybody had a good time all round."

The wonderful man appeared to believe that he had told me quite all of interest concerning this monstrous festivity. He surveyed the mutilated remnant of his steak and said:

"I guess Clarice might as well fry me a few eggs. I'm feeling a lot better."

I directed that this be done, musing upon the dreadful menu he had recited and recalling the exquisite finish of the collation I myself had prepared. Sausages, to be sure, have their place, and beer as well, but sauerkraut I have never been able to regard as an at all possible food for persons that really matter. Germans, to be sure! Discreetly I renewed my inquiry.

"I dare say the Honorable George was in good form?" I suggested.

"Well, he et a lot. Him and the piano guy was bragging which could eat the most sausages."

I was unable to restrain a shudder at the thought of this revolting contest.

"The piano guy beat him out though. He'd been at the Palace Hotel for three meals and I guess his appetite was right craving."

"And afterward?"

"Well, it was like Jackson said: this lad wanted to while away the tejum of a Sunday afternoon, and so he whiled it, that's all. Purty soon Mis' Kenner set down to the piano and sung some coon songs that tickled him most to death, and then she got to playing ragtime—say, believe me, Bill, when she starts in on that rag stuff she can make a piano simply stutter itself to death.

"Well, at that the piano guy says it's great stuff, and so he sets down himself to try it, and he catches on pretty good, I'll say that for him. So we got to dancing while he plays for us, only he don't remember the tunes good and has to fake a lot. Then he makes Mis' Kenner play again while he dances with Mis' Fosdick that he spilled the beer on, and after that we had some more beer, and this guy et another plate of kraut and a few sausages, and Mis' Kenner sings a couple more good ones, and the guy played some more ragtime himself, trying to get the tunes right. And then he played some fancy pieces that he'd practiced up on, and we danced some and had a few more beers, with everybody cutting up and having a nice home afternoon.

"Well, the piano guy enjoyed himself every minute, if anybody asks you, being lit up like a main chandelier. They made him feel like he was one of their own folks. You certainly got to hand it to him for being one little good mixer. Talk about whiling away the tejum! He done it, all right, all right. He whiled away so much tejum there he darn near missed his train. Eddie Pierce kept telling him what time it was, only he'd keep asking Mis' Kenner to play just one more rag, and at last we had to just shoot him into his fur overcoat while he was kissing all the women on their hands, and we'd have missed the train at that if Eddie hadn't poured the leather into them skates of his all the way down to the dee-po'. He just did make it, and he told the judge and Eddie and me that he ain't had such a good time since he left home. I kind of hated to see him go."

He here attacked the eggs with what seemed to be a freshening of his remarkable appetite. And as yet, be it noted, I had detected no consciousness on his part that a foul betrayal of confidence had been committed. I approached the point:

"The Belknap-Jacksons were rather expecting him, you know. My impression was that the Honorable George had been sent to escort him to the Belknap-Jackson house."

"Well, that's what I thought too, but I guess the judge forgot it, or mebbe he thinks the guy will mix in better with Mis' Kenner's crowd. Anyway there they was, and it probably didn't make any difference to the guy himself. He likely thought he could while away the tejum there as well as he could while it any place, all of them being such good scouts. And the judge has certainly got a case on Mis' Kenner, so mebbe she asked him to drop in with any friend of his. She's got him bridle-wise and broke to all gaits." He visibly groped for an illumining phrase. "He—he just looks at her."

The simple words fell upon my ears with a sickening finality—"He just looks at her." I had seen him "just look" at the typing girl and at the Brixton milliner. All too fearfully I divined their preposterous significance. Beyond question a black infamy had been laid bare, but I made no effort to convey its magnitude to my guileless informant. As I left him he was mildly bemoaning his own lack of skill on the pianoforte.

"Darned if I don't wish I'd of took some lessons on the piano myself like that guy done. It certainly does help to while away the tejum when you got friends in for the afternoon. But then I was just a hill-billy. Likely I couldn't have learned the notes."

It was a half hour later that I was called to the telephone to listen to the anguished accents of Belknap-Jackson.

"Have you heard it?" he called. I answered that I had.

"The man is a paranoiac. He should be at once confined in an asylum for the criminal insane."

"I shall row him fiercely about it, never fear. I've not seen him yet."

"But the creature should be watched. He's a congenital defective! He may do harm to himself or to some innocent person. They—they run wild, they kill, they burn—set fire to buildings—that sort of thing. I tell you none of us is safe."

"The situation," I answered, "has even more shocking possibilities, but I've an idea I shall be equal to it. If the worst seems to be imminent I shall adopt extreme measures." I closed the interview. It was too painful. I wished to summon all my powers of deliberation.

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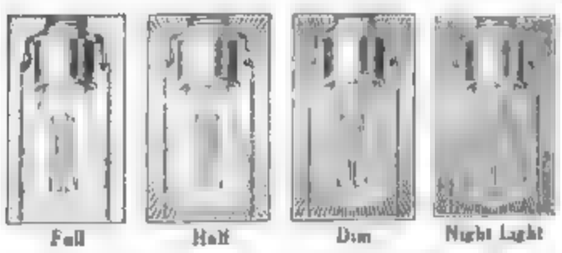

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To my amazement who should presently appear among my throng of luncheon patrons but the Honorable George. I will not say that he slunk in, but there was an unaccustomed diffidence in his bearing. He did not meet my eye and it was not difficult to perceive that he had no wish to engage my notice. As he sought a vacant table I observed that he was spotted quite profusely, and his luncheon order was of the simplest.

Straight I went to him. He winced a bit, I thought, as he saw me approach, but then he apparently resolved to brass it out, for he glanced full at me with a terrific assumption of bravado and at once began to give me beans about my service:

"Your bally tea shop is running down, what! Louts for waiters, cloddish louts! Disgraceful, my word. Slow beggars! Take a year to do you a rasher and a bit of toast, what!"

To this absurd tirade I replied not a word, but stood silently regarding him. I dare say my gaze was of the most chilling character and steady. He endured it but a moment. His eyes fell, his bravado vanished; he fumbled with the cutlery. Quite abashed he was.

"Come, your explanation!" I said curtly, divining that the moment was one in which to adopt a tone with him. He wriggled a bit, crumpling a roll with panic fingers.

"Come, come!" I commanded.

His face brightened, though with an intention almost obviously false. He coughed—a cough of pure deception. Not only were his eyes averted from mine but they were glassed to an uncanny degree. The fingers wrought piteously at the now plastic roll.

"My word, the chap was taken bad; had to be seen to, what! Revived I mean to say. All piano Johnnies that way—nervous wrecks, what! Spells! Spells, man—spells!"

"Come, come," I said crisply. The glassed eyes were those of one hypnotized.

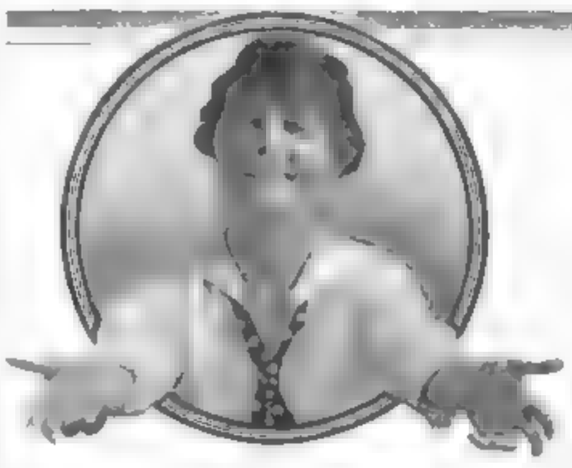
"In the carriage—to the hyphen chap's place, to be sure. Fainting spell—weak heart, what! No stimulants about. Passing house! Perhaps have stimulants—heart tablets—er—beer—things of that sort. Lead him in. Revive him. Quite well presently but not well enough to go on. Couldn't let a piano Johnny die on our hands, what! Inquest, evidence, witnesses—all that silly rot. Save his life, what! Presence of mind! Kind hearts, what! Humanity! Do as much for any chap. Not let him die like a dog in the gutter! Get no credit, though!" His curiously mechanical utterance trailed off, to be lost in a mere husky murmur. The glassy stare was still at my wall

I have in the course of my eventful career had occasion to mark the varying degrees of plausibility with which men speak untruths, but never, I confidently aver, have I beheld one lie with so piteous a futility. The art—and I dare say with diplomat chaps and that sort it may properly be called an art—demands as its very essence that the speaker seem to be himself convinced of the truth of that which he utters. And the Honorable George in his youth was mentioned for the foreign office!

I turned away. I mean to say the exhibition was quite too indecent. I left him to mince at his meager fare. As I glanced his way at odd moments thereafter, he would be muttering feverishly to himself. I mean to say he no longer was himself. He presently made his way to the street, looking neither to right nor left. He had in truth the dazed manner of one stupefied by some powerful narcotic. I wondered pityingly when I should again behold him if it might be that his poor wits were bedeviled past mending.

My period of uncertainty was all too brief. Some two hours later, full into the tide of our afternoon shopping throng, there issued a spectacle that removed any lingering doubt of the unfortunate man's plight. In the rather smart pony trap of the Klondike woman, driven by the person herself, rode the Honorable George. Full in the startled gaze of many of our best people he advertised his defection from all that makes for a sanely governed stability in our social organism. He had gone flagrantly over to the Bohemian set.

I could detect that his eyes were still glassy, but his head was erect. He seemed to flaunt his shame. And the guilty partner of his downfall drove with an affectation of easy carelessness, yet with a lift of the chin which, though barely perceptible, had all the effect of binding the prisoner to her chariot wheels; a prisoner, moreover, whom it was plain she meant to parade to



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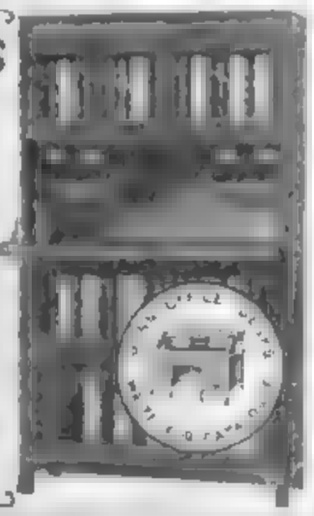

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the last ignominious degree. She drove leisurely, and into the little infrequent curt turns of her head to address her companion she contrived to instill so finished an effect of boredom that she must have goaded to frenzy any matron of the North Side set who chanced to observe her, as more than one of them did.

Thrice did she halt along our main thoroughfare for bits of shopping—a mere running into of shops or to the doors of them where she could issue verbal orders—the while she surveyed her waiting and drugged captive with a certain half-veiled but good-humored insolence. At these moments—for I took pains to overlook the shocking scene—the Honorable George followed her with eyes no longer glassed: the eyes of helpless infatuation. "He looks at her," Cousin Egbert had said. He had told it all and told it well.

The equipage graced our street upon one paltry excuse or another for the better part of an hour, the woman being minded that none of us should longer question her supremacy over the next and eleventh Earl of Brinstead.

Not for another hour did the effects of the sensation die out among tradesmen and the street crowds. It was like waves that recede but gradually. They talked. They stopped to talk. They passed on talking. They hissed vivaciously; they rose to exclamations. I mean to say there was no end of a gabbling row about it.

There was in my mind no longer any room for hesitation. The quite harshest of extreme measures must be at once adopted before all was too late. I made my way to the telegraph office. It was not a time for correspondence by post.

Afterward I had myself put through by telephone to Belknap-Jackson. With his sensitive nature he had stopped in all day. Although still averse to appearing publicly he now consented to meet me at my chambers late that evening.

"The whole town is seething with indignation," he called to me. "It was disgraceful. I shall come at ten. We rely upon you."

Again I saw that he was concerned solely with his humiliation as a would-be host. Not yet had he divined that the deluded Honorable George might go to the unspeakable length of a matrimonial alliance with the woman who had enchained him. And as to his own disaster, he was less than accurate when he said that the whole town was seething with indignation. The members of the North Side set, to be sure, were seething furiously, but a flippant element of the baser sort was quite openly rejoicing. As at the time of that most slanderous minstrel performance, it was said that the Bohemian set had again, if I have caught the phrase, handed one over upon the North Side set.

Many persons of low taste seemed quite to enjoy the dreadful thing, and the members of the Bohemian set, naturally, had throughout the day been quite coarsely beside themselves with glee.

Little they knew, I reflected, what power I could wield, nor that I had already set in motion its deadly springs. Little did the woman dream, flaunting her triumph up and down our main business thoroughfare, that one who watched her there had but to raise his hand to wrest the victim from her toils. Little did she now dream that he would stop at no half measures. I mean to say she would never think I could bowl her out as easy as buying cockles off a barrow.

At the hour for our conference Belknap-Jackson arrived at my chambers, muffled in an ulster and with a soft hat well over his face. I gathered that he had not wished to be observed.

"I feel that this is a crisis," he began as he gloomily shook my hand. "Where is our boasted twentieth-century culture if outrages like this are permitted? For the first time I understand how these Western communities have in the past resorted to mob violence. Public feeling is already running high against the creature and her unspeakable set."

I met this outburst with the serenity of one who holds the winning cards in his hand, and begged him to be seated. Thereupon I recalled to him the weakly susceptible nature of the Honorable George, citing again the incidents of the typing girl and the Brixton milliner. I added that now as before I should not hesitate to preserve the family honor.

"A dreadful thing indeed," he murmured, "if that adventuress should trap him into a marriage. Imagine her one day a Countess of Brinstead! But suppose the fellow proves stubborn; suppose his infatuation dulls all his finer instincts?"

I explained that the Honorable George, while he might upon the spur of the moment commit a folly, was not to be taken too seriously; that he was, I believed, quite incapable of a grand passion. I mean to say he always forgot them after a few days. More like a child staring into shop windows he was, rapidly forgetting one desired object in the presence of others. I added that I had adopted the extremest measures.

Thereupon, perceiving that I had something in my sleeve as the saying is, my caller besought me to confide in him. Without a word I handed him a copy of my cable message sent that afternoon to his lordship:

"Your immediate presence required to prevent a monstrous folly."

He brightened as he read it.

"You actually mean to say ——" he began.

"His lordship," I explained, "will at once understand the nature of what is threatened. He knows, moreover, that I would not alarm him without cause. He will come at once and the Honorable George will be told what. His lordship has never failed. He tells him what perfectly and that's quite all to it. The poor chap will be saved."

My caller was profoundly stirred. "Coming here—to Red Gap—his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead—actually coming here! My God! This is wonderful!" He paused; he seemed to moisten his dry lips, he began once more, and now his voice trembled with emotion: "He will need a place to stay; our hotel is impossible; had you thought ——" He glanced at me appealingly.

"I dare say," I replied, "that his lordship will be pleased to have you put him up; you would do him quite nicely."

"You mean it—seriously? That would be—oh, inexpressible! He would be our house guest! The Earl of Brinstead! I fancy that would silence a few of these serpent tongues that are wagging so venomously to-day!"

"But before his coming," I insisted, "there must be no word of his arrival. The Honorable George would know the meaning of it, and the woman, though I suspect now that she is only making a show of him, might go on to the bitter end. They must suspect nothing."

"I had merely thought of a brief and dignified notice in our press," he began quite wistfully; "but if you think it might defeat our ends ——"

"It must wait until he has come."

"Glorious!" he exclaimed. "It will be even more of a blow to them." He began to murmur as if reading from a journal, "'His Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead, is visiting for a few days'—it will surely be as much as a few days, perhaps a week or more—'is visiting for a few days the C. Belknap-Jacksons, of Boston and Red Gap.'" He seemed to regard the printed words. "Better still, 'The C. Belknap-Jacksons, of Boston and Red Gap, are for a few days entertaining as their honored house guest his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead ——' Yes, that's admirable."

He arose and impulsively clasped my hand.

"Ruggles, dear old chap, I shan't know at all how to repay you. The Bohemian set—such as are possible—will be bound to come over to us. There will be left of it but one unprincipled woman—and she wretched and an outcast. She has made me absurd. I shall grind her under my heel. The east room shall be prepared for his lordship; he shall breakfast there if he wishes. I fancy he'll find us rather more like himself than he suspects. He shall see that we have ideals that are not half bad."

He wrung my hand again. His eyes were misty with gratitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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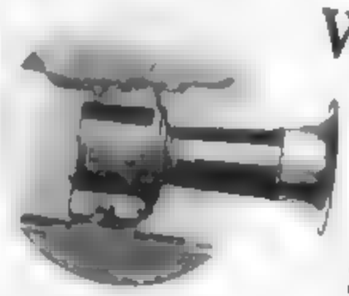

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MR. HOCHENHEIMER OF CINCINNATI

(Continued from Page 8)

one of the girls get engaged that you don't look at me like I was wearing the welcome off the doormat."

"Listen to my own child talk to me! No wonder you cry so hard, Renie Shongut, to talk to your mother like that—a girl that I've indulged like you. To sass her mother like that! A man like Max Hochenheimer comes along, a man where the goodness looks out of his face, a man what can give her every comfort; and, because he ain't a fine talker like that long-haired Sollie Spitz, she ——"

"You leave him out! Anyways he's got fine feeling for something besides—sausages."

"Is it a crime, Renie, that I should want so much your happiness? Your papa's getting a old man now, Renie; I won't always be here neither."

"For the love of Mike, what's the row? Can't a fellow get any beauty sleep round this here shebang? What are you two cutting up about?"

The portières parted to reveal Mr. Isadore Shongut, pressed, manicured, groomed, shaved—something young about him; something conceited; his magenta bow tied to a nicety, his plushlike hair brushed up and backward after the manner of fashion's latest caprice, and smoothing a smooth hand along his smooth jowl.

"Morning, ma. What's the row, Renie? Gee, it's a swell joint round here for a fellow with nerves! What's the row, kid?"

Mr. Isadore Shongut made a cigarette and puffed it, curled himself in a deep-seated chair, with his head low and his legs flung high. His sister lay on the divan, with her tearful profile buried, *basso-rilievo*, against a green velours cushion, her arms limp and dangling in exhaustion.

"What's the row, Renie?"

"N-nothing."

"Aw, come out with it—what's the row? What you sitting there for, ma, like your luck had turned on you?"

"Ask—ask your sister, Izzy; she can tell you."

"'Smatter, sis?"

"N-nothing — only — only — old — old Hochenheimer's coming to—to supper to-night, Izzy; and ——"

"Old Squash? Oh, Whillikens!"

"Take me out, Izzy! Take me out anywheres — to a show or supper, or — or anywheres; but take me out, Izzy. Take me out before he comes."

"Sure I will! Old Squash! Whillikens!"

At five o'clock Wasserman Avenue emerged in dainty dimity and silk sewing bags. Rocking-chairs, tiptilted against veranda railings, were swung round front-face. Greetings, light as rubber balls, bounded from porch to porch. Fine needles flashed through dainty fabrics stretched like drum parchment across embroidery hoops; young children, shrilling and shouting in the heat of play, darted beneath maternal eyes; long-legged girls in knee-high skirts strolled up and down the sidewalks, arms intertwined.

At five-thirty the sun had got so low that it found out Mrs. Schimm in a shady corner of her porch, dazzled her eyes and flashed teasingly on her needle, so that she must cram her dainty fabric in her sewing bag and cross the paved street.

"You don't mind, Mrs. Lissman, if I come over on your porch for a while, where it's shady?"

"It's a pleasure, Mrs. Schimm. Come right up and have a rocker."

"Just a few minutes I can stay."

"That's a beautiful stitch, Mrs. Schimm. When I finish this centerpiece I start me a dozen doilies too."

"I can learn it to you in five minutes, Mrs. Lissman. All my Birdie's trousseau napkins I did with this Battenberg stitch."

"Grand!"

"For a poor widow's daughter, Mrs. Lissman, that girl had a trousseau she don't need to be ashamed of."

"Look, will you? Mrs. Shapiro's coming down her front steps all diked out in a summer silk. I guess she goes down to have supper with her husband, since he keeps open evenings."

"I don't want to say nothing; but I don't think it's so nice—do you, Mrs. Lissman?—the first month what her mourning for her mother is up a yellow bird of paradise as big as a fan she has to have on her hat."

"Ain't it so!"

"I wish you could see the bird of paradise my Birdie bought when her and Simon was in Kansas City on their wedding trip—you can believe me or not, a yard long! How that man spends money on that girl, Mrs. Lissman!"

"Say, when you got it to spend I always say it's right. He's in a good business and makes good money."

"You should know how good."

"The rainy days come to them that save up for them, like us old-fashioned ones, Mrs. Schimm."

"I—look, will you? Ain't that Izzy Shongut crossing the street? He comes home from work this early! I tell you, Mrs. Lissman, I don't want to say nothing; but I hear things ain't so good with the Shonguts."

"So!"

"Yes; I hear, since the old man bought out that sausage concern, they got their troubles."

"And such a nice woman! That's what she needs yet on top of his heart trouble and her girl running round with Sollie Spitz; and, from what she don't say, I can see that boy causes her enough worry with his wild ways. That's what that poor woman needs yet!"

"Look at Izzy, Mrs. Lissman. I bet that boy drinks or something. Look at his face—like a sheet! I tell you that boy ain't walking up this street straight. Look for yourself, Mrs. Lissman. *Ach*, his poor mother!" A current like electricity that sets a wire humming ran in waves along Mrs. Schimm's voice. "Look!"

"Oh-oh! I say, ain't that a trouble for that poor woman? When you see other people's trouble your own ain't so bad."

"Ain't that awful? Just look at his face! Ain't that a trouble for you?"

"She herself as much as told me not a thing does her swell brother over on Kingston do for them. I guess such a job as that boy has got in his banking house he could get from a stranger too."

"Sh-h-h, Mrs. Lissman! Here he comes. Don't let on like we been talking about him. Speak to him like always."

"Good evening, Izzy."

Isadore Shongut paused in the act of mounting the front steps and turned a blood-driven face toward his neighbor. His under jaw sagged and trembled and his well-knit body seemed to have lost its power to stand erect, so that his clothes bagged.

"Good evening, Mrs.—Lissman."

"You're home early to-night, Izzy."

"Y-yes."

He fitted his key into the front-door lock, but his hand trembled so that it would not turn; and for a racking moment he stood there vainly pushing a weak knee against the panel, and his breath came out of his throat in a wheeze.

The maid-of-all-work, straggly and down at the heels, answered his fumbling at the lock and opened the door to him.

"You, Mr. Izzy!"

He sprang in like a catamount, clicking the door quick as a flash behind him.

"Sh-h-h! Where's ma?"

"Your mamma ain't home; she went up to Rindley's. You ain't sick, are you, Mr. Izzy?"

A spasm of relief flashed over his face, and he snapped his dry fingers in an agony of nervousness.

"Where's Renie? Quick!"

"She's in her room, layin' down. She ain't goin' to be home to the supper party to-night, Mr. Izzy; she—what's the matter, Mr. Izzy?"

He was down the hallway in three running bounds and, without the preliminary of knocking, into his sister's tiny, semi-darkened bedroom, his breathing suddenly filling it. She sprang from her little chintz-covered bed, where she had flung herself across its top, her face and wrapper rumpled with sleep.

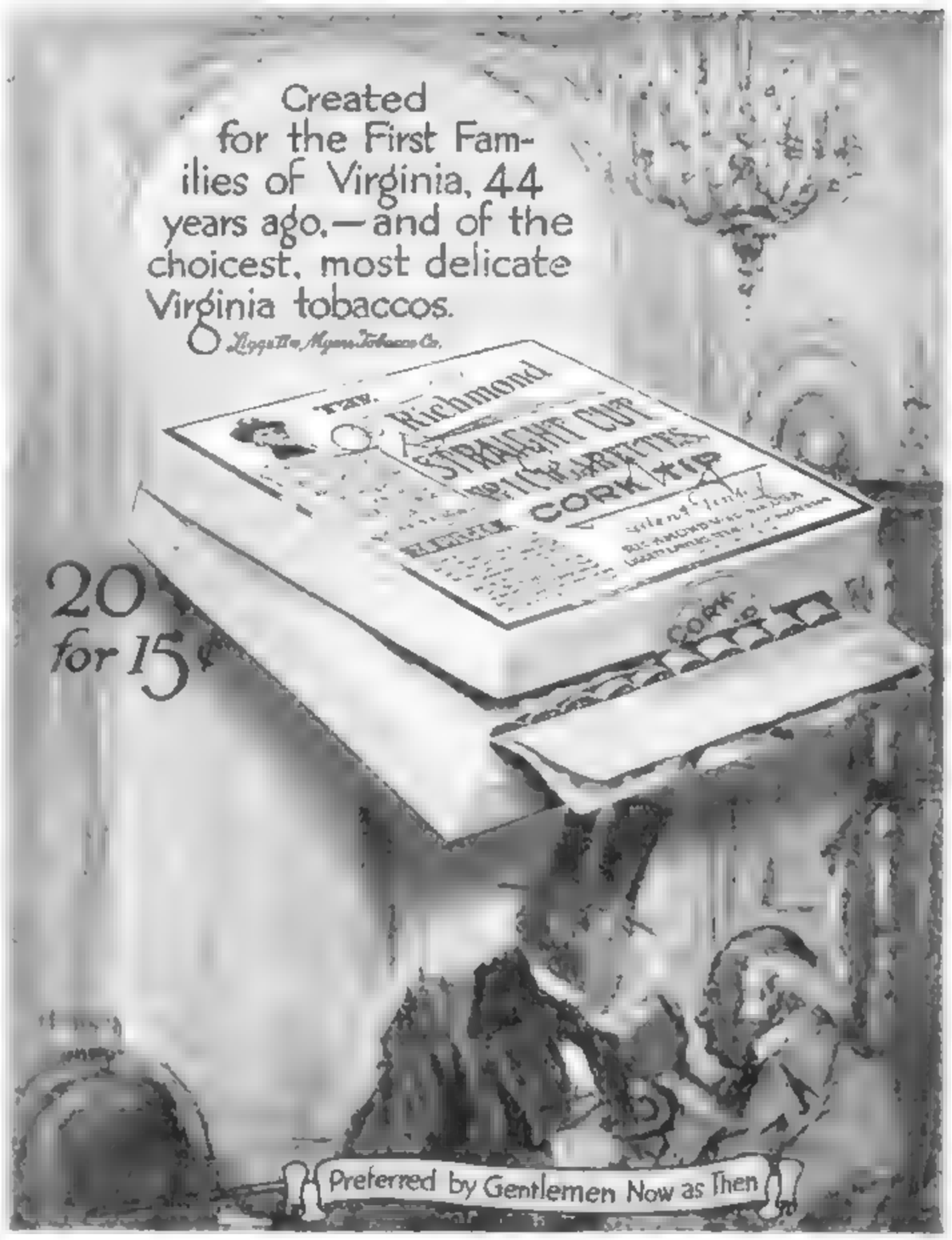
"Izzy!"

"Sh-h-h!"

"Izzy, what—where —— Izzy, what is it?"

"Sh-h-h, for God's sake! Sh-h! Don't let 'em hear, Renie. Don't let 'em hear!"

Her swimming senses suddenly seemed to clear.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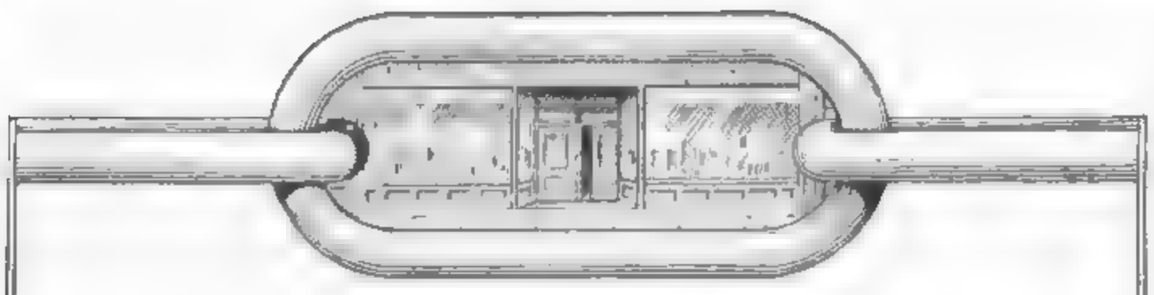

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"What's happened, Izzy? Quick! What's wrong?"

He clicked the key in the lock, and in the agony of the same dry-fingered nervousness rubbed his hand back and forth across his dry lips.

"Don't let 'em hear—the old man or ma—don't!"

"Quick! What is it, Izzy?" She sat down on the edge of the bed, weak. "Tell me, Izzy; something terrible is wrong. It—it isn't papa, Izzy? Tell me it isn't papa. For God's sake, Izzy, he—he ain't ——"

"Sh-h-h! N-no! No, it ain't. It—it ain't pa. It's me, Renie—it's me!"

He crumbled at her feet, his palms plastered over his eyes and his fingers clutched deep in the high nap of his hair.

"It's me! It's me!"

"What? What?"

"Sh-h-h! For God's sake, Renie, you got to stand by me; you got to stand by me this time if you ever did! Promise me, Renie! It's me, Renie. I —— Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

She stooped to his side, her voice and hands trembling beyond control.

"Izzy! Izzy, tell me—tell me! What is it?"

"Oh, my God, why didn't I die? Why didn't I die?"

"Izzy, what—what is it? Money? Haven't I always stood by you before? Won't I now? Tell me, Izzy. Tell me, I say!"

She tugged at his hands, prying them away from his eyes; but the terror she saw there set her trembling again and thrice she opened her lips before she found voice.

"Izzy, if you don't tell me, mamma will be back soon, and then pa; and—you better tell me quick. Your own sister will stand by you. Get up, dearie." Tears trickled through his fingers and she could see the curve of his back rise and fall to the retching of suppressed sobs, "Izzy, you got to tell me quick—do you hear?"

He raised his ravaged face at the sharp-edged incisiveness in her voice.

"I'm in trouble, Renie—such trouble. Oh, my God, such horrible trouble!"

"Tell me quick—do you hear? Quick, or mamma and papa ——"

"Renie—sh-h-h! They mustn't know—the old man mustn't; she mustn't, if if I got to kill myself first. His heart—he—he mustn't, Renie—he mustn't know."

"Know what?"

"It's all up, Renie. I've done something—the worst thing I ever done in my life; but I didn't know while I was doing it, Renie, how—what it was. I swear I didn't! It was like borrowing, I thought. I was sure I could pay it back. I thought the system was a great one and—and I couldn't lose."

"Izzy—roulette again! You—you been losing at—at roulette again?"

"No, no; but they found out at—at the bank, Renie. I—oh, my God! Nothing won't save me!"

"The bank, Izzy?"

"They found out, Renie. Yesterday, when the bank was closed, he—Uncle Isadore—put 'em on the books. Nothing won't save me now, Renie. He won't; you—you know him—hard as nails! Nothing won't save me. It's going to be stripes for me, Renie. Ma—the old man—stripes! I—I can't let 'em do it. I—I'll kill myself first. I can't let 'em—I—can't—I can't let 'em!"

He burrowed his head in her lap to stifle his voice, which slipped up and away from his control; and her icy hands and knees could feel his entire body trembling.

"Sh-h-h, dearie! Try to tell me slow, dearie, for pa's and ma's sake, so—so we can fix it up somehow."

"We can't fix it up. The old man ain't got the money and—and he can't stand it."

"For God's sake, Izzy, tell me or I'll go mad! Slow, dearie, so Renie can think and listen and help you. She's with you, darling, and nothing can hurt you. Now begin, Izzy, and go slow. What did you start to tell me about Uncle Isadore and the books? Slow, darling."

Her voice was smooth and flowing, and the hand that stroked his hair was slow and soothing; the great stream of his passion abated and he huddled quietly at her feet. "Now begin, dearie. Uncle Isadore—what?"

"This morning, when I got down to—to the office, two men had—my books."

"Yes."

"Oh, God! When I seen 'em, right away my heart just stopped."

"Sh-h-h! Yes—two men had the books."

"And Uncle Isadore—Uncle Isadore—he was—he ——"

"Go on!"

"He—he was in the cage too; and—and you know how he looks when his eyes get little."

"Yes, yes, Izzy."

"They were—expert accountants, with him. All day yesterday, Sunday, they were on my books; and—and they had me, Renie—they had me like a rat in a trap."

"Had you, Izzy?"

He drew himself upward, clutching at her arms; and the sobs began to tear him afresh.

"They had me, Renie."

"Oh, Izzy, why ——"

"I could have paid it back. I could have put it back if the old skinflint hadn't got to sniffing round and sicked 'em on my books. I could have won it all back in time, Renie. With my own uncle, my own mother's brother, it—it wasn't like I was stealing it, was it, Renie? Was it?"

"Oh, my God, Izzy!"

"It wasn't, Renie—my own uncle! I could have won it back if—if ——"

"Won back what, Izzy—won back what?"

"I—I started with a hundred, Renie. I had to have it; I had to, I tell you. You remember that night I—I wanted you to go over and ask Aunt Beck for it? I had to have it. Pa—I—I couldn't excite him any more about it, and—and I had to have it, I tell you, Renie."

"Yes; then what?"

"And I—I borrowed it without asking. I—I fixed it on my books so—so Uncle Isadore wouldn't—couldn't—— I—I fixed it on my books."

"Oh—oh, Izzy! Oh—oh—oh!"

"I was trying out a system—a new one—and it worked, Renie. I tried it out on the new wheel down at Sharkey's and the seventeen system worked like a trick. I won big the first and second nights, Renie—you remember the night I brought you and ma the bracelets? I paid back the hundred the first week, Renie; and no one knew—no one knew."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

"The next Friday my luck turned on me—I never ought to have played on Friday—turned like a toad one unlucky Friday night. I got in deep before I knew it, and deeper and deeper; and then—and then it just seemed there wasn't no holding me, Renie. I got wild—got wild, I tell you; and I—I wrote 'em checks I didn't have no right to write. I—I went crazy, I tell you. Next day—you remember that morning I left the house so early?—I had to fix it with the books and borrow what—what I needed before the banks opened. I—I had to make good on them checks, Renie. I fixed it with the books, and from that time on it worked."

"Oh, Izzy—Izzy—Izzy!"

"I kept losing, Renie; but I knew, if my luck just changed from that unlucky Friday night, I could pay it back like the first time. All I needed was a little time and a little luck and I could pay it back like the first hundred; so I kept fixing my books, Renie, and—and borrowing more—and more."

"How much?"

"Oh God, Renie, I could have paid it back with time; I ——"

"Sh-h-h! How much, Izzy—how much?"

"Somebody must have snitched on me, how I was losing every night. The old skinflint, he—oh, my God! They got me, Renie—they got me; and it'll kill the old man!"

"How much, Izzy—how much?"

"Oh, my God! I could have paid it back if—if ——"

"How much? Tell me, I say!"

"Four—thousand!"

"Oh-h-h, Izzy—Izzy—Izzy!"

She sprang back from him, blind with scalding tears.

"Izzy! Four thousand! Oh, my God! Four thousand!"

"I could have paid it back, Renie; the system was all right, but ——"

"Four thousand! Four thousand!"

"He—he was all for detaining me right away, Renie; sending for pa, and—and sicking the law right on his—his own sister's son. On my knees for three hours I had to beg, Renie—on my knees, for ma's sake and your sake and pa's—just for a little time I begged. A little time was all I begged for. He don't care nothing for blood. I—I had to beg him, Renie, till—till I fainted."

"What shall we do, Izzy? What shall we do?"

"I squeezed two weeks' time out of him, Renie. Two weeks to pay it back or he puts the law on me—two weeks; and I got it from him like blood from a turnip. Oh, my God, Renie, four thousand in two weeks—four thousand in two weeks!"

He fell in a half swoon against her skirts. Out of her arms she made a pillow of mercy and drew his head down to her bosom; and tears, bitter with salt, mingled with his, and her heart's blood buzzed in her brain.

"Izzy, Izzy! What have you done!"

"I can't pay it back, Renie. Where could I get half that much? I can't pay back four dollars, much less four thousand. I can't! I can't!"

"Four thousand!"

"We gotta keep it from the old man and ma, Renie. Let 'em kill me if they want to; but we gotta keep it from him and ma."

"Four thousand! Four thousand!"

In the half light of the room, with the late sunshine pressing warm against the drawn green shades, the remote shouts of children coming to them through the quiet, and the whir of a lawn mower off somewhere, they crouched, these two, as though they would shut their ears to the flapping of vultures' wings.

"They can't do anything to you, Izzy."

"What'll we do, Renie? What'll we do?"

"We got to find a way, Izzy."

"They can't send me up for it, Renie—say they can't!"

"No—no, dearie."

"I ain't crooked like that! It was my own uncle. They can't send me up, Renie. I'll kill myself first! I'll kill myself first!"

"Izzy, ain't you ashamed?" But it was as though the odor of death found its way to her nostrils, nauseating her.

"Let me think. Let me think just a minute. Let me think."

She rammed the ends of her fists tight against her eyes until Catherine wheels spun and spun against her lids.

"Let me think just a minute."

"There's nobody, Renie—nobody—nobody—no way."

"Four thousand!"

"No-body, I tell you, Renie. But I'll kill myself before I ——"

Renie stood up.

"Izzy!"

"I will!"

He was whimpering frankly against her skirt. After a while she raised her face. Jeanne d'Arc might have looked like that when she beheld the vision.

"Squash!"

"What?"

"Squash! It's like he was sent out of heaven!"

"He—he ain't ——"

"He's coming to-night—to ask me, Izzy. You know what I mean? Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"I ——"

"Don't you see, Izzy? He's going to ask me, and—and I'm going to do it!"

"Oh, my God! Renie, you can't do that for me if —— You can't do that for me."

"He's got it, Izzy. I can get ten thousand out of him if I got to."

"But, Renie ——"

"I—I can rush it through and—do it before two weeks, Izzy; and we got a way out, Izzy—we got a way. We got a way!"

She threw herself in a passion of hysteria face downward on the bed and a tornado of weeping swept over her. Rooted, he stood as though face to face with an immense dawn, but with eyes that dared not see the light.

"Renie, I—can't! I —— Renie, I can't let you do that for me if—if —— I can't let you marry him for me if you don't ——"

"Sh-h-h!"

Mrs. Shongut's voice outside the door, querulous:

"Renie!"

Silence.

"Re-nie!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Why you got your door locked?"

Silence.

"Huh?"

"I—I ——"

"Come right away out in the dining room. If you ain't got no more regards for your parents than not to stay home for supper, anyways you got to fix for the table the flowers what I brought home from market."

"Yes, mamma." She darted to her feet, drying the tears on her cheeks with the palm of her hand. "Coming, mamma!"

And she slipped through the door of her room, scarcely opening it.

In the dining room, beside the white-spread table, Mrs. Shongut unwound a paper toot of pink carnations; but the flavor of her spirit was bitter and her thin pressed-looking lips hung at the corners.

"Maybe you can stop pouting long enough to help with things a little, even if you won't be here. I tell you it's a pleasure when papa comes home for supper with company, to have children like mine."

"Listen, mamma; I ——"

"Sounds like somebody's going out of the house, Renie. Who ——"

"No, no. No one has been here, mamma. It's just the breeze."

"I tell you it's a pleasure to have a daughter like mine! What excuses to make to Max Hochenheimer, a young man what comes all the way from Cincinnati to see her ——"

"Listen, mamma; I—I've only been fooling—honest, I have."

"What?"

"I—aw, mamma."

Miss Shongut's face was suddenly buried in the neat lace yoke of her mother's dimity blouse, and her arms crept up about her neck.

"I've been only fooling about to-night, mamma. Don't you think I know it is just like he was sent from heaven? I've only been fooling, mamma, so that —so that you shouldn't know how happy I am."

The soul peeped out suddenly in Mrs. Shongut's face, hallowing it.

"Renie! My little Renie!"

On Wasserman Avenue the hand that rocks the cradle oftener than not carves the roast. Behind her platter, sovereign of all she surveyed, and skillfully, so that beneath her steel the red, oozing slices curled and fell into their pool of gravy, reigned Mrs. Shongut. And her suzerainty rested on her as lightly as a tiara of seven stars.

"Mr. Hochenheimer, you ain't eating a thing!" Mrs. Shongut craned her neck round the centerpiece of pink carnations. "Not a thing on your plate! Renie, pass Mr. Hochenheimer some more salad."

"No, no, Mrs. Shongut; just don't you worry about me."

"I hope you ain't bashful, Mr. Hochenheimer. We feel toward you just like home folks."

"Indeed, what I don't see I ask for, Mrs. Shongut."

"Renie, pass Mr. Hochenheimer some more of that red cabbage."

"No, no—please, Mrs. Shongut; I got plenty."

"*Ach*, Mr. Hochenheimer, you eat so little you must be in love."

"Mamma!"

"*Ach*, Mr. Hochenheimer knows that I only fool. Renie, pass the dumplings."

"No, no; please! I ——"

"Mamma, don't force. You're not bashful, are you, Mr. Hochenheimer?"

Miss Shongut inclined her head with a saucy, birdlike motion, and showed him the full gleaming line of her teeth. He took a large mouthful of ice water to wash down the red of confusion that suddenly swam high in his face, tingeing even his ears.

"For more dumplings I ain't bashful, Miss Renie; but there—there's other things—I am bashful to ask for."

From his place at the far end of the table Mr. Shongut laughed deep, as though a spiral spring was vibrating in the recesses of his throat.

"Bashful with the girls—eh, Hochenheimer?"

"I ain't much of a lady's man, Shongut."

"Well, I wish you was just so bashful in business—believe me! I wish you was."

"Shongut, I never got the best of you yet in a deal."

"With my girl he's bashful yet, mamma; but down to the last sausage casing I have to pay his fancy prices. *Nun* look, mamma, how red she gets! What you get so red for, Renie—eh?"

"Aw, papa!"

"A little teasing from her old father she can't take. Look at her, mamma! Look at both of them—red like beets. Neither of them can stand a little teasing from an old man."

"Adolph, you mustn't! All people don't like it when you make fun. Mr. Hochenheimer, you must excuse my husband; a great one he is to tease and make his little fun."

Mr. Shongut's ancient-looking face, covered with a short, grizzled growth of beard

(Continued on Page 61)

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

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The price of the car complete is $785
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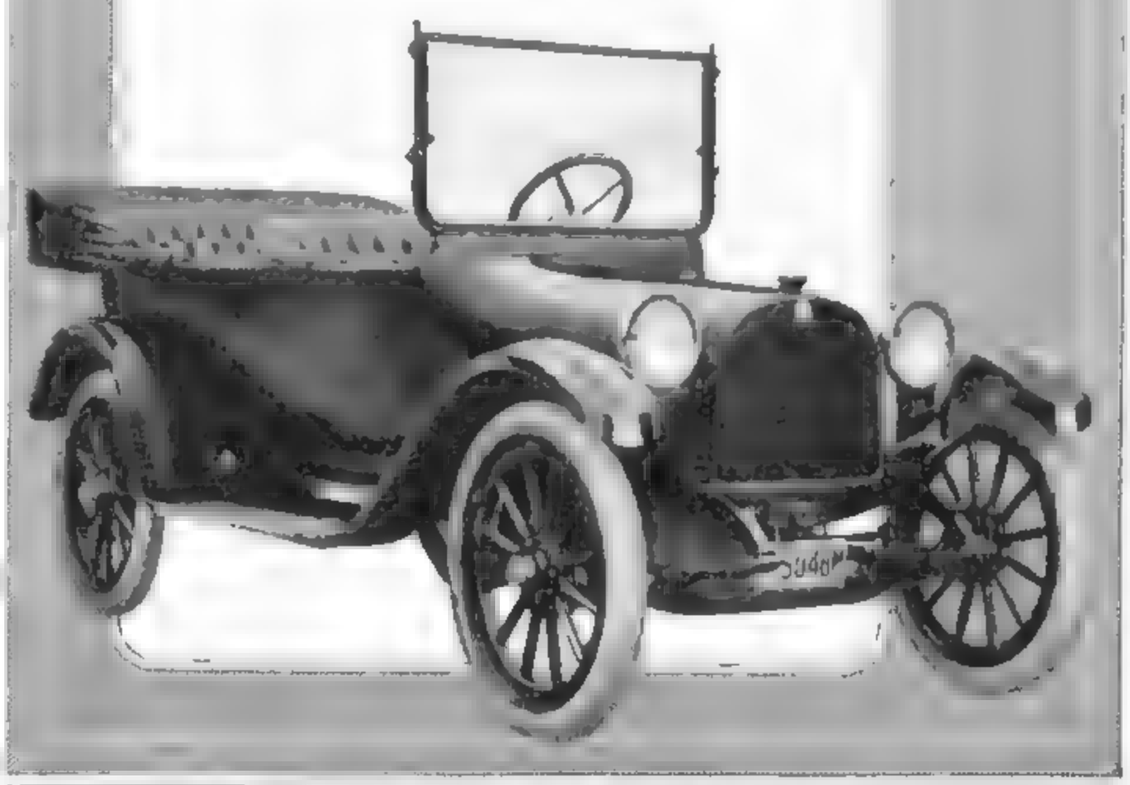

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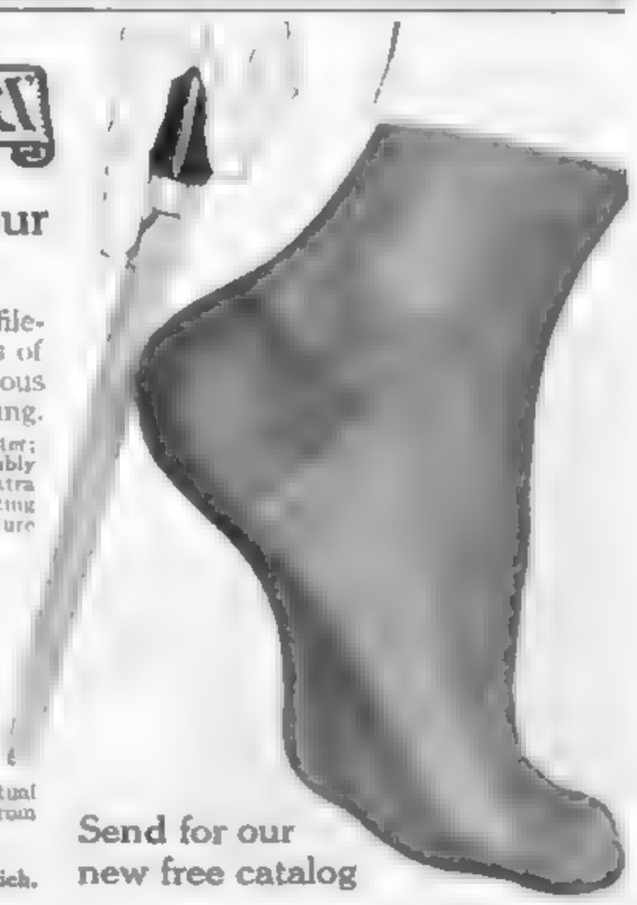

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You will find that in your own office, be it large or small, the ratio of $30 for labor to $1 for supplies varies but slightly. The average proportion will be found to be a little larger for labor if anything.

Office supplies are tools. Give a man in the factory good tools and he does better work, more of it, and does it quicker—at a smaller labor-cost. Give your office force similar advantages and similar results are natural.

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Eliminate the hidden wastes—the actual loss that follows the use of cheap-priced office supplies. The greatest of all the hidden wastes is that of lost time—time for which you pay and which produces no result—that should be used to prepare vital business statistics which make for efficient management—interesting work such as develops the bookkeeper into an accountant. This lost time isn't the fault of the office force. It must be blamed on the drags and delays caused by improperly made supplies. The day when "anything will do" for office supplies is over. Baker-Vawter has ended it.

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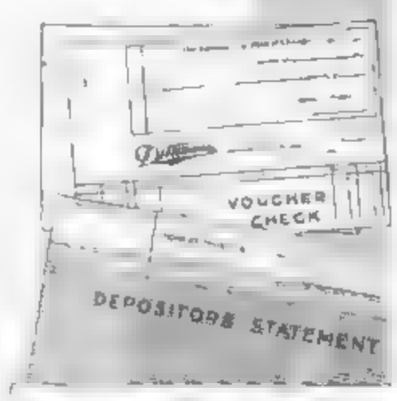

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(Continued from Page 59)

and pale as a prophet's beneath, broke into a smile, and a minute network of lines sprang out from the corners of his eyes.

"I was bashful in my life once, too—eh, mamma?"

"Papa!"

"Please, you must excuse my husband, Mr. Hochenheimer; he likes to have his little jokes."

Mr. Hochenheimer pushed away his plate in high embarrassment; nor would his eyes meet Miss Shongut's, except to flash away under cover of exaggerated imperturbability.

"My husband's a great one to tease, Mr. Hochenheimer. My Izzy, too, takes after him. I'm sorry that boy ain't home, so you could meet him again. We call him the dude of the family. Renie, pass Mr. Hochenheimer the toothpicks."

A pair of deep-lined brackets sprang out round Mr. Shongut's mouth.

"Why ain't that boy home for supper, where he belongs?"

"*Ach*, now, Adolph, don't get excited right away. Always, Mr. Hochenheimer, my husband gets excited over nothing, when he knows how it hurts his heart. Like that boy ain't old enough to stay out to supper when he wants, Adolph! Sh-h-h!"

Mrs. Shongut smiled to conceal that her heart was faint, and the saga of a mother might have been written round that smile. "Now, now, Adolph, don't you begin to worry."

"I tell you, Shongut, it's a mistake to worry. I save all my excitement for the good things in life."

"See, Adolph; from a young man like Mr. Hochenheimer you can get pointers."

"I tell you, Shongut, over such a nice little home and such a nice little family as you got I might get excited; but over the little things that don't count for much I ain't got time."

Mrs. Shongut waved a deprecatory hand.

"It's a nice enough little home for us, Mr. Hochenheimer; but, with a grand house like I hear you built for your mother up on the stylish hilltop in Cincinnati, I guess to you it seems right plain."

"That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Shongut. Like I says to Shongut coming out on the street car with him to-night, if it hadn't been that I thought maybe my mother would like a little fanciness after a hard life like hers, for my own part a little house and a big garden is all I ask for."

"*Ach*, Mr. Hochenheimer, with such a grand house like that is—sunk-in baths Mrs. Schwartz says you got! To see a house like that, I tell you it must be a treat."

"It's a fine place, Mrs. Shongut, but too big for me and my mother. When I got into the hands of architects, let me tell you, I feel I was lucky to get off with only twenty-five rooms. Right now, Mrs. Shongut, we got rooms we don't know how to pronounce."

"Twenty-five rooms! Did you hear that, Adolph? Twenty-five rooms! I bet, Mr. Hochenheimer, your mother is proud of such a son as can give her twenty-five rooms."

"We don't say much about it to each other, my mother and me; but—you can believe me or not—in our big stylish house up there on the hill, with her servants to take away from her all the pleasure of work, and her market and old friends down on Richmond Street yet, and nothing but gold furniture round her, she gets lonesome enough. I tell you, if it wasn't for my garden and the beautiful scenery from my terraces, I would wish myself back in our little downtown house more than once too. I tell you, Mrs. Shongut, fineness ain't everything."

"You should bring your mother sometimes to Mound City with you when you come over on business, Mr. Hochenheimer. We would do our best to make it pleasant for her."

"She's an old woman, Mrs. Shongut, and in a train or an automobile I can't get her. I guess it would be better, Mrs. Shongut, if I carry off some of your family with me to Cincinnati."

And, to belie that his words had any glittering import, he lay back in his chair in a state of silent laughter, which set his soft-fleshed cheeks aquiver; and his blue eyes, so ready yet so reluctant, disappeared behind a tight squint.

"Adolph, I guess Mr. Hochenheimer will excuse us—eh? Renie, you can entertain Mr. Hochenheimer while me and papa go and spend the evening over at Aunt Meena's. Mr. Shongut's sister, Mr. Hochenheimer, ain't been so well. Anyways, I always say young folks ain't got no time for old ones."

"You go right ahead along, Mr. Shongut. Don't treat me like company. I hope Miss Renie don't mind if I spend the evening?"

"I should say not."

"Hochenheimer, a cigar?"

"Thanks; I don't smoke."

"My husband, with his heart trouble, shouldn't smoke, neither, Mr. Hochenheimer; it worries me enough. What me and the doctors tell him goes in one ear and out of the other."

"See, Hochenheimer, when you get a wife how henpecked you get!"

"A henpeck never drew much blood, Shongut."

"Come, Adolph; it is a long car ride to Meena's."

They pushed back from the table, the four of them, smiling-lipped. With his short-fingered, hairy-backed hands Mr. Hochenheimer dusted at his coat lapels, then shook his bulging trouser knees into place.

The lamp of inner sanctity burns in strange temples. A Carpenter in haircloth shirt first turned men's hearts outward. Who can know, who does not first cross the palm of the guide with gold, that behind the moldy panels at Ara Cœli reigns the jeweled bambino, robed in the glittering gems of sacrifice?

Who could know, as Mr. Hochenheimer stood there in the curtailed dignity of his five feet five, that behind his speckled and slightly rotund waistcoat a choir sang of love, and that the white flame of his spirit burned high?

"I tell you, Mrs. Shongut, it is a pleasure to be invited out to your house. You should know how this old bachelor hates hotels."

"And you should know how welcome you always are, Mr. Hochenheimer. To-morrow night you take supper with us too. We don't take 'no'—eh, Adolph? Renie?"

"I tell you I appreciate that, Mrs. Shongut; but I—I don't know yet if I stay over."

Mr. Shongut batted a playful hand and shuffled toward the door.

"You stay, Hochenheimer! I bet you a good cigar you stay. Ain't I right, Renie, that he stays? Ain't I right?"

Against the sideboard, fingering her white dress, Miss Shongut regarded her parent, and her smile was as wan as moonlight.

"Ain't I right, Renie?"

"Yes, papa."

On the bit of porch, the hall light carefully lowered and cushions from within spread at their feet, the dreamy quiet of evening and air as soft as milk flowed round and closed in about Miss Shongut and Mr. Hochenheimer.

They drew their rocking-chairs arm to arm, so that, behind a bit of climbing moonflower vine, they were as snug as in a bower. Stars shone over the roofs of the houses opposite; the shouts of children had died down; crickets whirred.

"Is the light from that street lamp in your eyes, Renie?"

"No, no."

The wooden floor reverberated as they rocked. A little thrill of breeze fluttered her filmy shoulder scarf against his hand. To his fermenting fancy it was as though her spirit had flitted out of the flesh.

"Ah, Miss Renie, I—I ——"

"What, Mr. Hochenheimer?"

"Nothing. Your—your little shawl, it tickled my hand so."

She leaned her elbow on the arm of her chair and cupped her chin in her palm. Her eyes had a peculiar value—like a mill pond, when the wheel is still, reflects the stars in calm and unchurned quiet.

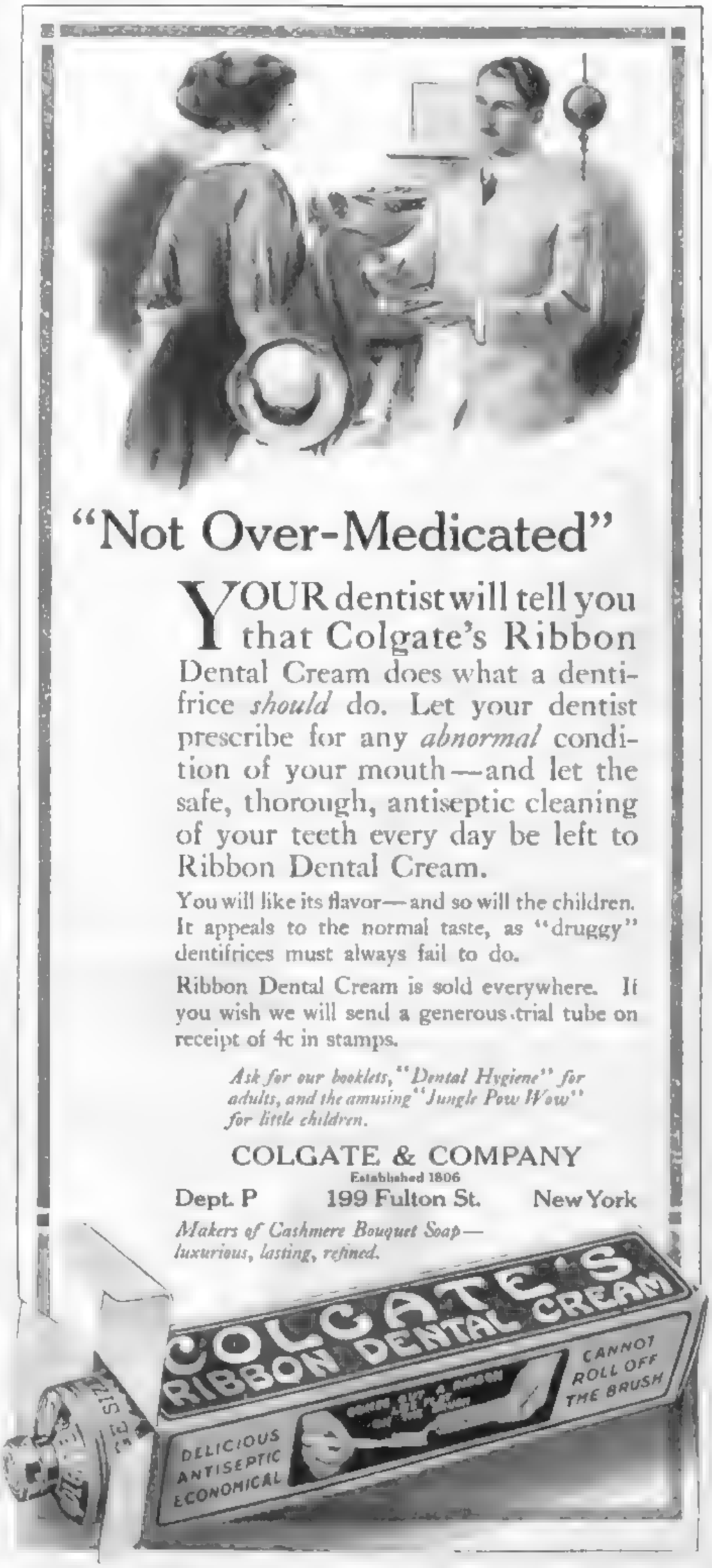
"You look just like a little princess to-night, Miss Renie—that pretty shawl and your eyes so bright."

"A princess!"

"Yes; if I had a tin suit and a sword to match I'd ride up on a horse and carry you off to my castle in Cincinnati."

"Say, wouldn't it be a treat for Wasserman Avenue to see me go loping off like that!"

"This is the first little visit we've ever had together all by ourselves, ain't it, Miss Renie? Seems like, to a bashful fellow like me, you was always slipping away from me."



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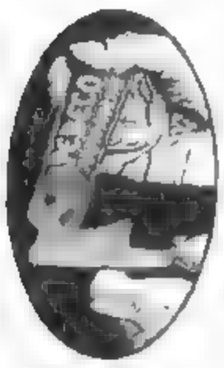

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"The flowers and the candies you kept sending me were grand, Mr. Hochenheimer—and the letter to-day."

"You read the letter, Miss Renie?"

"Yes, I—I —— You shouldn't keep spoiling me with such grand flowers and candy, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"If I tell you that never in my life I sent flowers or candy, or wrote a letter like I wrote you yesterday, to another young lady, I guess you laugh at me—not, Miss Renie?"

"You shouldn't begin, Mr. Hochenheimer, by spoiling me."

"Ah, Miss Renie, if you knew how I like to spoil you, if you would let me *Ach*, what's the use? I—I can't say it like I want." She could hear him breathing. "It—it's a grand night, Miss Renie."

"Yes."

"Grand!"

"And look over those roofs! It seems like there's a million stars shining, don't it?"

"You're like me, Miss Renie; so many times I've noticed it. Nothing is so grand to me as Nature, neither."

"Up at Green Springs, in the Ozarks, where we went for ten days last summer, honest, Mr. Hochenheimer, I used to lie looking out the window all night. The stars up there shone so close it seemed like you could nearly touch them."

"Ain't that wonderful, Miss Renie, you should be just like me again!" She smiled in the dark. "When I was a boy always next to the attic window I liked to sleep. When I built my house, Miss Renie, the first thing after I designed my rose garden I drew up for myself a sleeping garden on my roof. The architects fussed enough about spoiling the roof line, but that's one of the things I wanted which I stood pat for and got—my sleeping garden."

"Sleeping garden?"

"Miss Renie, I just wish you could see it—all laid out in roses in summer, and a screened-in pergola, where I sleep, right underneath the stars and the roses. I sleep so close to heaven I always say I can smell it."

She turned her little face, white as a spray of jasmine against a dark background of night, toward him.

"Underneath a pergola of roses! I guess it's the roses you must smell. How grand!"

"Sometimes when—if you come to Cincinnati I want to show you my place, Miss Renie. If I say so myself, I got a wonderful garden; flowers I can show you grown from clippings from every part of the world. If I do say so, for a sausage maker who never went to school two years in his life it ain't so bad. I got a lily pond, Miss Renie, they come from all over to see. By myself I designed it."

"It must be grand, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"On Sunday, Miss Renie, I like for my boys and girls from the factory to come up to my place and make themselves at home. You should see my old mother, how she fixes for them! I wish you could see them boys and girls, and old men and women. In a sausage factory they don't get much time to listen to birds and water when it falls into a fountain. I wish, Miss Renie, you could see them with the flowers. I—well, I don't know how to say it; but I wish you could see them for yourself."

"They like it?"

"Like it! I tell you it's the greatest pleasure I get out of my place. I wish, instead of my fine house, the city would let me build my factory for them right in the garden."

"On such a stylish street they wouldn't ever let you, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"Me and my mother ain't much for style, Miss Renie. Honest, you'd be surprised; but, with my fine house, I don't even keep an automobile. My mother, she's old, Miss Renie, and won't go in one. Alone it ain't no pleasure; and when I don't walk down to my factory the street cars is good enough."

"You should take it easier, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"All our lives, Miss Renie, we've been so busy, my mother and me, I tell her we got to be learnt—like children got to be learnt to walk—how to enjoy ourselves. We—we need somebody young—somebody like you in the house, Miss Renie—young and so pretty, and full of life, and—and so sweet."

She gave a gauzy laugh.

"Honest, it must seem like a dream to have a rose garden right on the place you live."

"I wish you could see, Miss Renie, a new Killarney my gardener showed me in the hothouse yesterday before I left white-and-pink blend; he got the clipping from Jamaica. It's a pale pink in the heart like the first minute when the sun rises; and then it gets pinker and pinker toward the outside petals, till it just bursts out as red as the sun when it's ready to set."

"And those beautiful little tan roses you sent me, Mr. Hochenheimer; I ——"

"Ah, Miss Renie, the clipping from those sunset roses comes from Italy; but now I call them Renie Roses, if—if you'll excuse me. I tell you, Miss Renie, you look just enough like 'em to be related. Little satiny gold-looking roses, with a pink blush on the inside of the petals and a—a few little soft thorns on the stem."

"Aw, Mr. Hochenheimer, I ain't got thorns."

Out from the velvet shadows his face came closer.

"It's thorns to me, Miss Renie, because you're so pretty and sweet, and—and seem so far away from a—plain fellow like me."

"I "

"I'm a plain man, Miss Renie, and I don't know how to talk much about the things I feel inside of me; but but I *feel*, all-righty."

"Looks ain't everything."

"I tell you, Miss Renie, now since I can afford it, I just don't seem to know how to do the things I got the feeling inside of me for. Even in my grand house sometimes I feel like it—it's too late for me to live like I feel."

"Nothing's ever too late, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"Just since I met you I can feel that way, Miss Renie, if you'll excuse me for saying it—just since I met you."

"Me?"

"For the first time in my life, Miss Renie, I got the feeling from a girl that, for me, life—maybe my life—is just beginning. Like a vine, Miss Renie, you got yourself tangled round my feelings."

"Oh, Mr. Hochenheimer!"

"Like I told your papa to-night on the car, I ain't got much to offer a beautiful young girl like you; money, I can see, don't count for so much with a fine girl like you, and I I don't need to be told that my face and my ways ain't my fortune."

"It's the heart that counts, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"If—if you mean that, Miss Renie—if love, just love, can bring happiness, I can make for you a life as beautiful as my rose garden. For the first time in my life, Miss Renie, I got the feeling I can do that for a woman—and that woman is you. I—will you—will you be my wife, Miss Renie?" She could feel his breath now, scorching her cheek. "Will you, Miss Renie?"

And even as she leaned over to open her lips a figure, swift as a Greek, dashed to the veranda up the steps three at a bound.

"Renie!"

"Izzy!"

She rose, pushing back her chair, and her hand flew to her breast.

"Just a minute. Inside I gotta see you quick, Renie. Howdy, Hochenheimer? You excuse her a minute; I got to see her."

His voice was like wine that sings in the pouring.

"Yes, yes, Izzy; I'm coming." Hers was trembling and pizzicato. "Excuse me a minute, Mr. Hochenheimer a minute."

Mr. Hochenheimer rose, mopping his brow.

"It's all right, Miss Renie. I wait out here on the porch till it pleases you."

In her tiny bedroom, with the light turned up, she faced her brother; and he grasped her shoulders so that, through the sheer texture of her dress, his hands left red prints on the flesh.

"Renie, you ain't done it, have you?"

"No, no, Izzy; I've done nothing. Where you been?"

He gave a great laugh and sank into a chair, limp.

"You don't have to, Renie. It's all right! I've fixed it. Everything is all right!"

"What do you mean?"

Then, as though the current of his returning vigor could know no bounds, he scooped her in a one-armed embrace that fairly raised her from the floor.

"All of a sudden, when you went out, Renie, I remembered Aunt Becky. You remember she was the one who made Uncle Isadore fork over to pa that time about the mortgage?"

"Yes, yes."

"All of a sudden it came over me that she was the only one who could do anything

(Concluded on Page 65)

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Make a list of the qualities you want in your roof-covering and compare your list with the following.

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Neponset Shingles are soft gray, or they may be painted dark green or dull red if a colored roof is desired—affording pleasant contrasts or harmonies in any color scheme.

Being tapered (thick at one end) they escape the monotonous flatness of slate. The only roof that excels Neponset Shingles in appearance is tile.

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Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. Sparks and blazing embers die, harmless, on Neponset Shingles. There are countless instances where this material has saved houses from destruction by fire.

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Neponset Shingles fit the average man's pocket book. All laid, they cost about the same as good wooden shingles, all laid. They do not require the heavy rafter construction necessitated by the use of tile or slate. They are the most economical roof, considering first cost, expense of laying and service.

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Neponset Shingles are tapered—one thickness of weatherproof material at the thin end, three thicknesses at the butt end. When laid they interpose seven thicknesses between roof-board and weather. The famous

Paroid Roofing

is made of the same materials, in *single thickness;* and many of the very first Paroid roofs are giving good service after sixteen years of wear.

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Neponset Wall Board is a substitute for lath, plaster and wall-paper It makes handsome interior walls or wainscoting. It comes already decorated in Cream, Burnt Leather or Oak—is waterproofed and needs no painting. *Neponset PAROID Roofing* has long been standard for farm, factory and railroad buildings.

Neponset PROSLATE is the colored ready roofing for bungalows, etc. Other roofings for other conditions. *Neponset Waterproof Building Papers* to keep out drafts and dampness; and *Neponset Floor Covering*, a waterproof, decay-proof improvement over printed linoleum

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The following letter was received by* The Saturday Evening Post *from a prominent Chicago lawyer:

"Recently I visited the Mayor of a big eastern city. The waiting room adjoining the office was filled with visitors seeking interviews.

"Suddenly a tidy, well-dressed, but breathless, boy burst into the room and hurried posthaste to the desk of the secretary, saying:

"'Where's the Mayor? I must see him, quick. Tell him it's Lawrence Schurman.'

"Believing him to have been sent upon some unusual errand, the secretary stepped into the Mayor's office, from which he returned in a moment and immediately passed the boy in. As soon as the secretary's back was turned, the youngster smoothed down his hair, assumed a quiet and respectful manner, and said to the Mayor:

"'My name is Lawrence Schurman. I'm a boy, father; he helped you win the last election.

"'I have just been made a representative of The Saturday Evening Post, *and want to be the Mayor's Post boy. I shall be very glad to have you read my reports from me each week.'*

"The Mayor asked him many questions about The Post work, and told him that it was a mighty good thing for any boy to do.

"Meanwhile, too, in the adjoining room grew impatient.

"On coming out of the office with a bright smile on his face a politician who had been cooling his heels for an hour overheard the story, and to another weary waiter said:

"'Can you beat that, now? Here's a kid who bluffs the private secretary, gets into the Mayor's office and keeps us waiting. That youngster will be Mayor himself yet.'"

Hundreds of such stories illustrating the resourcefulness and real business tact used by the boys who sell* The Saturday Evening Post *are received by us. A brighter, more manly lot of boys doesn't exist. Any boy can try it and the training and self-reliance gained will be of inestimable value to him in later life. It won't interfere with school duties. A line to us will bring full details and everything necessary.

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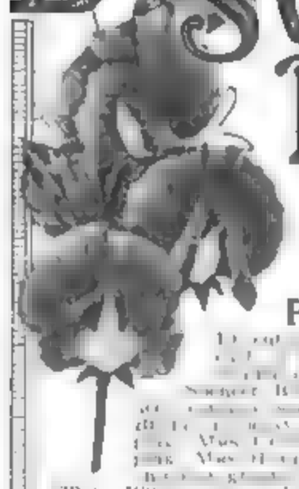

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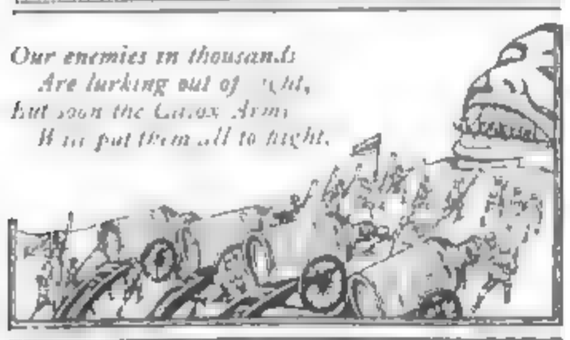

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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 62)

with him. I ran over to the house—all the way I ran, Renie. She was up in her room, and—and it's all right, Renie. I told her, and she's fixed it—fixed it!'"

"Oh, Izzy!"

"She's fixed it. When he came home to supper we got him right away up in her room before he had his hat off. Like a mother she begged for me, Renie—like a mother. God! I—I tell you I couldn't go through it again; but she got him, Renie she got him!"

"Go on, Izzy—go on!"

"She told him I wouldn't face the shame; she told him I—I'd kill my own father, and that the blood would be on his hands; she told him if he'd let me go to the devil without another chance—me that had been named after him—that a curse would roost on his chest. He didn't want to give in to her—he didn't want to; but she scared him, and she's a woman and she knew how to get inside of him—she knew how. They're going to send me out to his mines, where I can start over, Renie. Out West, where it'll make a new man of me; where I can begin over—start right, Renie. Start right!"

"Oh, Izzy darling!"

"I can pay up when I earn the money like a man, Renie. It would have killed me if you had sold yourself to him for me. I'd have gone to the stripes first. But I got a man's chance now, Renie, and I don't have to do that rotten thing to you and Squash. A man's chance, Renie, and—and I'm going to take it."

She sat down on the bed suddenly, as though the blood had flowed out of her heart, weakening her.

"A sister like you that would have stuck; and—and I'm going to make good to a sister like you, Renie. I am, this time. Please believe me, Renie. I am! I am!'"

Her hand lay pressed to his cheek and she could feel the warm course of his tears.

"Izzy, I knew you wasn't yellow; I- I knew you wasn't."

Sobs shook him suddenly and he buried his face in the pillow beside her.

"Why, Izzy! Why, Izzy darling, what what is it, Izzy darling?"

"It's nothing. You you get out, Renie. I'm all right; only—only it's—it's —— Now that it's all over, I I —— Just let me alone a minute, Renie. Go—you please—please!"

She closed the door behind her and fumbled through the gloom of the hallway, her hand faltering as she groped ahead.

From the recesses of the moonflower vine Mr. Hochenheimer rose to meet her; and, because her limbs would tremble, she slid quickly into her chair.

"You—you must excuse me, Mr. Hochenheimer."

"It's all right, Miss Renie. I take up where we left off. It ain't so easy, Miss Renie, to begin all over again to say it, but—but will you be my—will you be my ——"

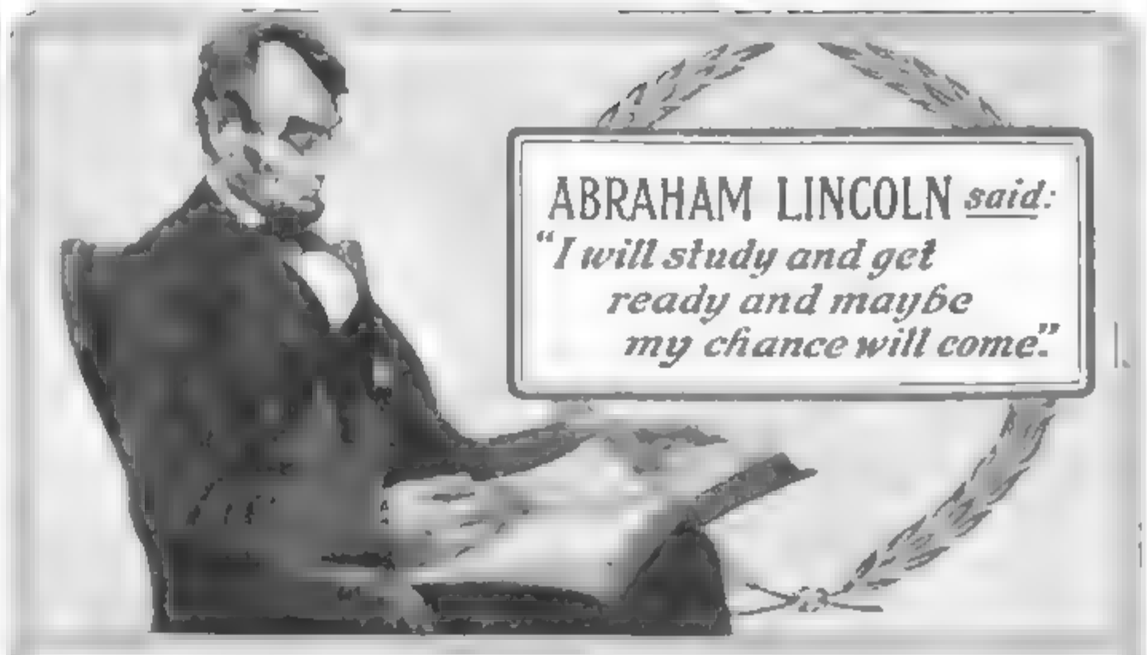
She was suddenly in his arms, burrowing against the speckled waistcoat a little resting place for her head.

Dry Prospects

ONE HUNDRED years of continuous rainfall records have recently been completed in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and serve to disprove thoroughly the common belief that the climate is not so good as it used to be. Only half as many dry periods occurred in the last fifty years as in the first fifty years; so that the records really are a warning, for that section at least, to expect more dry periods in the next generation. The recent decades have been fortunate above the average, and consequently the next few decades are quite likely to pay the bill.

The records were started in 1814 by Samuel Rodman, and continued by him until his death, in 1876. His son then kept them until his death, in 1905. For more than ninety-one years the rainfall was carefully recorded for exactly the same spot in the same yard. The chief engineer of the State Health Department has now completed the hundred years of figures by obtaining the late records from another observer in New Bedford, taken a few miles from the Rodman place.

The average annual rainfall was 46.45 inches; but in the first fifty years there were four very marked dry periods of two or three years each. In the last fifty years there were only two such dry periods.



YOUR Chance Will Come

Born in a one-room log cabin on the Kentucky frontier, Abraham Lincoln had very little chance to acquire an education. But he was determined to succeed. "Some day," he said, "my chance *will* come." So he studied and got ready. And his chance *DID* come.

Your chance will come. Some day you'll be considered for promotion or for a good job in some other line of work. If you are ready, you'll go up.

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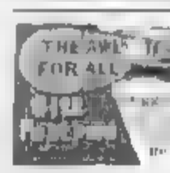

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ANY BOY WHO WANTS TO MAKE SOME money outside of school hours should send a line of inquiry to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

Your boy's bump of destructiveness can be reduced only by getting the boy to *teach himself.*

OFTEN a most baffling task for parents is to teach their boy *the value of property.* You may talk for hours; you may tell him that the big window pane, broken, represents hours and hours of hard work by some one; but as soon as the boy gets away he will again be careless with his snowballs until your swift hand descends—and even then he may wish to continue the argument. Some other plan must be adopted.

ONE father who had tried a method we recommended overheard, later, the following conversation between his boy Bucky and a younger brother:

"Bucky, got a quarter?"

"Uh-huh! Why?"

"Lemme it, will you? I gotta buy a window pane for Stokes's store."

"A quarter is a lot of money."

"Oh pshaw, Bucky! You earn a lot of money."

"No I don't, either. *It took me over an hour yesterday to make fifteen cents, and before I give up you've got to show cause.*"

BUCKY had learned the first lesson in what means business success.

How you may direct your boy's desires toward activities of your selection and give him a business training is fully explained in a mighty interesting booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" a copy of which will be sent to you upon request free of charge. Address

Sales Division, Box 741

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

IS NOT this a good time to buy stocks? One hears this question now; but, for that matter, one always hears it. If one consults the literature of Wall Street—brokers' letters and ticker gossip—he may gather an impression that good times to buy stocks occur about as frequently as northwest winds.

As a matter of fact, in the last twenty-five years there have been about four really good times to buy stocks. Of course I am not speaking from the point of view of the professional operator, to whom a scalp of four or five points is a highly satisfactory achievement, but from that of the ordinary outsider, who wants a profit that will very appreciably increase his bank account.

The first of those times occurred in 1897, when the country had been on its uppers four dreary years; but various forces were shaping to start it on the upturn. For one thing, the free-silver fantasy had been definitely rejected in the presidential election of the year before. Another, a great wheat crop was ripening in this country coincidentally with an unprecedented shortage of foreign crops. In the spring of that year the average price of twenty representative railroad stocks, as compiled by the Wall Street Journal, was only a little over forty-eight dollars a share. By September wheat was up to a dollar a bushel and a boom was beginning.

Before the close of the next year the average price of the same railroad stocks was seventy-five dollars a share. Many stocks had more than doubled in value. War with Spain checked the advance; but it was resumed and culminated just before the sudden death of Governor Flower, who was the big bull leader. At his death there was a slump which wiped out the paper fortunes of many hopeful little bulls.

Another good time was in the summer of 1900. The Flower boom had by no means discounted the rising prosperity of the country, but the stock market had been sluggish and the average price of the twenty rails was down to seventy-three dollars a share. Then a big upturn began, with the wildest bull market the country has ever seen; and by the first of May, 1901, the average price of the twenty stocks was a hundred and eighteen dollars a share. In other words, if a man had bought all of the twenty stocks he would have had a profit in about ten months of sixty dollars on each hundred invested—provided, of course, he sold at just the right time; for a few days later the May panic occurred and stocks dropped from fifteen to thirty dollars a share in about as many minutes.

Another good time was in 1904, when Wall Street was suffering fearfully from undigested securities. The average price of the twenty rails was down to ninety-one dollars a share.

By the end of the following year it had advanced to a hundred and thirty-three dollars. In the same period the average price of twelve representative industrial stocks, according to the Wall Street Journal's compilation, advanced from forty-six dollars a share to ninety-six dollars—more than a hundred per cent gain.

More Pains Than Profit

Another good time was directly after the panic of October, 1907, when the average price of the twenty rails was eighty-one dollars a share. By the end of the following year it was up to a hundred and twenty dollars a share; in fact, with some setbacks, the advance continued until August, 1909, when the twenty stocks averaged a hundred and thirty-four dollars a share. About the same time the twelve industrials averaged a hundred dollars a share.

That is still the high post-panic point for stocks—August, 1909—at least for the twenty representative rails and twelve industrials included in this compilation. In January, 1906, the same stocks had been slightly higher, that being the high point in twenty-five years. Of course there have been extensive fluctuations since 1909; but the main drift has been downward until, at the close of 1914, the twenty rails stood at eighty-seven dollars a share, the lowest since 1908, and virtually no higher than the high mark of April, 1899, when the tremendous era of prosperity that closed the last century and ushered in this one was just fairly getting under way. For nearly five years holders of stocks, on the whole, have had more pains than profit.

Meantime there has been a great change in the character of the stock market; and, so far as anybody can now see, this change is of a permanent nature. In 1899 a hundred and seventy-eight million shares of stock were sold on the New York Stock Exchange; in 1901, two hundred and sixty-five millions; in 1906, two hundred and eighty-four millions; in 1909, two hundred and fourteen millions; in 1913, eighty-three millions; and in 1914, forty-eight million shares—or the smallest trade since 1878.

To be sure, the Exchange was closed to stock dealings from July thirtieth to December twelfth, 1914, and then opened under severe restrictions. From the reopening to the present time transactions have average only about a hundred thousand shares a day. There were two days in 1901 on which over three million shares were sold, and eleven on which sales exceeded two millions. In the biggest two days of 1901 more shares were handled than in the whole month of June, or of May or March, last year. Of course a man who is buying stocks for investment may disregard the volume of speculative transactions—except that the volume of speculation is, for the time being, a factor in price.

Bonds for Small Investors

We have, then, an exceptionally dull market and a low level of prices. For investment, as well as for speculation, the low point is the most favorable at which to buy. The trouble is to tell whether a still lower point is coming. And almost nobody ever does buy stocks solely for investment. Nine times out of ten the man who takes his hundred shares and planks down cash for them really expects the stock to advance, so that in addition to the dividends he will have a profit from the appreciation in price. If his stock does not advance he is disappointed. He begins to watch daily quotations and absorb ticker gossip. His investment becomes an affliction to him.

There is always a chance of his being drawn into speculation through it. He is apt to become discouraged and sell out at a loss which eats up his dividends. There is that difference between a stock investment and a bond investment—a difference in the atmosphere surrounding the two instruments. Stockbuyers are seldom impervious to it, and the ordinary outside investor must take it into account in deciding between a stock investment and a bond investment.

There is, of course, the further difference of greater uncertainty of return on the investment. A company must pay the full stipulated rate on its bonds or go into bankruptcy; but no rate is stipulated on stocks—or, in the case of preferred stocks, only provisionally stipulated. Many companies have passed or reduced dividends during the last twelve months.

Practically there is a limit to the return on railroad stocks. Though the Interstate Commerce Commission recently permitted Eastern roads to advance freight rates from three to four per cent, it is pretty certain that any important increase in railroad earnings and dividends would be followed by a new whittling of rates, and probably by wage increases; so that practically there is a limit on dividends. But there is no limit on the other side. Nobody is guaranteeing that dividends shall not fall below a certain point or disappear altogether.

An investor should be compensated for these differences between a stock and a bond. He will find compensation, of course, if his stock makes a desired advance; but, speaking for the ordinary outside investor, and in view of the run of market experience during the last dozen years, I think it takes a very decided advance to constitute adequate compensation. Looking over the course of prices, and taking into account the psychological as well as the material factors, I am guessing that on at least two days out of three, during the whole period, the average small investor would have done better in the long run to buy bonds than to buy stocks. I refer now only to actual investment purchases for cash. Speculative purchases on margin are a different matter. To win requires about the same sort of talent as to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

The greatest factor in the investment situation at present is, of course, the European war. So far, its chief effect on investment has been simply to paralyze it, though the paralysis in this country is now passing. The immediate situation is easier money, because general business is in smaller volume than a year ago, as reflected by bank clearings, railroad earnings, steel output, and so on; and, at the same time, Europe's demands for capital cannot reach us.

On the first of January, 1915, a syndicate of banks offered fifteen million dollars of six per cent notes of the Argentine Government; but that and one or two small municipal loans from Canada have, so far, been about the only foreign paper offered here. The enormous governmental loans in Europe are only beginning to touch our market.

The Journal of Commerce, at the beginning of January, listed borrowings incidental to the war by European countries that made a total exceeding seven billion dollars. A considerable part of this was only temporary borrowing, to be funded later on; but we already have, for large funded term loans, an interest rate exceeding five per cent in Germany, five and a half in Austria and six in Hungary. Also, French *rentes* are down to seventy-two cents on the dollar, with at least two billion dollars more of them in prospect.

That all this means cheap bonds is quite certain. In the last half of 1914 bonds to the amount of only eighty-seven million dollars were sold on the New York Stock Exchange. In the like period of 1913 bond sales amounted to two hundred and four million dollars; but in the last half of 1909 five hundred and seventy million dollars of bonds were sold, and in the last half of 1908 six hundred and thirty-nine millions. In other words, bond sales have been small for two years, and for six months have been almost negligible.

Why Bother With Stocks?

In the last half of 1914 less than two hundred million dollars of new securities, both bonds and stocks, were listed on the Exchange. This is considerably less than half of the normal output. For the whole year the listing of new securities amounted to less than seven hundred million dollars, while in 1909 more than two billions was listed. Of the new securities listed in 1914 only two hundred and fifty-five million dollars represented railroad bonds.

This indicates, of course, that a great amount of financing has been postponed—first, because borrowers were hoping for a more favorable investment market, which would enable them to obtain capital at a lower rate of interest; and next, because the war practically paralyzed the market. A considerable part of this deferred financing must be undertaken sooner or later.

There are, also, maturing obligations to be taken care of; this year, in fact, nearly eight hundred million dollars, in railroad, public-utility and industrial bonds and notes, falls due. More than half of this, amounting to four hundred and eight millions, according to the record of the Journal of Commerce, consists of short-term railroad notes.

A relatively high return on bonds suggests, of course, a less return on stocks—that is, broadly speaking, in proportion as a corporation pays a high rate on its funded debt, the surplus remaining for dividends will be reduced. In view of the probabilities with regard to bond investment, I do not see why the ordinary small investor should trouble himself about stocks. And, in view of the situation and outlook with regard to good bonds, there is certainly no reason whatever why he should bother with any questionable investment.

I continue to receive letters asking advice about this or that investment—usually some small, little-known speculative thing, the soundness of which depends on a number of factors that cannot be determined without careful investigation on the spot. And I continue to wonder why anybody bothers with such things now, when bonds that are well-known and indubitably good, so far as merely human foresight can determine, may be had on a basis paying five per cent or better.

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Cement makes possible fireproof concrete construction and will last forever. Directly or indirectly every person in the United States uses cement. You should know of the adaptability of cement construction.

You should know about Lehigh, and the reasons which make it the National Cement—WHY 10% of all the cement used in the United States is LEHIGH, the remaining nine-tenths being manufactured by over one hundred other companies.

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Each and every SAN-TOX Preparation—and there's a preparation for practically every purpose—is made from tried and proven formulas compounded by experts of international fame for their great achievements and pharmaceutical knowledge. In compounding these preparations the best of the best" is the standard of quality. Every ingredient is subjected to the severest chemical tests by experts.

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SAN-TOX comes direct from the Laboratories to SAN-TOX Druggists at proper intervals so that there are no shop-worn packages, thus always insuring fresh, clean stocks at all San-Tox Druggists.

True Economy—Full Values

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Try SAN-TOX Today Money-Back Guarantee

There can be no fairer test—no more conclusive proof—of the SAN-TOX Druggists' ambition to be of real benefit. Therefore, in behalf of SAN-TOX Public Service Druggists, we invite you, their friends, neighbors and customers, to test out this unusual Public Service Line, and familiarize yourself with its true, full meaning, at once.

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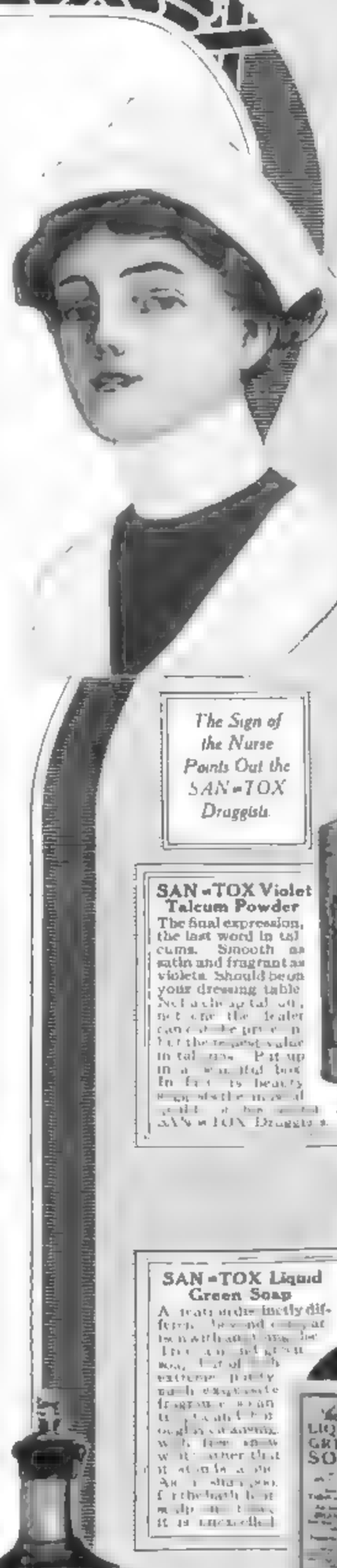
THE DE PREE CHEMICAL CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.



The Sign of the Nurse Points Out the SAN-TOX Druggist

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The final expression, the last word in talcums. Smooth as satin and fragrant as violets. Should be on your dressing table. Not a cheap talcum, not one the dealer can offer at a price but the highest value in talcums. Put up in a beautiful box. In fact its beauty is equalled only by its quality. At all SAN-TOX Druggists.

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A toilet article distinctly different. Second only to the bath itself in cleansing value. Use of it makes the skin extremely pure, much smoother, fragrance lasts all day, ought to be used in every home with hot water. Other than soap it is unequalled.

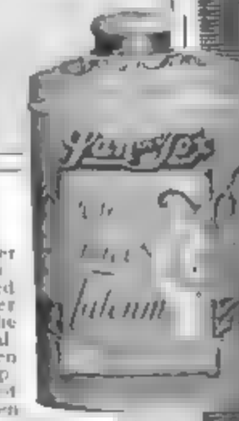
SAN-TOX Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic
A stimulating, invigorating efficient tonic for the scalp and hair. Intended for daily use where the scalp and hair are in need of a tonic. Because of the great number of substandard hair tonics now on the market we have taken especial pains to produce a preparation of the very highest quality. It is of the same high standard of quality as the other SAN-TOX Preparations and is sold under same guarantee.

SAN-TOX Shaving Lotion
A pleasant, soothing lotion for use after shaving. Antiseptic, healing and comforting to the most delicate skin. Has delightful fragrance, takes away the smart and sting of close shaving, and keeps the skin smooth. The use of one bottle will make you a continuous SAN-TOX patron of the SAN-TOX Public Service Drug Store. Put up in two sizes, 25c and 50c.

SAN-TOX Tooth Paste
A real dentifrice for those who take pride in their teeth. Its use makes them white, perfect, beautiful teeth. It neutralizes acid mouth. A refreshing antiseptic dentifrice without druggy taste. You need this every day.

SAN-TOX Tooth Powder
A pleasant antiseptic powder absolutely free from grit. Of marked cleansing and whitening properties. Of pleasant taste and possessing qualities that neutralize acidity.

SAN-TOX After Shave Talcum
A talcum powder for men. Specially prepared for use after shaving. To the purest of talcums has been added the proper [illegible] for men. Can be used with the After Shave Lotion or without it. A high grade talcum, fine in texture and absorbent, soothing and healing to the skin after shaving. Price 25c.



San-Tox Preparations
For Almost Every Need

WAR AND HALLUCINATIONS

(Continued from Page 23)

physically by developing their minds while withholding as much as possible every even opportunity for acting up to what they know and what they long to accomplish.

This has resulted in false standards, frail bodies and strange maladies. More and more the woman became something that could not be of use—a miserable maid, an ailing wife, an incompetent mother and an outrageously expensive social luxury. If she was not that she was a mindless drudge.

Now all this will, must, be changed for millions of women in the Old World. The trials of sorrow, poverty and distress, from which there is no longer any protection, will strengthen them in mind and body. They face life objectively in its grimmest aspects. This literal struggle for themselves and their children will change their social standards and their sickly character. They cannot indulge in those puling disorders which are always attendant upon useless existence. Instead of disease they must acquire health. Instead of extravagance thrift must come and energy must take the place of idleness.

In England, which is the very seat of feminine neurasthenia, we hear that many of the general practitioners have lost their lady patients upon whom the prosperity of the medical profession depends everywhere. The nervous British women have real anxieties with which to occupy themselves. The aching, ingrowing female imagination must go. And, whether she will or no, England must provide ways and means for these women to earn a livelihood or find herself overwhelmed with paupers and pensioners

In France a greater proportion of the women have always been self-sustaining. And they meet with less opposition from the men in their development and advancement. This is the reason we hear less about suffrage agitation there.

The women are not in such dire need of suffrage. They live healthier, more active and more effective lives.

When All the World's Mad

The most significant thing that is going on in England is the effort so many women are making for economic independence, to get business into their own hands and to acquire the self-respect and personal assurance of providing their own opportunities for advancement. It goes without saying that many women are not and never will be interested in the welfare of their own sex. They have been corrupted in that great virtue, personal independence. They are the women who spend and do nothing in return. But we have this consolation—they must die. The time comes when they perform the only service they ever perform, that of fertilizing the ground with their dust. They are good for nothing else and they are bad for everything else. The women who will actually survive this struggle are they who do not shrink from the burden which it casts upon them. Out of their travail a new woman informed with a new spirit will be born, who will become a part of the strength, not the weakness, of civilization.

From the day I entered the war zone till this one upon which I take my departure from it I have been aware of a certain psychic condition, difficult to describe yet so powerful that no one can escape its influence. It is as if all thought had lost its shape and reason were no longer reasonable, as if all men and all women were somnambulists walking in a black dream.

They speak with calmness of things so horrible that one is amazed that they do not shriek and wring their hands. And one is still more amazed at having the power to listen with calmness. We see terrible sights, we hear of them, we think of nothing else, and yet we do not go mad. For where everybody is mad no one is.

Since I have been in this atmosphere fumigated with cannon smoke and death I have been conscious of a complete divorce between mind and imagination. I believe that they are two distinct functions, the one not dependent upon the other, and that imagination is infinitely older than mind. Thus my reason does not ratify what I have seen. It denies these facts. But my imagination, which I have brought up with me from the Dark Ages, does accept them and is stimulated by them until it is difficult to speak the truth or to think the truth, because all governments and all men here are engaged with guns and swords in promoting the most gigantic lie. They have made a battle line against honor and peace—in the name of honor and peace. One feels as if one were the victim of some terrible hallucination.

The sanest, most nearly normal, people I have seen are the soldiers who have met the enemy. They have no illusions. They know what this thing is. They have seen and suffered what cannot be told, so they have acquired silence, a grim repose of mind and spirit.

One day I spent the afternoon with the convalescent soldiers in the military hospital at Versailles. Seven hundred wounded men had been brought in that morning. About one hundred of them were convalescents. These were in the park which surrounds this hospital. They wore sky-blue flannel trousers and jackets.

Civilizations Afire

Some of them sat with their legs still in splints and their arms in slings; some of them had lost a leg or an arm. They ranged in age from seventeen to thirty-seven. They were sunning themselves and saying nothing. I had discovered by experience that British soldiers craved bananas more than any other fruit, and that for flowers they preferred red roses. I moved about among them distributing the flowers and fruit in the name of a certain old Confederate veteran at home. They were tremendously entertained at the account I quoted from him of the Battle of Gettysburg, but of their own battles they had nothing to tell. They had no fire-and-blood vocabulary. They had accomplished an adjustment, a normal relation to that which is hideously abnormal. They had fought, fallen, survived—and must fight again. That was all there was to it so far as they were concerned. They had turned the world upside down for the rest of us and they were dumb about that.

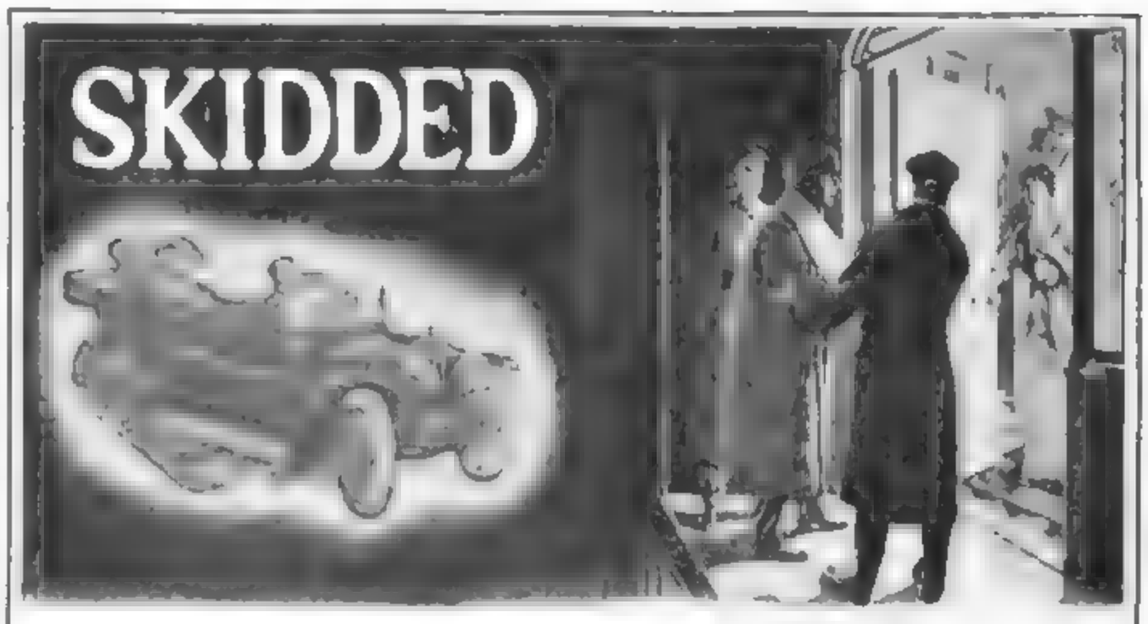
This is one of the most appalling impressions I have received here—that governments can decree demoniacal frenzies upon whole peoples, ordain rage, death, destruction, and that no man can preserve them after that from the horror of facts and the effect which these horrors have upon the mind. I think it was Napoleon who said: "Imagination rules the world." We had a sample in his day of how it ruled the world and now we are getting another. Where imagination rules there will you find men fighting and dying for somebody's dream, and all the other people a prey to fears, the victims of hallucinations, of every untruth and of everything which ought not to be true.

Sanity is the sense of proportion corrected and disciplined by the familiar experiences of life. It is the power by which we adjust ourselves to conditions according to reason and facts. But when something happens that destroys the familiar, the order of things in which we accomplished this adjustment, it destroys this saving sense of proportion. What was reasonable becomes madness and madness is now reasonable. Old standards of law and of obedience disappear, and in this confusion men call crime law and license takes the place of obedience.

This is what has happened in Europe. Civilizations are in a state of conflagration. Whole nations are being swept from the face of the earth. What was is not. Every ideal by which men aspired and lived is changed. Nothing is familiar and no man is sane because imagination rules.

One proof of all this is the prevalence of hallucinations and the curiously exaggerated use of words. Language is one of the very slow and laborious achievements of civilization. It is designed to convey the commonplace meanings of life. Only poets had the right to take liberties with it, because they dealt in dreams, not realities. And the further advanced a people are the more temperate they are in the use of words. But these people are moving among scenes so appalling that mind is completely divorced from reality, because reality itself surpasses the power even of imagination to conceive.

Therefore, language has become like the war currency of a bankrupt nation. It has no value. All the lies that words can frame are floating in this atmosphere. The truth



It Happened—

Because He Failed to Use Tire Chains

He or his chauffeur did not appreciate the great importance of Tire Chains. The car was overtaken by a storm and then the accident happened—*the nerve-racking, bone-breaking, car-smashing skid* came like a flash. There was nothing he could do but surrender to the inevitable. *He had failed to equip all four tires with*

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

The Only Positive Safeguard Against Skidding

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on *all four tires* and you'll have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

Weed Chains are the only Skid Stoppers fit for any car, made to fit any car No matter how muddy or icy the road, they hold on like a bulldog. It is as if you were to transfer your own instinct for self preservation to the wheels of your car

Do Not Injure Tires

When properly applied, Weed Chains do not injure tires—that is, put on so as to allow a little "play." Tight enough to be secure—loose enough to "creep." When they "creep"—shift their position—there isn't a chance to cause injury to the tires. Instructions for attaching enclosed in every bag of Weed Chains or mailed upon request.

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Mrs. N. E. Hepburn, of St. Joseph, Missouri, writes: "I was left a widow without money, with a number of debts and with a twelve-year-old daughter to support and educate. My Curtis work has paid the debts, sent my daughter through the high school and the normal school secured her a position and bought her a piano. I cannot tell you how much your work has helped me during the last nine years."

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itself is the greatest fabrication of all, because it belies all we have called truth.

For example, can anyone in his senses conceive of millions of men belonging to nations which but yesterday protected society from the smallest trespass of the law, armed with every engine of death and destruction, killing one another. He may think he can, but he cannot.

I heard this story of an engagement between the forces of the French and Germans in a certain forest:

"We killed so many Prussians that they lay piled all along the battle line as high as a man's head," said the officer. "Then we set the woods afire and burned the bodies—twelve hundred in all!"

Even allowing that so many were slain, one has only to compute how long a funeral pyre twelve hundred bodies heaped as "high as a man's head" would make in order to understand how far removed his story was from the facts.

What had actually happened would have required the genius of Dante to describe. The common man has not got that, so he deals in fiction. And the explanation of all fiction is that we are not equal to the sterner business of portraying the drama of life.

During the first fight for Calais we heard that the enemy lost ten thousand men a day for ten days, that the rivers were red with blood and dammed with the bodies of dead Germans. When those brave little Frenchmen, who a few weeks ago were peaceful citizens living simply in a routine which had lasted for two generations, peeped up over the trenches at night after the day's battle and saw ghastly figures lying thick upon the ground, the indescribable horror of it was beyond them to tell. It was as easy to believe what they could imagine as that which they actually saw. The tale of ten thousand Prussians slain every day was the sincere effort of literal-minded men to convey some idea of the scene, not the facts.

When seventy thousand Indian troops landed at Marseilles it was incredible. The sight fired the imagination, so we heard that a force of eight hundred thousand Japanese were already on their way to join the Allied Armies. Only eight hundred thousand! You get the contagion for using big numbers from reading the papers and from listening to the average man talk. Figures, which in normal times are supposed not to lie, have become the medium of fiction in this war.

The Inventions of the Simple

You can exaggerate the sight of a long road filled with women, children, old men, cows, dogs and pigs, all flying before the advance of the enemy. But your way of exaggerating may not convey the faintest idea of this spectacle. They carry their household possessions in carts and barrows, in packs on their backs. They have no water, no food. The children are not screaming with terror; they are curious at the novelty of things—that is, until they are tired and hungry. Everybody is kicking someone else's dog, yelling at the straying cattle. Calves are bawling, pigs squealing, children wailing or laughing. Only the women are fussing and weeping. And at night there is no rest.

When thousands fled from Lille they were not permitted to stop in the towns through which they passed. The Germans were at their heels. This flight continued for four days, between the German and British lines, with the shells from both sides flying over their heads. Yet because no man living can describe the anguish and terror of that journey, or of many other journeys even more awful, we hear tales of "atrocities."

Crimes have been committed, but even where nothing of the kind happened they are fabricated by way of interpretation, and, I must say, with a lack of variation which is itself a proof of their origin—the same tale, simple, horrible, invented by a simple mind which is suddenly licensed by the times to do its most heinous in the way of primitive narrative. The actual facts are more impressive because they affect a greater number of victims. But in setting them forth the ulterior motive is not to tell the truth, but to horrify a listening world. So we miss the very details which carry conviction. Picture a hundred incidents like the following, varying infinitely in time, place and nationality, in outward appearance, but not at all inwardly, and you receive a better idea of what happens when a town is threatened by the enemy and the people fly as if pursued by devils:

This young mother carried her pack for miles; she was accompanied by a child of four years. As the night approached the baby could go no farther, so the mother was obliged to stop by the roadside. Her companions went on. They dared not wait. What anguish, what terror, as she sat alone in the dark, deafened by the roar of cannon behind her, trembling at every nearer sound. She was a wife whose husband was fighting over there where the horizon was red with the glow of flames. She was a mother whose child lay exhausted upon her knees. Even if she escaped every danger she had suffered them all in her mind. For if you would expose a woman to the most dreadful agony do not choose a certain danger, but leave her to keep company with her own catastrophic imagination. Nothing happened to this woman.

"I was so tired," she told me, "that I fell asleep with the baby in my arms. And we were both still asleep when another party of refugees overtook us about midnight. I went on with them."

The Miracle of Miracles

It is the exception when anything happens to these fleeing women. But every one of them suffers as much as if she had seen her child murdered and had her own body broken upon a wheel. That is the awful thing about war for the helpless when they are literally exposed to its dangers. It is what they fear, intensified by the horrible things they have heard.

Courage is the fear-not of fear. It is impossible to be brave without the motif of fear, that sense of danger which stimulates furious resistance. We have had evidence enough of that in the battles of this war. Never have men fought so because never have men had such reason to fear so. But the hallucination of fear takes many forms. A civilian, unarmed and alone, who had never been under fire, found himself one day in a storm of bullets and shells.

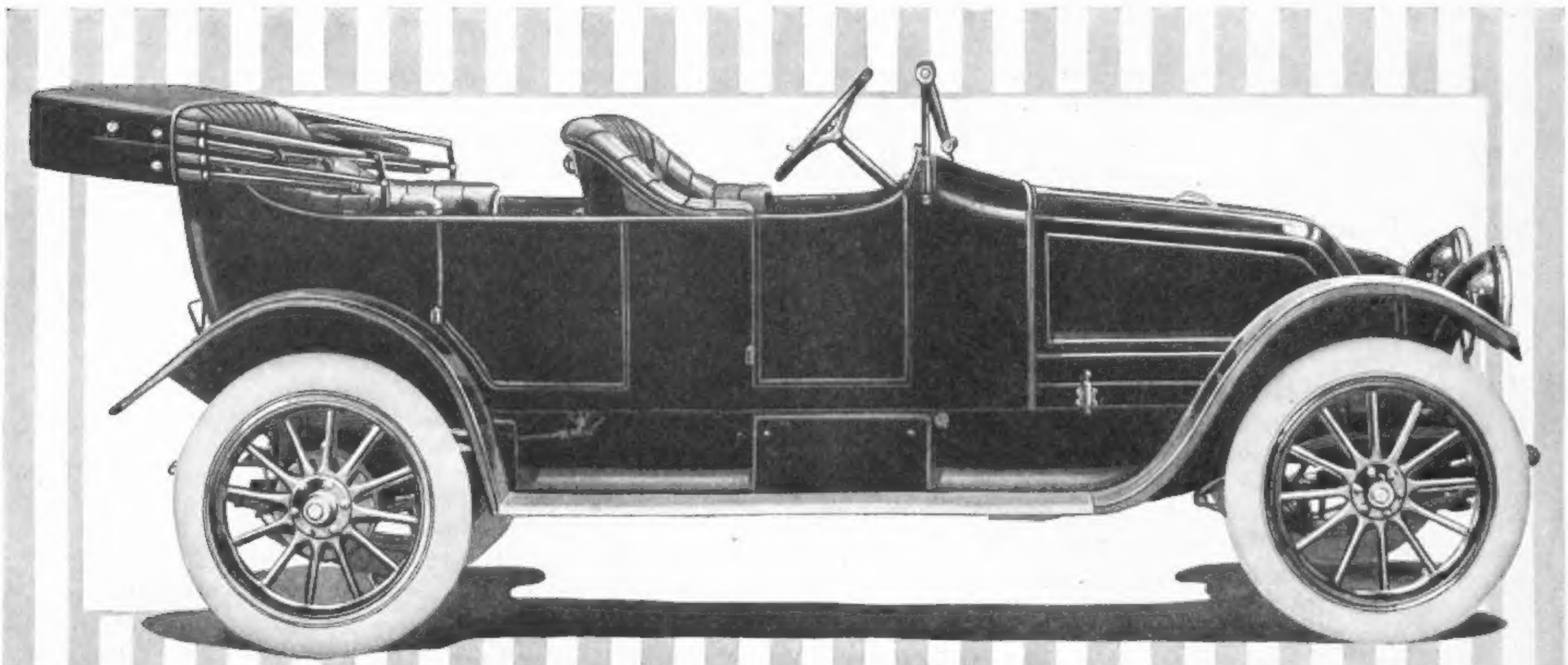
"I stood perfectly still," he told me. "All at once I knew that none of them would hit me."

He saved himself by a hallucination. If he had permitted his mind to acknowledge the danger he would have been frantic with terror. This is what routs troops and sends them flying in retreat. They are shocked into a moment's sanity by the prevalence of death about them.

And this is why war news is so rigidly censored and why bad news is kept so carefully from the people. One man afraid is not dangerous. But when fear seizes upon a city, there you have the most horrible form of madness and ferocity conceivable. So the government protects the people by encouraging the hallucination of safety, which is one of the easiest of all hallucinations to impose.

To me it has been like looking behind curtains of fire where all things melt and change and are no more. Never again shall I be able to believe any history, especially of a war, because no one knows what has happened and those who fought know least of all. And while I retain even a stronger faith in Almighty God, in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, who is indeed the Prince of Peace, not of war, and even in my own scared-to-death immortality, I do confess that my faith in miracles is more eclectic than ever it was before.

The most miraculous thing going on in this world to-day is that nine million fairly decent citizens have broken loose and are killing one another like demons, with the approval of their respective governments. And that is the wrong kind of a miracle. I have always tried to live above the meanness of believing in damnation for any man, but somebody ought to be punished for this miracle. And somebody will be—the ones who are not responsible for it—the women and children. And history will mention them as a part of the burden the state had to bear. I believe in a trial by jury for all war lords, and in a jury composed of women who have lost their husbands in battle.



FRANKLIN

You Use it all the Time—
50 degrees below Zero, 120 degrees in the Shade

IN Strassburg, in the 12th Century, there was built a wonderful clock. It rang all sorts of bells. It gave the phases of the Moon. It was full of wheels and pipes and pulleys. It was so wonderfully complicated it required constant attention. So they only ran it on Sundays and Fête days, and on these days it told the time.

Then some bold spirits said—Give us a clock that will run all the time!

That is about what has happened with the automobile.

Men used to brag about what they had in their car. Now they tell you what they have gotten rid of. They are looking for *simplicity*, not complexity.

They used to think that with a multiplicity of parts they were getting more for their money—radiator, pipes, fittings, gears in the fly-wheel, automatic devices in connection with the starter, spark control; torque, reach and other kinds of rods tying the axle to a ponderous body.

Now they know that every time they get rid of something on an automobile they add to their peace of mind.

The Franklin achieved one of the biggest things in the automobile business when it established direct-air-cooling and *did away with plumbing*. Nothing to freeze in winter or boil in summer. No radiator to nurse up the hill on a hot day or to blanket every time you draw up to the curb in cold weather. No fussing with anti-freezing mixtures.

A car that you can use all the time.

59 per cent. of Franklin owners are men who have owned other standard makes of automobiles.

There are so many things about the Franklin that are different. There are so many results obtained in its use that are different, in comfort, luxury and easy riding qualities, that these men never get over telling you how it does every thing any other car ever did for them—does it better and at less cost of operation.

Every one is aware now of the growing interest in air-cooling both in this country and in Europe.

The Franklin over a period of fourteen years has perfected a direct-air-cooling system that is attracting the attention of the world.

If you want to know how satisfactory is the Franklin direct-air-cooling system talk to a Franklin owner, or go to a Franklin dealer and ask him to show you how thoroughly Franklin direct-air-cooling *cools*.

The Franklin National Cooling Test settled that question for all time, when on September 24, 1914, 116 Franklin stock cars in 116 parts of the country ran 100 miles each on low gear without stopping the engine.

Among fine cars the Franklin is the exponent of scientific light-weight.

The Franklin Six-Thirty Touring Car weighs 2750 pounds and the price is $2150.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Fortified Tires

This is what we mean by Goodyear FORTIFIED TIRES. And this is what they mean to you.

We have fortified them in the best way known against each major tire trouble. And each way is exclusive to these tires.

These Five Ways

Against rim-cutting. Our No-Rim-Cut feature has proved itself for many years the most efficient method known.

Against blowouts. We save the countless blowouts due to wrinkled fabric. We do this by our "On-Air" cure, used by no other maker. It means final-curing on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. It costs us $450,000 yearly.

Against loose treads. A patent method used by us alone reduces this risk 60 per cent.

Against insecurity. In each tire base we vulcanize six flat bands of 126 braided wires. These tires can't be forced off the rim.

Against punctures and skidding. Our All-Weather tread offers maximum protection. It is tough and double-thick. Its grips are sharp and resistless. It is flat and smooth-running. It's immensely enduring.

No Other Like Defense

Remember, these are all exclusive Goodyear features. No other tire in all the world offers such defenses. Not in one way only, but in these five ways, FORTIFIED TIRES conspicuously excel. And each contributes vastly to the staunchness of a tire.

Quality means more than rubber, more than fabric, more than skill in making. Several makers, we believe, aim at the best in those things. None can claim monopoly. But Goodyear quality includes these defenses. These we do monopolize. Yet, through enormous production, we offer them all to you without an extra price.

Don't Trust Luck

In any make one often gets a lucky tire. It avoids mishap and misuse, and makes a rare record.

But such luck isn't oft repeated. The best tire serves best on the average. The tire which best combats troubles will, in the long run, suffer fewest of them.

The general verdict, after 15 years, favors Goodyears in a most convincing way. They outsell any other. Last year we sold about one tire for every car in use.

That's the result of building FORTIFIED TIRES. Soon or late you are bound to adopt them. Any dealer will supply you when you do.

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Address Russell-Miller Milling Company, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

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You'll Freeze Fast to P. A.

Load up that old jimmy pipe or roll a cigarette with P. A., strike a match and let 'er flicker. P. A. won't miss fire or flare back, men! One puff, you've got steam up and you've got the full fragrance and flavor of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You'll vote it the one *real* tobacco. And when you find out you've smoked all day and all night and that your tongue and mouth and throat are just as unruffled and peaceful as a Sunday morning in the country, you'll freeze fast to P. A. for life.

It used to be that pipe and cigarette tobacco without a saw edge was harder to find than hitching posts in the subway or a currycomb in a garage. But now that P. A., made by a patented process which takes out the bite, has rung down the curtain on tongue terror, pipe and cigarette peeve, you hear a lot of chin music about no-bite tobacco.

But there never was another tobacco just like P. A. and there never will be, because the P. A. patented process is controlled exclusively by us. That's stiff-as-a-boiled-shirt talk, but it only takes a ten-cent tidy red tin or a five-cent toppy red bag to sit in with a right to call.

Stake yourself to a try-out-size package of P. A. and it's the doughnut against the hole that it will be you for P. A. for pipe and cigarettes. Buy it in pound crystal-glass humidors for home and for office. It's the real joy jar. Also in pound and half-pound tin humidors at stores where they sell tobacco.

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